

POEMS
AND
PROSE WRITINGS
BY

LYDIA L. A. VERY.

“

“Glory and praise to those sweet lamps of earth,
The nine fair Daughters of Almighty Jove,
Who all the passage dark to death from birth
Lead wandering souls with their bright beams of love.

Through cares of mortal life, through pain and woe,
The tender solace of their counsel saves;
The healing secrets of their songs forego
Despair; and when we tremble at the waves

Of life's wild sea of murky incertitude,
Their gentle touch upon the helm is pressed,
Their hand points out the beacon star of good,
Where we shall make our harbor, and have rest.”

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THE END OF THE MATTER

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PART I.

To the Beloved Memory of my Mother, to my sister, Frances E. Very, and to my lifelong friend, Mrs. Mary B. Richards, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

L. L. A. V.

PREFACE.

I present this volume of my writings to my friends and the public, as I would give them a bouquet of flowers, a plate of fruit, or a bundle of sweet-smelling herbs over my garden fence. If they find in it, only in the *faintest degree* the beauty and the fragrance of the first, the healthfulness of the second, or the invigorating and life-restoring powers of the last, the ends for which it has been issued will be more than satisfied. And in the language of another :

“ Might I but leave behind
Some blessing for my fellows, some fair trust
To guide, to cheer, to elevate my kind,
When I am in the dust !

Might my poor lyre but give
Some simple strain, some spirit-moving lay,
Some sparklet of the soul, that still might live
When I was passed to clay !

(5)

Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart,
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart !

Death would be sweeter then,
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Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men
Or glorify my God."

POEMS.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

Sweet Alpine flowers, whose blossoms tell
Of mountain torrents, wooded dell,
Of soaring peak, of deep abyss,
Of Earth's cold lips ye trembling kiss ;
Still looking upwards towards the blue
Till heaven imparts its own glad hue
On Alpine Flowers ;
Sweet Alpine Flowers.

Sweet Alpine Flowers ! the icy air
Hearing how oft man's feeble prayer,
Where threatening dangers bar the pass
With avalanche or wild crevasse—
Where Faith casts down her shrinking eye—
But lo ! on earth's cold lap there lie
Sweet Alpine Flowers.

With crimson cheeks pressed to the snow
Some seem to lend a summer glow ;
Some with blue eyes that speak of home,

“ Forget me not ! ” where'er ye roam ;
 Wee prattlers of that heavenly care
 That guards man's footsteps everywhere !
 Sweet Alpine Flowers.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

[A chromo by L. Prang]

O Apple Blooms ! Ye tell of waving boughs,
 Of verdant fields where breezes go and come,
 Of fragrant clover and the breath of cows,
 And in your own sweet buds the wild bees' hum.

Ye breathe of scenes of innocence and peace,
 Where the mind wanders forth with Nature free,
 Enjoys the sounds that never tire nor cease,
 The sounds of moving life from vale and lea.

Ye speak of Spring's fair promise, Autumn's yield ;
 The thread Joy weaves in Nature's ceaseless song,
 Whose rhythm rises up from hill and field ;
 Throughout the year its cadence floats along.

And ye shall bloom amid the wintry hours ;
 Bring to our storm-clad days the insect's hum ;
 The bird's soft warble and the scent of flowers ;
 Nature, herself, a welcome Guest shall come,

And to the heart grown cold, O Flowers, renew
 The glowing freshness of its early hours !
 On narrowing thoughts shed down a quick'ning dew,
 And bid the dry, dead bough bring forth its flowers !

FLOWERS OF HOPE.

[Suggested by the chromo representing Trailing Arbutus or Plymouth May Flowers in their freshest beauty, placed in a pearl colored shell on a table ; a veil resting on the corner of the table conveys the idea that a person has just come from a ramble].

How freshly forth ye start
 When Earth's brown lips first part
 To tell of what the months shall bring ;
 With sweetest breath, in mirth,
 Ye kiss the waking Earth,
 The while ye to her bosom closely cling.

O sweet, low-blushing Flowers !
 Ye tell of Childhood's hours ;
 That time of beauty, fragrance, joy ;
 Where Mem'ry lingers still,—
 No wintry blast can chill,
 No sorrow change it, free from earth's alloy.

On you the Pilgrim's eye
 Resting in days gone by,
 Drank in new promise from the Spring ;

His path of toil and death
 Ye cheered with sweetest breath,
 And bade his gloomy thoughts how oft take wing !

O sweet, sweet Pilgrim Flowers !
 Preaching in forest bowers
 That God, the Father, cares for all ;
 Whose fragrance on the air
 Floats like a passing prayer
 To Him, who heeds the lowliest suppliant's call.

THE WOODBINE.

Let England boast of the ivy,
 We sing of the brave woodbine ;
 Whose tendrils cling, in the early spring,
 With the softest green that ever was seen ;
 Or float in the winds of Autumn
 As red as the crimson wine.

It covers no lordly castle
 Of old and bloody renown,
 No abbey gray in its slow decay,
 No convent old with its graceful fold ;
 But it decks our modest temples
 With its verdant, shining crown.

It mantles the poor man's cottage ;
 On the shingles rusty and gray,
 All over the roof with its thick green woof,

With its berries blue that come peeping through,
 It spins its long green tresses,
 Like a mermaid's hair in the spray.

O'er neglected graves it creepeth
 In the lonely dark church-yard ;
 It nestles and clings, where no floweret springs,
 Above the dead with its green or red,
 As if Nature's heart for the lone ones
 Still beat 'neath the tangled sward !

Over the green of the forest
 Its graceful branches twine ;
 Its leaflets red on the green moss shed,
 Or they softly fold o'er the walnut's gold.
 Let others sing of the ivy,
 We boast of the brave woodbine !

TO A TUFT OF GRASS.

O tuft of dry grass on the road's rough side,
 Fringing Earth's garment, travel-stained and worn ;
 Grown, ripened, seeded, yet no hand hath plucked,
 Why wert thou born ?

Earth brought thee forth an atom of that life
 That fills her mighty bosom yearning deep ;
 One of the countless germs the sunbeam's rife
 Lured from its sleep.

To see the light, to feel the sun's warm gaze,
 To catch the rain-drop glittering on its way,
 With thy thin fingers drop forth ripened seeds,
 Then pass away.

Unto the eye, all feeble as thou art,
 Thou hast a voice to stay the passing thought,
 As thou, so we, like atoms, form a part,
 Thus earthward brought.

Nature bestows upon us, too, her smile ;
 Short-lived like thee, we fade and pass away—
 So may we live to guide one wanderer's eye,
 To sow good seed on earth, ere passes by,
 Our little day.

WILD FLOWERS.

Sweet flowers that spring from vale and hill,
 Without a thought, without a care,
 Untended e'er, yet thriving still,
 Fragrant and pure, like Nature's prayer !

When wakes the brown earth from her rest,
 Like dusky maid of tropic clime,
 Ye in her hair and o'er her breast
 With cunning blossoms weave and climb.

Beside each rock and by each stream
 Your fairy petals stoop to kiss,

And bid the tiny wavelets dream
Of insect joys and coming bliss.

By desert rock and lonely glade
Where but the sun or stars look down,
Where foot of man hath seldom strayed,
Ye still do plat earth's vernal crown.

Shine stars ! as dropped from upper sky ;
Look eyes of blue ! from vale and mead ;
Leading our wand'ring thoughts on high,
An unsealed book that all may read.

WEEDS.

We call them weeds, the while with slender fingers
Earth's wounds and scars they seek to cover o'er ;
On sterile sands where scarce the rain-drop lingers
They grow and blossom by the briny shore.

We call them weeds ; did we their forms but study
We many a secret might enfolded find ;
Each tiny plant fulfils its heaven-taught mission,
And bears the impress of immortal mind.

We call them weeds, the while their uses hidden
Might work a nation's weal, a nation's woe,—
Send through each wasted form the balm of healing,
And cause the blood with youth's quick pulse to flow.

Weeds—yet they hold in bounds the mighty ocean !
 Their slender threads bind firm the sandy shore.
 Navies may sink amid its wild commotion,
 These humble toilers ne'er their work give o'er.

And who shall say the feeblest thought avails not
 To bind the shifting sands upon Life's beach?
 Some heart may treasure what we've long forgot—
 The faintest word some soul with power may reach.

PRIMROSE.

What is there in the morning air
 That bids thy petals to unroll?
 Thy fragrance rise as 'twere a prayer,
 Or the escaping of thy soul,
 Primrose?

Do unseen fingers gently turn
 The spotless tablets of thy leaves
 That we the more of heaven may learn?
 And patience come to one who grieves—
 Primrose?

And when at eve the passing day
 Bestows on man her parting smile,
 Dost ope, the Twilight's feet to stay,
 With sunset hues her steps beguile,
 Primrose?

O Flowers of ~~Morning~~ ! Flowers of Eve !
 Ye greet us but a little while ;
 We gaze on you as they who grieve
 The vanished look, the hidden smile,—
 Primrose.

LINES.

[On the chromo by L. Prang, representing volumes of Shakespeare with
 pansies lying upon the cover.]

"Pansies — that's for thought."

Sweet flowers that lie on the Poet's book,
 Gathered from gardens and sunny nooks,
 Tell of the thoughts that breathe beneath—
 The mirth, the joy and the welling grief :
 O Pansies, sweet !

Tell us bright flowers, of the Poet's love,
 Of sweet Anne Hathaway, like a dove
 Nestling within the Poet's heart,
 Whose love in these lines have found a part :
 O Pansies, tell !

Go tell the poor of the Master Mind !
 Like them unnoticed, among mankind ;
 Once poor, unthought of and unknown—
 Whom now the world doth honor and own :
 O Pansies, tell !

And tell us, too, of the hands that wrought
 These blossoms almost with fragrance fraught,
 Giving the poor such gifts as these,
 The heart to ennoble, the eye to please :
 O Pansies fair !

THE SLEEPING EARTH.

The earth is sleeping—send ye trees
 Your brown, dry leaves upon her bed,
 And bid the ever busy breeze
 With lightest hands adjust the spread.

Silence ye brooks—awake her not,
 But let her rest, and softly dream
 Of Spring's bright days with perfume fraught,
 Of sunshine gilding lake and stream.

Upon her breast th' arbutus lies,
 Nor fears the winds anear or far,
 'Till Spring looks there with loving eyes
 And wakes to life each pink-hued star.

Like sweet thoughts garnered in the soul
 To cheer and bless the wintry hours,
 When storms of grief around may roll,
 So bide their time these fair May flowers.

Oh ! blest are they who gather up
 Youth's freshness for that coming time,

When pain and sorrow fill the cup—
 When flowers bloom not, nor brooklets chime.

WAVES OFF NAHANT.

Over Earth's rocky sides, storm-seared and seamed,
 Do leap the frolic waves ; as if she dreamed,
 And through her dream did rush these laughing elves
 To fill with merriment her rocky shelves.

O white-capped sprites ! that skip and dance and roar,
 Running from far to kiss the mother shore ;
 O white-faced elves ! that leap and dance and play
 'Neath the blue sky like one grand holiday.

But when old Ocean rouses in his might,
 Ye, like scared children, in your wild affright
 Rush o'er each cave, high rocks, and reach the land
 And throw your shells and playthings on the sand.

O joyous waves ! soft singing night and day,
 Lit by the sun's gold beams or moon's pale ray ;
 O restless waves ! like thoughts that will not sleep
 That rise and fall within the Mem'ry's deep.

O free-born waves ! that skirt each rocky beach
 Then glide far out away from human reach ;
 Waves since Creation by no chain confined,
 Free-born and restless as the immortal mind.

Would I, like ye, might seek some kindlier shore,
 Where storms of earth and winter come no more,
 Where flowers that bloom shall know nor chill nor
 death,
 Where souls that love shall find no parting breath !

Roll on bright waves, and find a fairer clime
 Than that which bounds these shores of sense and
 time ;
 Roll on bright waves, and bear my thoughts away
 To that fair land where dwells eternal Day.

TO THE OCEAN.

[Thoughts on Salisbury Beach.]

Majestic Ocean ! from Creation's day
 Rolls Thy deep anthem on Earth's list'ning shore ;
 Swift rush Thy surges, swiftly glide away ;
 So pass man's generations and are o'er.

Glad as Thy joyous waves they sped along.
 As countless as Thy surf's white beads their tears ;
 How few the footsteps of that mighty throng
 Left on Time's shifting sands adown the years.

Thou speakest of a time we never knew,
 Ere man's short vision met Thy boundless gaze ;
 When virgin forests in their beauty grew,
 And lit Thy depths but heaven's o'erarching rays.

Unfettered did'st Thou rove from shore to shore,
 From solitudes, new solitudes to find ;
 Earth bent her youthful face Thy mirror o'er,
 And sought with girdle green Thy steps to bind.

Still will roll on when we are dust, who gaze,
 The deep-toned rhythm of Thy ceaseless hymn !
 Still, Thou untamed, Thy snowy crest will raise,
 From morning's purple light, to evening dim.

Still will Thy waves rush madly on the shore,
 Wrecking themselves 'gainst rock or shelving
 beach.

So sends the heart its love forevermore
 Far out unto the goal it ne'er may reach.

AMERICAN CHROMOS.

O skilful Art ! that tak'st from Nature's hand
 Each drooping blossom ere it dies away,
 And bids transfixed its fading beauties stand,
 Throughout the wintry storm and shortened day.

The modest wild flower near the plashing brook,
 The apple blossom scented by the spring,
 Fair violets clustering in each shady nook,
 The bird's neat nest where leaves and berries cling ;

The Plymouth May Flower printed by thine art
 Doth seem to send its fragrance round the room,
 And to our wintry hours and gloom impart
 A summer joy and delicate perfume.

Where poverty the boon to Taste denies
 Of costly paintings and of marbles grand,
 Thy cheaper Art the needed gift supplies,
 Bidding each narrow room in beauty stand !

Work on, O Hand ! that bids the humble eye
 Revel in sights that erst were all unknown !
 Throughout our land send forth a fresh supply
 Till every poor man's cot a gem shall own.

Work on, O Skill ! while Nature smiles to see
 Her blossoms beaming forth in wintry hours,
 Work on ! and in the path of poverty
 Drop everywhere new sights of joy and flowers.

OUR PASTURES.

They stretch beyond the city's ken,
 An upland spread of vale and hill,
 Far from the haunts of toiling men,
 Where all is peaceful, calm and still.

Where waving trees and rustling grass
 And limpid waters' soothing flow,
 The insects chirping as we pass,
 The bird's sweet song, the cattle's low,

Fall soothingly upon the ear
 Like songs of rest to weary men ;
 For Nature's music soft and clear
 Doth weary not, though we may hear
 Her sweet strains o'er and o'er again.

Here Spring the first green carpet weaves
 In sheltered nook and moistened spot,
 And raises 'neath the russet leaves
 Each tiny flower in dell and grot.

Here Summer spreads her luscious store
 To tempt the insect, bird and bee,
 And little feet come tripping o'er
 The short, green sward on hill and lea.

Here Autumn lights his signal fires
 Till swamp and height are all aglow,
 And when the last warm flush expires,
 Old Winter drops his fleecy snow

And binds within his sheltering tomb
 The beauty which the green fields hold,
 The spring's soft foliage, summer's bloom :
 So Memory wraps with mystic fold

Within her heart each well-loved scene,
 The summer's charms in wintry hours,
 Youth's fleeting joys, joys that have been,
 To cheer and bless 'mid failing powers.

WINTER'S COMING.

Old Winter came with pleasant smile
 And kissed to sleep those last, few flowers
 That with their sunny hues beguile
 The absence of the Summer's hours.

And bending softly o'er the earth
 He turned to brown her grassy hair,
 And hushed those rippling thrills of mirth
 Where brooklets ran o'er rocks so bare ;

So bare, save where green mosses rest,
 Striving to keep the mem'ry green
 Of Summer's beauty, firmly prest
 The rocks' ribbed armor close between.

Of Summer's beauty—pictures rise
 Of winding lanes and arching trees,
 Of singing birds and changing skies,
 Of wild flowers dancing in the breeze.

O give us, Winter, for our loss,
 The leafy spray, the icy flower ;

And bid thy storms the snow-flakes toss
And deck with beauty every bower.

Then gently bend thee o'er the earth,
And bid her sleep, and bid her dream
Of times when buds and flowers have birth,
And softly sings the murmuring stream.

So in our chill and wintry hours
When wild storms bend us at their will,
Recall we then life's early flowers,
And voices sweet, now hushed and still.

And gazing forth with yearnings fond
(The while grief's winds so sadly blow),
Know all our treasures safe, beyond,
While Faith's bright star illumines the snow.

SUMMER'S GOING.

Summer's going ; I'm her lover ;
How I watch to see her pass
All among the scented clover,
Where I lie amid the grass.

Buttercups are by so golden ;
How they catch the summer sun ;
I forget that I am olden,
And again for them I run.

Daisies white are scattered round me
 Like white sheep upon the hill,
 Or like stars last night new fallen
 When the air was calm and still.

While I lie amid the grasses,
 Bird and bee and butterfly,
 Every tiny sprite that passes,
 Whispers Summer's sad good-bye.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

A gentle step is on the withered leaves
 Where wind-swept boughs and moistened mosses
 lie ;

At the soft tread the sleeping floweret breathes,
 Raises itself to see who passes by,
 Thrusting aside the matted vines that cling,
 While small birds chirp and warble, "It is Spring !"

Adown the fields she passes ; as she goes,
 Over the tree's imploring arms so bare,
 A soft green mantle how she kindly throws,
 That shakes its scented tassels in the air.
 No more like sleeted warriors clad in mail—
 Their green plumes nod her glad approach to hail.

The grass thrusts up its fingers by the way,
 To tell the city of her coming life ;

While through the hills the small brooks laugh and
 play,
 With merry music as of flute or fife,
 Bidding the mosses, as they dance along,
 New clothe themselves and listen to their song.

How many times, O gentle Spring, declare,
 Hast thou awaked the sleeping earth from dreams?
 Placed fragrant flowers in her tangled hair,
 And bathed her forehead from fresh rippling streams?
 And when our feet no more these paths shall tread,
 Still will thy songs be sung? thy bright blooms
 spread?

TO A PRIMROSE.

Primrose on the river's brim,
 Scarcely moored upon the earth,
 Golden as the Evening's hymn,
 Emblem of our second birth ;—

Rising from thy darksome tomb,
 Wrestling with the briny air
 To perfect thy cup of bloom,
 To shed fragrance everywhere ;

Pelting storm and biting cold
 Could not quench the buried life.
 So our souls their birthright hold
 'Mid earth's sorrow, sin and strife ;

Wrestling with the waves of strife
 Where Time's billows swiftly glide,
 Still the spark of heavenly life
 'Neath earth's dust and sin we hide.

Here its beauty may not show,
 Here its perfume may not rise,
 But earth's seeds in heaven shall blow
 Op'ning sweet 'neath fairer skies.

*A WOOD RAMBLE IN THE EARLY PART OF DE-
 CEMBER, 1870.*

(INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND REBECCA A. SILSBEE.)

Winter is here — yet Beauty is not dead —
 She looketh forth from every nook and hill
 Where brakes die golden on their rustling bed,
 And 'mid the dry leaves ripples on the rill.

The frost hath turned her cheeks a deeper red
 Where crimson hips and berries clust'ring hang ;
 Her slender fingers drop the piny spread
 From boughs where late the wild-bird hopped and
 sang.

Where are the early, blushing flowers of Spring
 That seemed too fragile and too fair for earth?
 That nestling to her bosom sought to cling,
 The tender mother that had given them birth.

Like thoughts in youth, that came, that passed away,
 Beneath the moss and leaves of fleeting years—
 How Mem'ry brings their freshness back to-day,
 And Life once more a holiday appears !

Through the soft, hazy air the sunbeams fall
 Like pleasant thoughts, to cheer the fading earth.
 A few red leaves still cluster on the wall,
 The dying embers on the Old Year's hearth.

Take to thyself, O Earth ! each plant and flower
 And shield them safely from cold winter's breath.
 Take us, too, kindly, in our closing hour,
 When we, too, sleep the sleep men miscall death.

THE SPRINGS OF OLD.

They come again, those Springs of old,
 Whose blooms were made for other eyes ;
 We pluck e'en now the blue and gold
 Erst they did prize.

These warbling notes their ears have heard
 In years gone by, oh ! long ago ;—
 These gentle winds their locks have stirred
 Of gold and snow.

O Blooms, immortal through the years !
 How Mem'ry's scents commingling rise —

And griefs that speak through April's tears —
And thoughts that rise

From out the dark soil of the past
With rays of sunshine, song and bloom ;
Beauty and love too frail to last —
Yet have no tomb.

THE WELCOME RAIN.

Upon the drowsy ear of night
Came the low tinkle of the welcome rain ;
Earth woke and thrills of rapturous delight
Passed o'er each scorching field, each blighted plain.

Then came a low, sweet concert of the leaves,
A ringing song, and this the glad refrain,
"The earth is comforted, as one who grieves,
Is comforted by this, the blessed rain."

Look up, ye plants, that saw each tiny flower
Wither and languish, as in mortal pain ;
Raise up each bending cup to catch the shower,
The pearly nectar of this blessed rain !

And you, ye trees, that waved with gestures wild
Your weary arms in many a sad complain,
Now clap your hands like a delighted child,
And catch the jewels of this welcome rain !

And you, ye brooks, that hidden in green dells
 Far from the sultry sun so long have lain ;
 Ring out in laughter all your silver bells,
 And give your welcome to this wished-for rain !

And we, who with each season's busy round
 Murmur as though God's wisdom were in vain,
 Shall not we, too, with grateful hearts be found,
 And give our welcome to this blessed rain ?

SPRING.

Earth's fingers 'neath the ground
 Move gently, without sound.
 Where matted roots so closely cling,
 White, gray and golden thread
 Stretch from their piny bed
 To clasp the hand of coming Spring.

Earth's ring, the golden thread,
 When joy and bloom are dead,
 And cold and winter dwell above,
 Still doth the circlet cling,
 To greet the coming Spring,
 And wake again to happiness and love.

Then will the blushing flowers,
 Like the soul's happy hours,
 Wake up to life and dream of heaven ;

While e'en the rocks so bare
 Their lichens bright shall wear,
 Those bridal knots by nature freely given.

Through all the vales and hills
 The sunshine sends glad thrills,
 And bids the brooks repeat it in their song,
 Till ev'ry waving fern
 The joyous truth may learn,
 The Spring, the gentle Spring, doth pass along.

THE MORNING RIDE.

O morning air, like incense breathing sweet
 To one confinement held in bonds so long,—
 So long that pain e'en now asserts her reign
 And mingles sadness with the morning's song ;
 Yet the glad heart still smiles to nature's charms,
 And weariness e'er seeketh nature's arms.

O Mother Nature ! take us to thy breast,
 The sick, the weary and the silver hair ;
 There, like an infant, let us find our rest,
 With folded hands, and listen to thy prayer ;
 And bid the earth her simple tales repeat,
 And we, like tired child, sit at thy feet.

Let toil, with all her weary sounds, pass by,
 And care, with all her myriad tasks, be gone ;

Let morning spread her pictures to my eye,
 Which, like a child well pleased, I gaze upon.
 Creation comes anew with every eye,
 That drinks in joy from earth and sea and sky.

O morning hours, when the glad earth awakes
 And fills with new delight each opening flower ;
 When, like a golden flood, the sunshine breaks,
 With warmth and health and healing for its dower ;
 So should the soul each day its life renew,
 Warmed with youth's sunshine, freshened by its dew.

*LINES TO A PRESSED HEARTSEASE THAT
 GREW ON THE ALPS.*

Dried Alpine flower !
 Thou once wert bright,
 When first the light
 And balmy shower
 Fell on thee in thy cradle green,
 Fanned by the mountain winds, I ween.

You little thought,
 By stranger hand
 From foreign land
 You would be sought ;
 That when declining leaving home,
 You would be urged, aye, *pressed* to come !

Thy mates are dead,
 But thou shalt live ;
 Mem'ry shall give
 Thy beauties fled,
 And thought shall bid fresh colors start
 From each dry leaf with painter's art.

Thou tellest me,
 Throughout the earth,
 Around each hearth,
Hearts' ease may be !
 As on the mountain grows thy flower,
 The same as in our garden bower.

LINES

[On a Chromo by L. Prang, of a "Child standing beneath a
 Sumach Tree,"]

O Childhood ! with the rosy blush
 Made redder 'neath the crimson tree,
 Amid sweet Nature's calm and hush,
 'Mid warbling bird and humming bee,
 Where else should Childhood be ?

O Childhood, fairer than the rose
 And sweeter than the violet's bloom,
 And can it be Life sees thy close,
 And buries beauty in the tomb,
 No more, no more to bloom ?

Ah ! no, each year doth Beauty wake,
 And fairer from her dreams arise :
 And when earth's bonds young spirits break,
 They blossom still 'neath fairer skies,
 Even in Paradise.

FLOWERS.

O Eyes of love that look from all the earth !
 Telling from diff'rent soils what joys may spring :
 E'en from foul composts rising into birth.
 So to man's sinfulness will often cling
 The bloom, the scent of flowers his childhood knew,
 When earth was Eden and all things were true.

Man seeks to guard you with a miser's care,
 To coin in money every bud and bloom ;
 But Nature mocks his efforts, everywhere,
 Flinging broadcast her beauty and perfume.
 No one so poor but owns at birth a dower
 On every singing bird and blushing flower.

Sweet Buds ! that greet the day from grassy nests
 And flush to brightness with the sun's warm kiss ;
 Earth's early smile upon you ever rests,
 And writes its prophecy of future bliss.
 Unuttered love more than man's thoughts can read
 Ye tell on dusty road and verdant mead.

Beauteous and pure, ye neither toil nor spin,
 But like the heart that sends sweet thoughts abroad,
 On mountain's lonely peak, 'mid city's din,
 Ye bid man's hurrying life think of his God —
 And while he fills the wasting vase of clay
 Fling not life's summer flowers unprired away.

LINES.

[On a box of scented Wax Flowers, made and presented to me by a friend.]

Fair Imitation made by skilful fingers,
 Nature herself must smile to gaze on thee !
 The breath of Summer time around thee lingers,
 The golden sunshine and the verdant lea.

Old winter howls unheeded at the casement ;—
 On the cold hills unnoticed lies the snow ;
 For thou a perfume to my thoughts hast lent,
 And given my heart a deeper, warmer glow.

While flowers have vanished from the hill and meadow,
 The mind like Nature still the pattern keeps !
 Brightness is hidden 'neath the darkest shadow ;
 And summer beauty 'neath the snow quilt sleeps.

We may not stay Time's steps so swiftly flying,
 Forbid stern winter's hand to kill the flowers ;

Yet we may paint their hues in tints undying,
And gild with Summer's bloom the wintry hours.

A NEW YEAR'S POEM.

I.

The Baby Year with sweetest breath
Clung round the Earth, her mother,
Flung off the sheet of lingering snow
With which she sought to cover,
And threw her flowers far and wide,
White, blue and gold on every side.

II.

And babies looked in many a home
Up in their mothers' faces,
With clearest eyes and tiny locks,
And all their infant graces,
And spread the flowers far and wide—
Love, beauty, joy on every side.

III.

O Infants ! sweet as opening Spring,
Our love is round you clinging ;
Ye Angel Guests of purity,
From some fair clime soft winging,
Come to our homes, and with you bear
A balm for grief, a joy for care !

IV.

Through ripened fields swarth Summer walked,
 Where wind-swept grain bowed yellow ;
 Where heavy on each bending stalk
 The orchard fruits hung mellow ;
 Image of strength and rosy health,
 The Summer walked amid his wealth.

V.

O glowing breath of Summer-time !
 In thee there is no dying ;
 From glade and grove sweet wood-notes chime,
 Life unto life replying !
 A spell of beauty everywhere,
 On earth and wave, in sky and air.

VI.

And Manhood in his strength walks forth,
 The lord of earth, air, ocean !
 For him toils on the mighty Earth,
 With never ceasing motion,
 And spreads her table full and free
 For all God's countless family.

VII.

O Manhood, God-like in thy power,
 The elements firm binding ;
 The lightning chained from hour to hour
 Thy smallest dictates minding !
 Sun, water, air, obey thy will,
 And Nature owns thy growing skill.

VIII.

Through russet boughs the Autumn walks,
 Where crimson curtains stretching,
 Drape the last picture Nature shows
 With all her softened etching ;
 Where mellow tints to brownness turn
 The dying fires in Summer's urn.

IX.

To manhood's prime there comes a voice
 Like that through Fall woods stealing ;
 A spell of power that lessens strength,
 Life's destiny revealing ;
 To spring, to bud, like blade or leaf,—
 To ripen, die, its stay as brief.

X.

Cold, cold upon the frozen ground
 The winter snows are lying ;
 Earth slumbers in her rest profound,
 Yet Nature knows no dying !
 When heard the voice, Arise ! Come forth !
 Beauty again will clothe the earth.

XI.

O Human Life ! *so might thou pass—*
 With Spring's rich bloom and flowers,

With Summer's beauty, wealth and strength,
 And Autumn's peaceful hours ;
 And when the last, cold sleep drew near,
 Might gaze on Death without a fear !

XII.

And thou, New Year, shalt pass away,
 Thy months and seasons flying ;
 With rapid growth, with swift decay,
 With beauty's birth and dying ;
 Thy tasks fulfilled, thy labors o'er,—
 Oh ! what can life e'er wish for more ?

WHO ARE THE DEAD?

Who are the Dead? Not they who sleep
 Beneath the grave-yard's billowy turf,
 Whose bodies their last slumber keep
 In the green earth.

Who are the Dead? Not they who lie
 Where everlasting surges roll,
 And storm-winds chant their litany
 From pole to pole.

Not they the dead, 'neath unknown mound,
 Where Nature casts her summer wreath,
 Where Evening's tears alone are found
 To speak of grief.

Not they who passed from sense to sight,
 To peaceful joy from grief and tears,—
 To endless day from our dull night,
 To endless years.

They are the dead who live for sense,
 Exist but in the body's bound—
 Whose longings never rise from thence
 And things around.

They are the dead, who never read
 What God hath writ on Nature's Book,
 In forest dim, on sunny mead,
 Or wandering brook.

They are the dead, who know no thread
 Invisible that lifts above ;—
 Who find not, when grief bows the head,
 A God of Love !

They are the dead who pass through life,
 Of earth and earthly treasures fond ;
 Who gaze not with unclouded eye
 On the Beyond.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

The grave-yard has a pleasant look,
 The sunshine falling soft and warm,
 Giving to each neglected nook
 Even, a glow and charm.

And while I work above the dead,
 Yes, 'bove the dead who rest beneath,
 Where the green pillows softly spread,
 I look not *there* with thought of grief ;

For life is o'er me and around ;
 The flowers send out their sweet perfume,
 The insects chant with happy sound
 Among the graves and round the tomb ;

Life in the sod, song in the sky,
 With bright wings floating through the trees ;
 And like a soft, sweet lullaby,
 Goes murm'ring round the summer breeze :

All things around me say, No Death !
 That where *they* live, is light and joy !
 No clouded sun, no parting breath,
 With life's bright gold no dark alloy.

A peace is round me and above ;
 A peace that soothes and calms and cheers ;—
 Saying the Guide of all is Love,
 Through earthly and through heavenly years.

OVER THE BRIDGE.

Over the bridge they are passing along,
 Aye, one a second, a mighty throng ;
 'Tis the bridge that links Time with Eternity's shore ;
 They tread the green isles of our earth no more.

There passes the infant, by strong hands upheld,
 Who never the sorrows of earth-life beheld ;
 The aged, long burdened by weakness and years,
 They leave far behind them earth's troubles and tears.

There pass out the wretched, earth's love could not heal,
 No more the deep wounds of injustice to feel ;
 There pass forth the criminals man's laws could not
 save ;
 The starved ones earth's harvests no sustenance gave.

There pass forth the strong — but Death heeds not
 their strength ;
 There pass out the proud—they are humbled at length :
 Earth's misers steal forth, but they carry no gold,
 Earth's loved ones are sundered, for Love could not
 hold !

Many and strong were the ties of the earth,
 The bands of affection, home, kindred and birth,
 But the love was far stronger that drew them above, —
 'Twas the Father of Spirits, the Fountain of Love.

Who, who would recall them to darkness and tears,
 To earth and its sorrows, pains, anguish and fears ?
 Who bid them take up the cross they laid down,
 Or lure back the spirit to happiness flown ?

No, rather press on in the path they have trod,
 The good, who here toiled with their eyes raised to God ;

The standard they dropped, let us bear through the fight,
 Till Death loosens our grasp in his swift-coming night :
 But let us rejoice, when the race shall be run
 We pass from its shadow forth into the sun.

THE IMMORTAL YEARS.

“The stars of heaven are shining on
 Though our frail eyes are dim with tears;
 The hopes of earth indeed are gone—
 But are not ours the immortal years?”

Ours are the immortal years !
 Sorrow may sit beside our vacant hearth
 And bid all other guests from thence depart,
 Peace, calm Content and bright-eyed sunny Mirth,
 But looking heavenward 'mid our falling tears,
 The Soul thanks God, ours are the immortal years !

Here every bloom has blight,—
 Life's blossoming hedge-rows may not hide its thorns,
 The sunniest day shall find the darkest night,
 The shadow of Time's wing each trav'ler warns.
 But blight, nor time, nor darkness there appears,
 We thank Thee, God, ours are the immortal years !

Here friend must part with friend,
 Love welds no chain too strong for Death to break !
 All sweet companionship must find an end.

But looking upward for the dear one's sake,
 As one by one each loved face disappears,
 We thank Thee, God, ours are the immortal years !

MY MOTHER.

"But, oh ! does the glorified spirit know
 The desolate blank in her home below?"

Do her thoughts return to her home on earth,
 Where once was happiness, joy and mirth,
 To the mourners who sit round the vacant hearth ?
 Oh, yes ! the glorified spirit must know
 The desolate blank in her home below.

Do her thoughts come back in the quiet eve,
 When each lonely spirit must sit and grieve
 And in silence its sorrowful fancies weave ?
 Ah ! yes—the glorified spirit must know
 The desolate blank in its home below.

Does she look as we to the coming years,
 Seen through the dim, dark veil of tears,
 To the unshared joys and the unsoothed fears ?
 Ah ! no—the glorified spirit must feel
 That the wounds of life are but given to heal.

Does she look as we to the flight of time,
 Of the years that must pass ere we reach that clime

That knows no darkness, no chilling rime?
 Ah, no—for the trials of earth must seem
 To heaven's happy souls but a passing dream.

Does she look, as some, on the Angel of Death,
 As a stern, grim messenger loosing the breath?
 Ah ! no—as an Angel that gently saith,
 “Come away from the world, its anguish and woe,
 New life with the loved ones forever to know !”

*SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE NORMAL
 SCHOOL, SALEM.*

We welcome, we welcome this day,
 Th' occasion we celebrate here !
 Send down, O, our Father ! we pray,
 Thy blessing, and draw to us near ;
 For what were our efforts, O Father ! if Thou
 Didst not in approval thy blessing bestow ?

This Temple to Study we've reared,
 We dedicate, Father, to Thee !
 May holiness dwell in its walls—
 May progress its watchword e'er be !
 May Science each day as she strives to impart
 To the mind her rich stores, forget not the heart.

Here Woman her mission may find—
 Her influence hence shall extend,

Till precepts received by the few,
 To thousands instruction shall lend !
 And the seed that in Faith so humbly is sown,
 Shall whiten the hills with the full harvest grown !

The World's education goes on—
 Though Crime with its footsteps keeps pace,
 Who doubts that the Future shall see
 True Knowledge the FIRST in the race?
 On the dark clouds of vice, Hope's bow now is bright !
 And His voice shall rule, who said, "Let there be
 LIGHT."

*I WONDER IF SOME EVER THINK THEY MUST
 DIE!*

I wonder if some ever think they must die !
 That morning shall come with its smile on the earth
 But come not for them—while above the blue sky
 Shall calmly bend down as erst at their birth.

Ere think that when Spring glides to scatter her flowers,
 Some blossoms for them with kind hand she will save,
 Those beautiful births of the sun and the showers,
 To tell of new life by the newly made grave.

That the street shall resound with its hurry and din,
 That life shall go on with its flutter and glare,
 While a few saddened faces shall gather within—
 A few sobbing voices shall vainly ask, "where?"

THE PROMISES.

Hunger no more ! O starving ones of earth
 Who know not where to find your daily bread,
 Whose life-long struggle is a strife to live,—
 Know, by His hand all hungry ones are fed !
 He will not thrust you empty from His door ;
 Receive the Bread of Life nor hunger more !

Thirst never more ! O sinful ones of earth,
 Who by forbidden waters learned to stray,
 Who from the innocence that guards each birth
 Wandered through guilty pleasures far away ;
 Redeemed, forgiven, come walk by cooling streams,
 In living waters lose your feverish dreams !

Faint never more ! O weary ones of earth,
 With heavy crosses painful to be borne ;
 There's One whose eye perceives each spirit's worth,
 Pities each soul by daily trials worn,—
 His hand shall loose at last the weary load,
 And lead each Pilgrim to His blest abode !

THE BETTER LAND.

Land of my early dreams,
 Travelled how oft in thought !
 By pastures green and cooling streams
 In cool refreshment brought.

When earth looks dark and drear,
 And glad hopes fade away,
 How bright the cheering rays appear
 That glance from endless day.

"There endless spring abides
 And never fading flowers ;"
 Why should we fondly, closely cling
 To this cold world of ours?

Here Death doth set his seal—
 Here dwell change and decay,—
 The Soul within itself can feel
 Wings that would soar away.

Oft do they rise above
 This earth and things around,
 Trying their flight,—but seek again
 The low nest on the ground.

Yet they at last shall soar
 Up, never to return !
 For things beyond, oh ! nevermore
 With quenchless thirst to yearn !

THE DYING YEAR.

O Dying Year ! why should man fear to die,
 When with such cheering smile Thou dost depart ?
 Around thy finished works all beauteous lie,

Thy golden grain in fruitful fields heaped high,
 Thy ripened leaves that mock the painter's art ;

Rich purple grapes whose fragrance fills the air,
 Whose tender bloom seems borrowed from the skies ;
 Bright flowers that fade, yet no sad garments wear,
 But dying fold them like Earth's parting prayer,
 A prayer that knows no dark-clad mysteries.

O Dying Year ! why should man fear to die,
 When with such hopeful smile thy farewell's said ?
 'Tis that his works in incompleteness lie,
 Thy lessons passed unsought, unheeded by,
 And all unheard Time's ever fleeting tread.

MY LIFE AND I.

We've marched along, my Life and I,
 For many a passing year ;
 We have seen hopes that withered by
 Like blossoms watered with a tear.

When days were fair and life was young,
 What merrier twain than Life and I ?
 No blither song the wild bird sung
 Beneath a summer sky.

The spring still offers us her flowers,
 We gather them, my Life and I,

But tears are in the April showers—
And her fair buds but bloom to die.

The Autumn smiles with kindly face
And shakes down nuts ; my Life and I
Look sadly at the withered leaves,
Like earth's short dreams, swift hurrying by.

Yet Life hath often whispered low
Of joys that she could never give,—
That earth and flesh might never know,—
Nor mortal heart conceive and live,

Of pastures green, where wand'ring souls,
Homeless on earth, a rest might take ;
Where those athirst, unsatisfied,
In living streams that thirst might slake.

So wand'ring on, my Life and I
Still keep that better home in sight !
When thick the clouds in sorrow's sky
We see afar its beck'ning light !

And Life oft whispers soft and low,
The time draws near that we must part—
Thou wilt not grieve to see me go,
For I shall bring, ere I depart,

A life that's joyous, peaceful, bright,
Free, free from sadd'ning grief or pain—
No parted friends, no weary years
That lengthen till we meet again.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

From shore to shore, leaving the Land of Birth
Where all seemed good, and wonderful and fair,
The heavens so hung with beauty, and the earth
Spreading its gorgeous treasures everywhere ;

Soft breezes rippled as we sailed along
The sunlit waters glist'ning 'neath the oar :
Gay insects floated by us, and the song
Of merry birds resounded from the shore.

Then Mirth was with us with her laughing eyes,
And Pleasure lured us with her many wiles,
Painting her pictures to our glad surprise ;
And Love embraced us with her winning smiles.

Then changed the scene ! for clouds low gathering
hung,
And winter winds blew chilly o'er the sea,
Wrecks came in view where starving mortals clung,
While the wild winds but mocked their misery.

And freighted ships with costly treasures piled
Ran down the lonely bark that bravely strove,
While from the waters sinking faces smiled,
Or looked in agony to powerless love.

Then on, swift onward, we are drifting now,
Feeble and weak with ever-failing powers ;
Bright berries float around the vessel's prow,
Branches of unknown trees, and strange, sweet
flowers.

Bright feathered birds betoken land is near,
 That Better Land of which we dream so oft—
 Voices of loved ones' welcome we can hear,
 And strains of heavenly music sweet and soft.

And this the strain borne to our list'ning ears :
 "Come unto Me, and rest, life's trials o'er ;
 Forget the world, its woes, its strife, its fears ;
 Forget the troubled voyage from shore to shore !"

NEW LIFE.

Lift up the white sheet —'tis not death,
 But Spring with rosy scented breath,
 Waking from winter's sleep ;
 Believe love, beauty, life shall rise,
 With brighter hopes, 'neath fairer skies ;
 Death takes, but cannot keep.

True to her voice Spring's birds return,
 And faithless hearts have yet to learn
 Heaven echoes with earth's song ;—
 A song that ceased in grief and pain,
 But finding there no minor strain
 The sad notes to prolong.

Lift up the white sheet—'tis not death,
 But Spring with sweetest scented breath
 Looks up with laughing eyes ;

Not death, but vig'rous life is there,
 With song and fragrance in the air,
 Where myriad blossoms rise.

And when the body seeks the ground
 And lies beneath the grassy mound,
 Oh ! see the new-found spring !
 Still moves the spirit on its way,
 Our dark night turned to endless day—
 All gloomy shadows fled away
 As birds of night take wing.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river are friends of mine ;
 I see their lights on the summer eves ;
 Telling of homes and their peaceful joys,
 They flicker and dance thro' the locust leaves.

Over the river are friends of mine ;
 The waves flow ever, yet never divide ;
 Thoughts, glad thoughts, on a spirit line
 Pass and repass to the other side.

Morning may drop her clouds of mist
 To hang like a veil in the summer air
 Hiding the houses of friends from sight,
 But we know that the dwellings and friends are
 there.

Winter may howl with its rage and storm,
 And the icy river be frozen fast ;
 But we know they are housed and safe and warm,
 Secure from the cold and biting blast.

And so beyond the River of Death
 Dwell all the friends who have passed before ;
 We can think of their homes and higher joys,
 Though the waves look dark from our earthly
 shore !

Though faint, how faint, are the golden lines
 Seen through the mist of our falling tears,
 We know that a glorious light there shines
 And sends its glow through the endless years.

The storms and sorrows of earth may beat
 And friends be sundered, and love be riven,—
 But we know beyond the River they meet—
 That the homes of earth are gathered in heaven !

And so beyond the River of Death,
 Whose waves look bright on the other side,
 They await us ! they who have passed the flood,
 Who found *new life*—when we said they died.

THE HARSH WORD.

Oh, say it not !
 Let it remain unspoken,

Deep in thy heart's cell where it had its birth ;
 Chain it with bonds that never shall be broken ;
 Nor on the earth
 Let it e'er send a feeling
 Of unkindness around one cheerful hearth,
 To cause a wound for which may be no healing ;
 For bright eyed Mirth
 From Distrust will flee away ;
 Kind thoughts and kindly feelings will be dearth.
 Oh ! then unuttered let it ever stay,
 Nor from thy lips come forth a sound of woe,
 To spread unhappiness where'er it go !

THE STARVED PRISONERS OF THE REBELS.

 Not on the battle-field
 Did they their brave lives yield,
 In gallant onslaught 'gainst a treacherous foe ;
 But slowly, day by day,
 Their warm blood oozed away,
 In lingering agonies but God may know !

 Not with the cannon's roar,
 Booming o'er land and shore,
 And stirring notes that filled with martial pride ;
 Only Death's muffled drum
 Bade the lone pris'ner come—
 The heart's faint beatings in his aching side.

Upon their famished sight
 The social board at night,
 And loved ones' faces, must how oft have risen :
 Kind Angels pitying gleams
 Shed through their feverish dreams,
 With home's sweet visions, in their grave-bound
 prison.

In many a vacant home
 Eyes watched to see them come,
 And weary hearts with hopeless longing bled :
 While Charity's full hand
 Stretched widely o'er the land,
 And Pity prayed, those dear ones might be fed !

Oh ! more than fiends were they,
 To turn free gifts away,
 To see exhausted Nature sink and die !
 But from each prison wall
 Went forth the starved one's call,
 Till the whole world beheld their misery !

Not on the battle field
 Did they their brave lives yield
 In gallant struggling 'gainst a cruel foe :
 Not theirs to do and die,
 When the victorious cry
 Might prove a solace to unheeded woe ;—

Theirs was the Martyr's fate,
 Unshrinkingly to wait
 For Death's still march, so fearful and so slow !

Known or unknown their graves,
 The laurel round them waves,
 And men as Heroes such tried souls shall know !

NOT GIVEN BUT LENT.

Not given but lent ! how slow we are to learn
 The lesson ever given,
 That earth is not a sure, abiding place,
 Only a school to fit for Heaven.

The Heaven that we ourselves within may bear,
 To form above, below,
 The joy that we with kindred souls may share,
 Wherever we may go.

The beauty of the earth, the sun's warm smile,
 The glowing heavens, the sea,
 These are but lent us for a little while,
 Not for eternity.

The gold we grasp, the houses that we build,
 The spreading lands we prize,
 The warranty that claims to make them ours,
 Ever stern Death denies.

The friends we love, and weave around them ties,
 Their hearts with ours entwined,
 Pass forth with morning's breath, with evening's dew.
 Yet we are fools and blind,

And live as if this world were all in all,
 Till swiftly sent,
 The lesson on our stricken hearts must fall,
 Not given but lent.

" *WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.*"

When this cruel War is over,
 When the cannon booms no more,
 And the thick white blossoming clover
 Reddens not with human gore,—
 When the hot summer's scorching breath
 Adds not new agony to death,—

When this cruel War is over,
 Who shall count the thousands slain
 That the green sods lightly cover
 In the valley and the plain?
 Or trace among earth's billowy waves
 Where loved ones sleep in nameless graves?

For the precious blood outpouring,
 For the many hopes laid low,—
 Hopes for loved ones fondly soaring,
 Quenched in agony and woe,
 Whose morning beams so rosy, bright,
 Were lost in an untimely night ;—

For the ties so roughly broken,
 Ties that earth shall join no more—
 For the dying words unspoken
 In the ears that loved of yore
 To listen to their slightest breath,
 Unheard upon the field of death ;—

These that bring our desolation,
 And with sadness fill all eyes,
 Are the price a sundered Nation
 Pays that it again may rise,
 God grant, redeemed and purified,
 No more t'enslave ! no more divide !

THE WAR.

Faintly, how faintly floats
 Above our earth the sweet-toned Angel's Song,
 "Peace on the earth, Good-will," far borne along,
 How faint those dying notes !

For War's loud trump is heard !
 Thousands rush fiercely to the bloody fray !
 And men their fellow men unheeding slay,
 By brutal passions stirred.

Gaining, oh ! gaining what ?
 A fancied right, a small extent of land,
 Unwilling subjects of a foreign band,
 Hostile in hall and cot.

Losing, oh ! losing what ?
 Ye mothers tell, who weep your loved ones slain,
 List for the step that may not come again,—
 Tell us what war has brought ?

Tell us what war has brought ?
 Ye who look sadly on your homes laid low,
 Heap bitter curses on the passing foe,
 Where stood each smiling cot.

Tell us what war has brought ?
 Ye who in sickness, death were forced to fly,
 While the devouring flames raged fierce and high
 With dire destruction fraught.

Tell us, O earth, whose floor
 Bore the bright-blushing flower, the rip'ning grain,
 Tell us who drenched the garden, field and plain,
 With crimson, human gore ?

Tell us how far Heaven's walls
 Recede and shut out God from human sight ?
 When men, like beasts, are trained for brutal fight,
 Heeding no spirit calls.

Faintly, how faintly floats
 Above our earth the sweet-toned Angel's Song,
 " Peace on the earth, Good-will," far borne along
 How faint those dying notes !

OUR MISSION.

Is the world better for our living in it?
 Are flowers more sweet to those who passed them
 by?
 Send forth they richer strains, the lark, the linnet?
 Float fairer clouds across the summer sky?
 Are there more smiles upon these care-worn faces?
 Because they meet us, are their hearts more glad?
 Have we brought sunshine into earth's dark places?
 And given a kind word, if 'twas all we had?
 So passing on in this our generation
 Have we been filled with kindly love to all,
 Of every kindred, color, name and nation,
 If they were high or low, or great or small?
 So when the soft, green grass shall grow above us,
 And violets watch beside with faithful eyes,
 May there be some to wander there and love us
 With that strong, heaven-born love that never dies !

"LET US HAVE PEACE!"

Let us have Peace ! Let nations war no more,
 Let peaceful industry their powers employ,
 Let Commerce spread her wings from shore to shore,
 Nor Science teach us how we may destroy.

Let us have Peace, for which our Fathers fought !
 On hill and field their sacred blood was shed ;
 'Twas with a price our Liberty was bought !
 Be not unmindful of the honored dead.

Let us have Peace ! Lo, hill and valley cry,
 New consecrated in these latter days ;
 Our Nation's Flag full many a soldier's eye
 Looked at in triumph with its dying gaze.

Let us have Peace ! but not till East and West,
 Till North and South, to Law and Right shall bend !
 Till 'neath *that Flag*, *all* may securely rest !
 Till black and white alike it shall befriend !

How Nature seeks the worn earth's scars to heal,
 And clothes with flowery robe each battle plain ;
 Yet through the murky clouds swift lightnings steal—
 And earthquakes rend the rock-bound earth in twain.

So where disease lurks in the stagnant air
 There let sharp lightnings dart to purify !
 Within the moral world, let earthquakes tear
 And crush the structures sin hath builded high !

Let us have Peace ! but first prepare the earth ;
 Run deep the furrows, sow broadcast the seed ;
 Let Justice, Mercy, Love around have birth !
 Then shall the Angel's Song be sung indeed.

Not from ten thousand voices, and the shout
 Of human lungs, or booming cannon's roar ;

But in the deep recesses of the spirit —
 An anthem grand to sound forevermore !

OUR NEW SOCIETY.

We are but small,—so is the seed
 The kind earth takes within her breast ;
 But of the seed the Lord hath need,
 And he will do the rest.

We are but small,—so is the star
 To our unaided, feeble eye ;
 A place in heaven to it is given ;
 It shines a world on high.

We are but small,—so was the Word
 Born, sown in weakness long ago ;
 But o'er the earth it hath gone forth
 To lift from man his weight of woe !

We are but small,—but we can sing
 The Angel's Song to weary men ;
 Of Life, the cup to them hold up,
 So that they never thirst again !

We are but small,—but we can break
 To hungry souls the Bread of Life !
 Upon the road that leads to God
 Can point them 'mid earth's pain and strife.

We are but small,— but we can bring
 The willing hand, the trusting heart,
 The Faith, that harvest sees in spring,
 And will not from the way depart !

PRIDE.

How sorrowful to see a child of earth
 Assuming pride ;
 The pride of Beauty, Talents, Riches, Birth,
 Since they have died
 Who held them in their keeping, and the Pall
 Hath covered them as it hath covered all !

The worm heeds not the beauty of the skin
 On which it crawls,
 Nor if the brain be large which lies within
 The skull's thick walls ;
 Nor if the bony fingers, icy cold,
 Held once within their grasp high heaps of gold.

The golden grain bows low to ev'ry weed—
 Nor to the light
 Is it less golden with its shining seed ;
 Perhaps 'tis right
 The empty ear should keep, like pride, erect,
 Conceal its emptiness, to gain respect !

He who can pass without a look or word
 A little child,
 Hath not His spirit, whose kind voice was heard
 In accents mild,
 Giving his blessing with a holy grace
 To them whose Angels saw his Father's face.

The poor are always with us, and they cry
 Each day for bread ;
 But Pride oft whispers men to pass them by,
 And have it said
 They gave donations for some public good,
 Rather than furnish starving mortals food !

Thou who wast meek and lowly, be our guide
 Till life shall end !
 Far from us be all vain and foolish pride
 Thee to offend.
 Then shall we feel the same towards great and small,
 Knowing our Father, God, doth love them all !

HOPE.

Within the heart a merry bird
 Poured out through life's dull toils its music sweet ;
 What though one soul alone its warblings heard,
 And to itself its carols would repeat !

Tempest nor cold could drive the bird away—
 Through leafless boughs still swept its tireless song,

Sadder, perhaps, when skies were lowering gray,
But with the rosy tints how loud, how long.

Hunger nor thirst could bid the bird depart,
Around for want's scant crumbs its warbling flew ;
In the forsaken chambers of the heart,
Through poverty, its lays the sweeter grew.

And when despair the cage wide open set,
Still did it linger ; still it would not go ;—
Its daily welcome it could not forget,
It had its cheering notes, even for woe !

And when affection's hand must loose its hold,
And loving accents fail the death-dulled ear,
Still in the heart its wings 'twill softly fold,
Still will its song the passing spirit cheer.

GOLDEN LIGHT ON THE SCHOOL ROOM WALL.

Golden light on the school room wall
Shed by the sun's warm, kindly beams ;
Young eyes follow it, leave the page
Of the dull, dull book to sit and dream ;
Dream of the forest, the lake, the stream,
Thickets green by the south wind stirred,
Squirrels leaping from bough to bough,
Carols twittered by happy bird.
Golden light on the school room wall
Speaks of nature, of freedom, joy ;

Where Earth Mother doth kindly take,
 Lead by the hand each wand'ring boy,
 Train his eye by her many sights,
 Harden his hands and limbs for toil,
 Win his heart by her free delights
 Ever springing from stream and soil,
 Humble mosses their message bear ;
 Lab'ring insects their maxims teach ;
 Flowers give forth on the morning air
 Lessons of purity without speech.
 Golden light on the schoolroom wall
 Paints its pictures of unseen joy,—
 Hedgerows blossom and berries hang—
 Nuts shake down to the dreaming boy.
 Lessons given the youthful mind
 Should be more than a dull employ,
 Full of trouble, of sorrow and fret ;
 Every lesson should bring a joy ;
 So that the schoolroom's hours should be
 Like the woodland, the lake, the stream,
 And the light of the child's bright eye
 Fearless and glad meet the morning's beam.

LINES

*To a Mummy a thousand years old, from whose Anger a ring
was taken.*

O dead, dead Face, embalmed with love and care,
 Preserved a thousand years, crumbling at last ;
 Where is the smile those features used to wear,
 The tender blushes now forever past ?

Whose hand adorned thee with this ancient ring,
 A thousand years ago — that speaks to-day?
 Did lover, husband, the small token bring,
 And bid so long the little circlet cling,
 Till life, and hope, and love had passed away?

This little circlet, preaching here to-day
 Of the old tale Earth's ears remember well,—
 Emblem of Love, whose bound, Eternity,—
 That passes on with kindred souls to dwell.

Take back, O Earth, unto thy breast thy child!
 Let Dust to Dust in kind embrace return;
 Bring back in flowers the beauty that has smiled,
 In rosy clover let past blushes burn.

Let blue eyes look from where sweet violets hide,
 Gay in the sunshine or begemmed with dew;
 And like their fragrance, happy thoughts abide
 Embalmed in hearts, of all the good and true.

That true embalmment in the heart's urn deep,
 Wrapped up in thoughts and holy memories,
 Death takes not when he bids the body sleep,
 It rises soul-like to the waiting skies.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

What is their mission, little ones,
 In this rough, weary world of ours?

To grapple life with dimpled arms?
 To lure gray Time with rosy charms,
 And open to the sun like flowers?

'Tis a hard road for little feet
 To struggle up life's steep highway,
 Though o'er them stretches heaven's own blue,
 And innocence like morning dew
 Has not as yet been wiped away.

Wee pilgrims, they, who take no thought
 What they shall eat, or drink, or wear;
 Yet mighty in their low estate,
 For tireless vassals on them wait,
 Watching their footsteps ev'rywhere.

For them Toil's sin'wy arms are strained
 To firm endurance day by day,
 And his wet beads fringe many a brow
 O'er household duties bending low,
 That their small comforts be obtained.

Round hearts that know no other tie
 Than that which worldly interests wove,
 A newer life they come to bring,
 A late, though never hopeless, spring,
 Giving the soul something to love.

Round two pure hearts that love has joined,
 Love rooted in its native soil,

A holier spell these angels bear,—
 To gladden joy and sweeten care,
 And fill life's lamp with scented oil.

They round the poor man's hearth and board
 Promise what he may never be ;
 Knowledge her gate wide open throws,
 The road to fame to them she shows,
 And whispers that the way is free.

Oft taking Mem'ry by the hand,
 They bid the soul her steps retrace,
 To spots in life forever green—
 Where by our care-worn eyes is seen,
 Undimmed, unchanged, fair childhood's face.

Types of the soul's progressive power,—
 Bright hopes of what earth yet shall be,—
 Yearly renewed like bud and flower,
 Yet filling more than they life's hour—
 Blossoming for eternity.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

Aye, many are there who can ease a pain,
 Bring the fresh color in the fading cheek,
 Bid the warm life blood course thro' ev'ry vein,
 The languid eye of health and pleasure speak.
 But to the soul, there is but One, indeed,
 Who comes to it with healing on His wings,

Bearing it upward in its hour of need,
 Leading it on to higher, holier things !
 To those who give the body but an hour
 Of ease, all thanks and gratitude be given ;
 But He, who upholds the spirit by His power,
 And bears it ever on from earth to Heaven,
 Naught but a life like *His* can ever here repay
 The debt of gratitude, we owe from day to day !

THE FIRST TEACHER.

Let Nature be your child's first teacher,
 And with Her let him laugh and romp and play ;
 Let flower and bird and laden-bee be preacher,
 Where'er his truant feet may chance to stray.

Not in the close and murky school-room
 (The six long hours a day unwisely given),
 A place too oft of weariness and gloom,
 From home and all its fond allurements riven.

Let not his hours in idleness be flying,
 Let every day its own instruction bring ;
 Earth's, Nature's thousand voices all replying
 To his awakened soul's quick questioning.

When, second step, the school-room door he enters,
 With thought aroused, and earnest, asking eye,
 Oh ! let him find that joy still home-like centres,
 And Nature's gifts and forms are not passed by.

The dull routine and rules that break the spirit,
 Scholar and teacher equally oppress :
 The load of wrong thousands too oft inherit,
 Oh ! be thy care to make the burden less !

Place him with one who knows no *partial* dealing,
 Who sees him only as a simple child ;
 Making each day some new-found truth revealing ;
 As weary ones by Nature oft beguiled

Forget the sadness of Life's daily lesson
 When Earth presents her beauties to the eye,
 Or ear brings sounds to which we spell-bound listen —
 While cares and sorrows for the moment fly.

POOR LITTLE BETTY.

“ Died at the ‘ Home for Destitute Children ’ in Boston, poor little Betty.”

Poor little Betty ! was there none to love thee,
 To wait with hoping joy thy coming birth ?
 Did no soft eyes bend patiently above thee,
 God's boon to loving hearts on this sad earth ?

Had earth no place within her many dwellings,
 No welcome for thee round one blazing hearth ?
 Did Poverty regard thee as a burden—
 And Want and Care look coldly on thy mirth !

Poor little Betty ! in Heaven's many mansions
 May loving voices bid thee enter in ;
 Thy little footsteps ramble in green pastures,
 Where is no trace of sorrow or of sin.

And what the Earth to thee and thousands like thee,
 With meagre hand so grudgingly hath given,
 May this pass lightly from thy gentle spirit
 Like a swift dream, amid the joys of Heaven.

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Mysteriously disappeared
 From out our town a citizen !
 His name was Honesty ; they say
 He ranked among the best of men.

He kept a store in Daylight street ;
 His charges fair, his weights were true ;
 He never advertised in print
 Ten thousand pounds when meaning — two !

He kept no dashing horse and cart,
 For simple people there would come,
 Who always paid for what they bought,
 And then contented took it home.

They chose him once upon the Board ;
 He voted for the City's good ;
 And when he left his cousin's names
 No higher on the Tax Roll stood !

His clothes were common, for he wore
 No better than he could afford ;
 His food was simple, at his home
 No unpaid luxuries filled his board.

When he went out on Voting Day,
 He did as his convictions led,
 Walked where true Honor showed the way !
 No thoughts of office crazed his head.

He wandered off the other day
 ('Twas not because he forged a note !)
 His neighbors surmised 'twas foul play,
 That some street *robber* did garrote.

(Robbers are those who can't afford
 To dress up fine and join the Ring,
 To sport a brougham, have a valet,
 Cheat town and state ! a different thing !)

Of Honesty naught has been heard
 In village, city, town or state ;
 Whoever meets him, send a line
 Unto his friends who anxious wait.

THE INDIAN'S WISH.

A dying Indian wished to be dressed in blue for his burial, because it was the color of the sky.

"Dress me in blue," said the Child of the Forest,
 "When 'neath the green sod you lay me at rest ;

'Tis the hue of the sky that stretches above me,
 Its soft, starry eyes will watch over and love me,
 When hidden from sight 'neath the earth's flowery
 breast."

"Life had its colors, its war paint, its beauty,
 Feathers have crowned me of every hue,
 My wampum, my moccasins glowed like the flowers;
 But beauty and warmth are for life's sunny hours;
 For my last slumber, oh! deck me in blue."

"Blue is the roof of the vast spreading forest,
 Blue is the tint of the wood's sweetest flowers,
 Blue is the hue of the wide-bounding billow;
 Robe me in blue, when I rest on earth's pillow
 Fading away like the twilight's gray hours!"

"Fading away, as our tribes have been fading,
 Like the dry leaves in the autumn's fierce blast—
 Like the clear dew in the steps of the morning—
 Like the red sunset the tree-tops adorning—
 How like a dream they will vanish at last!"

Robed in his blue, to his slumber they laid him,
 Where the soft winds o'er the forest breathed low,
 Where the bright waters were rippling and playing,
 Where the red deer in freedom were straying,
 Where the first flowers of the Spring time would
 blow.

LET IN THE LIGHT.

Shut out the light? God made and called it good !

Sent it far wandering o'er land and sea,
Tinting each leaf and flower in lonely wood,
Each grass-blade on the lea.

God called it good !

Shut out the light, lest gorgeous carpets fade

And cheeks grow rosy with the sun's warm kiss ;
Lest in the sunbeams sport the bee and fly
Their little round of bliss.

Shut out the light !

Shut out the light ! folks think you are away

At Saratoga, or beside the beach.
Like bats and owls hide from the face of day
Both poor and rich.

Shut out the light !

Shut out the light e'en from the House of God,

Let not a ray of sunshine venture there ;
Twould interrupt the sleepy souls who nod,
And lend a brightness to each gloomy prayer.
Shut out the light !

Let in the light! God made and called it good,

And sent His golden blessing round the world.
Sun, moon and stars a glorious brotherhood,
O'er earth's dark hills and vales God's Flag unfurled.
Let in the light!

CHILDREN.

Oh ! well it is, when life seems dark and dreary,
And the dull eye looks feebly on the earth,
That children are around with voices cheery,
Filling the air with joyous, ringing mirth.

For with the sound of gleeful, happy voices,
The spirit of our youth returns once more,
With rosy face and beaming eye rejoices,
Recounts its tale of simple pleasures o'er.

A shell, or pebbles gathered by the way-side,
A few old sticks, some one's rejected flowers,
Have formed a garden viewed with childish pride,
That seemed far lovelier than Eden's bowers.

The same old games thro' generations handed,
Ring out their carols, bring the same old joy,
And though life's early hopes are roughly stranded,
Pleasures once felt, no time can e'er destroy.

O'er many lives like forest trees grown hoary,
Children like fresh, green vines arise and cling,
Weaving through life's last page a brighter story,
And making age grow gay with blossoming.

Thus lives that else would sink in apathy,
Are forced to take their childhood up again,
Recall the time when 'twas a joy to be,
And make the present glow with what has been.

So in the steps of Winter ever treading
 Spring brings her flowers from out his cold, white
 snows,
 Pulls her green quilt from out his snowy bedding,
 And with her bird-like songs breaks his repose.

THE POOR.

"The poor ye have always with you."

They are around ;
 How they abound,
 The suffering poor !
 Christ left them here
 With little to cheer,
 Much to endure !

Throughout Winter,
 Scarce a splinter
 Possess they to burn !
 Do they feel cold ?
 It need not be told—
 Change places to learn !

Green leaves quiver,
 And the river
 The green earth adorns ;
 Summer's showers
 May bring forth flowers,
 They find but thorns.

Children clinging,
 Round them springing,
 Are they a blessing?
 Heirs of hunger !
 Their case if younger
 More distressing.

Find they pity
 In the city
 From those wealthy born?
 Oft defiling,
 Oft reviling,
 And bitter scorn !

Jesus forgive
 Us that we live
 And thus treat thee !
 Feed, clothe thee not !
 Whose sufferings bought
 Our liberty !

LINES ON AN "ECCE HOMO."

With thorn-crowned head,
 O Thou of weary tread,
 Walking the way of sadness and of tears ;
 With downcast brow
 Bent 'neath men's insults low,
 Bearing in life's young prime the weight of years,—

Thou could'st not brook,—
 O saddened gaze—to look,
 Upon the face of vile, ungrateful men.
 Few sympathize ;
 Why should'st thou raise thine eyes?
 Or wish to tread life's weary round again?

O sad, sad face !
 On thee, the lingering gaze
 Recalls a woe no mortal man could bear !
 And from Thy lips,
 That all man's hatred sip,
 Comes forth "Forgive !" that more than God-like prayer.

THE OLD TOWN PUMP.

Take not away the old town pump !
 In the dusty streets it tells of the streams
 Where the wild birds sing and the squirrels jump,
 And the sun through the trees sends softened beams,
 Take not away the old town pump !

When children stop in the dusty street,
 Weary and warm with their run from school,
 Their lips bend down to the waters sweet,
 As strawberries bend o'er the marshy pool.
 Take not away the old town pump !

There the dog may run to slake his thirst,
 Nor seek a stream till they call him mad !
 There the panting horse and ox athirst
 May stand and drink, and to rest be glad !
 Take not away the old town pump.

There the poor and needy may freely come
 At morn and eve their pitchers to fill
 (Would the way were nearer many a home !)
 Nor pay rich corporations a bill.
 Take not away the old town pump !

When bells ring out at dead of night,
 And high the lurid flames ascend,
 None call the old town pump a fright,
 But run to it, in need, a friend.
 Take not away the old town pump !

Take not away the old town pump,
 But bid it adorn the placé where it stands !
 A graceful structure instead of a stump
 Of an upright post with its awkward hands.
 Take not away the old town pump !

We should miss the pictures it gives the street
 The oxen, the horses, the loads of hay,
 The "give me to drink," the friends that greet,
 The weary trav'lers, the children at play.
 Take not away the old town pump !

LINES.

[On the marble statue of a child, by Græf, on exhibition at Williams and Everett's, Boston.]

Smile on the marble face,
 Beaming with baby grace,
 Genius hath left its trace
 Noble and grand.
 Picture of Innocence !
 Far from the realms of sense
 How our thoughts rise at true Genius' command !

Smile that soon fleets away
 Genius here bade to stay,
 On the dead marble play,—
 Life, life in death.
 'Tis not the body's form,
 Though seeming lithe and warm,
 But the soul sending through dull rock its breath !

So from earth's common things,
 Touched by Art's hand, there springs
 Beauty, to find its wings
 Unknown before ;—
 Smiles from the rocks break forth,
 Like sunlight on the earth,
 Saying, mean things have worth
 Touched by God's hand, to bid us adore !

Skeptic, come stand and gaze !
 If man's frail hand can raise
 Forms thus to speak his praise
 And show his power,
 Could not God call to birth
 E'en from the dust of earth,
 Man, even man, in Creation's first hour?

LINES.

[On the painting on exhibition at Williams and Everett's, Boston, of a dead Soldier lying on a snowy field, still holding the Flag upright in his cold hand.]

Cold was his snowy bed,
 No sound of martial tread,
 No war-clad legions thickly camped around ;—
 Yet on the lonely air
 Still waved the standard there,
 Within his ice-locked hand how firmly bound !

On went the flying host,
 Rider and steed were lost,
 The cold as pitiless as mail-clad foe ;
 So sank they one by one,—
 Their earthly work was done,
 Their monument the white uprising snow.

His mission was not o'er !
 Proudly the flag he bore
 Ever the foremost in the bloody fight !
 Not even Death's strong clasp
 Can wrest it from his grasp.
 Waving o'er trackless snows by day by night !

Still the pale moonbeams trace
 Upon the upturned face
 The spirit's last bequest, its legacy :
 White as the spotless snows,
 Upon its last repose
 There rests the seal of deathless constancy !

"STRIKE HIM, JIM! HE HASN'T ANY FRIENDS!"

Strike him, Jim ! he's poor and friendless,
 Dirty and ragged, and all that ;
 The holes in his clothes are almost endless,
 His boots are leaky, and torn his hat.
 Never heed his pitiful crying,
 Slap him, pound him, and pull his hair ;
 Strike him, Jim ! he's poor and friendless,
 None for *his* weeping will look or care.

Harsh indeed the world-wide maxim,
 When from children's lips it falls !
 Children but in form and feature,
 Still the quick-learned truth appals :

Strike him, for he's poor and friendless !
 Through the world the maxim goes ;
 He who has but God to help him,
 Full well the bitter lesson knows.

For God often leaves his children
 To the mercy of their kind ;
 Seemingly lone, poor and friendless —
 But his hand unseen behind,
 Holds the hope that calm endurance
 Shall earn peace and heavenly joy ;
 The true soul could not stay earth-bound
 Were it not for earth's alloy.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

A little bundle on a door step,
 Through the long night by unseen angels kept,
 While the strong wind swept fierce and wild,
 And sobbing rain alone there wept nobody's child.

A tottling in the almshouse precincts,
 Upon whose prattlings none e'er smiled,
 And gave the praise love never stints ;
 But oft they spoke in scornful hints of nobody's child.

Still living on,— for none were grieving
 If spring's green sods o'er a small corse were piled,
 Or the frost's fingers cold were weaving,
 There half benumbed, a wreath and shroud for nobody's
 child.

Still doing battle with grim faces,
 Health was his playmate and his woes beguiled ;
 E'en toil unbent to teach the graces ;
 And the great Master set the tasks of nobody's child.

Till polished by the world's rough knocking,
 Forth from its earth case, in Heaven's beauty smiled,
 A spotless gem, the angel Death unlocking ;
 And the great father owned and blessed poor nobody's
 child !

DICKENS.

[The close of George W. Curtis's eloquent lecture on Dickens had, if I remember rightly, this expression, "Living or dead, bless him!" I cannot think of him *as dead*; in the language of Rev. John Pierpont, on the death of his son, "I cannot make him dead."]

Call him not dead ! no death is theirs
 Who shed through hearts such sunny gleams,
 Who breathe through common life such prayers,
 Send o'er earth's wastes such living streams.
 Call him not dead !

Dead ! yes, if Love can ever die —
 Such as he painted, true and warm —
 The same beneath a summer sky,
 And buried deep 'neath snow and storm !
 If *Love* can die !

Dead ! yes, if Love can ever die —
 The Love that sees the latent good,
 Lifts rags and sin e'er passing by
 And owns man's wide-spread brotherhood !
 If *Love* can die !

Dead ! yes, if faith can e'er expire —
 That Faith that 'mid earth's din and care
 E'er reaches forth towards something higher,
 And breathes in every thought a prayer ! .
 If *Faith* can die !

Brave soul ! that stood like Albion's rocks,
 Firm 'gainst the storms of pride and power ;
 Bold, undismayed by scoffs and shocks
 Of fools that raved their little hour !
 Thou couldst not die !

Warm heart ! whose love in every land,
 Like ivy twined round heart and home,
 Death could not chill thy loving hand —
 The grave, to thee, could not say "Come !"
 Thou couldst not die !

Another world doth claim thee now,
 Thy warm, true heart is beating on ;
 Death could not quench the earnest glow
 Of eyes 'twas ours to look upon.
 Still dost thou live !

Live while old Christmas rings his chime
 And earth's poor children struggle round ;
 Live where there is no night, no rime,
 But where Heaven's songs rejoicing sound !
Still dost thou live!

THE LICENSE LAW.

Ay, license them all ! let them sell the vile drink
 That makes man a fiend and earth but a hell !
 Then call yourselves men who reason and think,
 And pray that God's kingdom among us may dwell !
 Ay, license them all !

Ay, license them all ! that the husband may strike
 Dead, the wife whom he swore to love, aid and defend !
 That he of his children brutes, idiots, may make !
 Look well to your work from beginning to end —
 From beginning to *end!*

Ay, license them all ! that woman may go
 Bowed down by her sorrows to drink at the stream,
 So degraded and fallen, no mother would know
 The face of her child with its innocent beam ;
 With its innocent beam.

Ay, license them all ! let them wreck each fair home
 That Love made a heaven with happiness sweet ;
 Let Cruelty, Want and Misery come,
 And Death and Despair for the lost ones compete.
 For the lost ones compete.

Forbid them to sell when the poor wretch is drunk,
 But first let them make him as drunk as they please.
 The line no doubt falls when his purse is cleaned out,
 Let them stop but at that, 'twill your consciences
 ease.

'Twill your consciences ease.

And when the poor wretch hath drunk year after year,
 And needs it in pity his torments to quell,
 When his flesh burns with anguish and madness is near,
 If he get not a little, forbid them to sell ;
 Forbid them to sell.

Ay, license them all ! they are powerful, you know ;
 Men ride on their shoulders far upward to power ;
 But when up, spurn them back to their places so low,
 To think themselves mighty — poor tools of an hour,
 Poor tools of an hour !

Ay, license them all, that our jails may be full ;
 That our land may be blighted, our industry wane ;
 That Vice and its minions triumphant may rule,
 Never mind, if the dealers a fortune can gain,
 A fortune can gain.

O Men placed in power ! pause, ponder, reflect,
 Look well to your feet that they turn not aside ;
 The World looks upon you ! lose not its respect,
 Think not with false reasoning, false actions to hide ;
 Look well on your work.

THE STARS.

O stars, that move forever on
 Within your circles, 'mid your spheres !
 A thousand generations gone,
 And still unchanged your light appears —
 For what to you a thousand years ?

Afar, above our weary life,
 Unruffled as the brow of God —
 How mean to you the busy strife
 Of mortals on this earthly sod,
 Who plod to live, who live to plod !

Our little earth keeps on its way,
 'Tis not alone the abode of souls ;
 We wear the vestments of its clay.
 Where world on world unnumbered rolls
 We seek a vast eternity.

Lamps round the altar of our God !
 A glory spread to mortal gaze !
 Man's mightiest works shall reel and nod
 Ere pale or die your changeless rays ;—
 Symbol of Him, Ancient of Days.

THE HEART'S WELL.

It hath been said, in every heart there lies
 A well of sparkling waters bright and clear ;
 Perchance it is concealed from mortal eyes,
 Choked by the rubbish of full many a year.

Yet once it rose in beauty to the light,
 As limpid stream beside a cottage door
 That giveth back the face of childhood bright,
 So this reflected innocence of yore.

But one by one sin's weeds around it grew
 And darkly overhung its sun-lit face,
 Till but distorted images it knew ;
 And the bright sands beneath no one could trace !

Many as worthless passed it idly by
 (Perchance some knew not that the well was there) ;
 Neglected did those living waters lie,
 By those who should have made them their chief
 care.

But not forever to be choked and dim —
 The hand of kindness stretches forth to save,
 To free from weeds the well's white pebbly brim,
 And bid it rise again with sparkling wave.

And life's fresh flowers bent over it once more ;
 And star-like spirit eyes did gaze within,
 Seeing it gush as brightly as before !
 And men forgot how dark it once had been.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

Let's have the old bend, and not have the new ;
 Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew ;
 Over the wash-tub and over the churn,
 That is the bend that our daughters should learn.

Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew ;
 Over the cradle like good mothers true ;
 Over the table (the family round),
 Reading the Good Book 'mid silence profound.

Let's have the bend that at church they did wear,
 Bowing them lowly in meek, humble prayer ;
 Not sitting erect with the modern-miss air,
 With the "love of a bonnet" just perched on one hair.

Leave the camel his hump — he wears it for use ;
 Leave the donkey his pannier — and cut yourselves
 loose
 From fashions that lower, deform and degrade !
 To hide some deformity most of them made.

Let our heads of false hair and hot yarn-skeins be shorn ;
 Let our garments be easy and light to be worn ;
 Don't shake in December and swelter in June,
 And appear like unfortunates struck by the moon.

Let's spend the time in things higher than dress !
 Time that was given us to aid and to bless ;
 Time that is fleeting and passing away ;
 Oh ! let us work while we call it to-day !

Let's have the *old* bend instead of the new ;
 Let's have the old hearts, so faithful and true !
 Away with all fashions that lower and degrade !
 To hide some deformity most of them made.

TO AN OLD CHAIR.

Thou old, old Chair ! the hand hath lost its cunning,
 That quaintly fashioned Thee in years gone by ;
 Beneath the ground in mouldering ashes laid,
 It heeds no passer's tread, no sexton's spade,
 Nor whisp'ring winds, nor breath of flowerets nigh.

Still dost Thou speak of skill and honest labor,
 Of times when "shoddy" was a word unknown !
 An hundred years Thy sturdy form hath weathered.
 How many a loving circle round Thee gathered !
 How vanished they who once called Thee their own !

The hands that wove Thy seat with cunning fingers,
 Hands once so busy 'mid Life's household toils,
 How thought of her around Thee, Old Chair, lingers,
 And Mem'ry strives, 'mid rising forms, to bring hers,
 One portrait more, from Time's long-buried spoils.

How man's decay and frailty thou art mocking !
 Thou hast upheld the sick, the feeble form,
 Thou hast been present where young life soon ended ;
 Where manhood's strength unto the grave descended ;
 Where strange disease hath checked the life-blood
 warm.

Still dost Thou stand ; to bid our thoughts returning
 Glide backward on the track of buried years,
 To gather thoughts of those but few remember,
 To fan on Mem'ry's hearth each dying ember,
 Recall alike Life's gladness and its tears.

*LINES**Addressed to one of his children by Victor Hugo.*

[Translated from the French.]

She had taken a whim, this little one,
 Into my chamber each morn to come.
 I waited for her as for a ray
 Of the golden sun at break of day,
 She entered and said, "Good day, little pere ;"
 Sat down on my bed with a winning air ;
 She took up my pen, opened my books,
 Tumbled my papers with laughing looks,
 Then quick as a thought she went away,
 Like a bird that flies at break of day.
 Then my work interrupted I took once more ;
 With simple arabesques oft marked o'er ;
 Where her hands had tumbled the pages white,
 There, I know not how, but at the sight
 My sweetest verses would seem to flow.
 She loved her God and the flowers that blow,
 The stars, the green meadows, the waves that roll.
 Ere being a woman she was a soul.
 Her glance reflected her purity ;
 She every moment consulted me.
 Oh ! the winter evenings so charming and bright !
 Around my knees in the warm fire-light
 My four children clustered, their mother near,
 Of hist'ry, of language, of grammar to hear ;
 Some friends who talked in the corner by,
 Content with little this life passed by ;
 And now she is dead ! God aid my way !

When she was grieved, I never was gay ;
 I mourned in the joyous ball so bright,
 If, going, I saw in her eyes no light.

THE EMPTY NEST.

Beneath her picture I had placed an empty nest.
 I thought how one by one the songsters fled away.
 And then I said, the good Lord knoweth best
 If I must longer stay.

And then I thought me of the patient care
 That wove those many threads to guard her young
 Weak children ; — of the tender prayer,
 The tireless watch, the holy psalm oft sung.

And then I wept — because the empty nest
 Recalled those early joys, those spring-time lays.
 But something said, He knew and loved thee best
 Through all thy early days.

And though the songs she sang have ceased on earth
 And through the distance faintly die away,
 Yet thou shalt hear them at thy second birth
 And greet each well known lay.

A little while and her ye shall not see —
 Be of good cheer, *'tis but a little while !*
 For what is time to vast eternity
 Beneath the Father's smile ?

*HEAVEN AROUND.**"Heaven lies around us in our infancy!"*

Is it not round us now,
 Where'er Love's voice is heard?
 Where'er its whisperings low
 The heart's deep fount have stirred?
 Is it not round us in each kindly voice
 That bids a suffering spirit to rejoice?

Is it not round us still
 Wherever Peace doth dwell?
 And men of war and ill
 As things unknown do tell —
 Where still the Angel's song sounds on the ear—
 And men as meekly as the Shepherds hear!

Is it not round us where,
 With yearning all unstilled,
 The heart sends up its prayer,
 With childlike trusting filled?
 Telling its hopes and fears, its joys and woes,
 E'en as a child unto its father goes.

Heaven is around us yet
 Where Pity's voice is heard,
 And age and suff'ring get
 The kind and healing word!
 While earth's kind spirits like true Angels go,
 Administ'ring to want, and soothing woe!

THE ARCHITECT.

Within his mind oft stealing,
 Dreams of beauty strange would flit,
 Hiding now, now half revealing
 Springing arch and sculptured ceiling
 With a glory spread o'er it.

Gorgeous windows, brightly shaming
 Rainbow hues and earthly flowers ;
 With the martyr's vict'ries flaming,—
 Christ's great sacrifice proclaiming,
 Bordered by repentant hours.

Airy stairs, still ascending,
 That would seem to enter Heaven,—
 Vistas grand, through which unending
 Rays of spirit light seemed wending,
 By some unseen presence given.

Thus his thought would often ponder
 Of a temple meet for God,
 That should be a human wonder,
 Cleaving old time styles asunder,
 Fit to be by Angels trod.

Years passed on and left him dreaming,
 Time came by and touched his hair,—
 Till within his dark eye gleaming
 Were the wildness and the seeming
 Of a settled deep despair.

For the temple uncreated
 Stood within his mind alone ;
 Like ship becalmed and richly freighted
 But for which the world still waited,—
 And the present could not own.

But unto his growing sadness,
 Hope's bright angel whispered low,
 "Yield not to this spirit madness,
 Let thy heart renew its gladness,
 For the temple yet shall show !"

"What though never wond'ring mortals
 Shall pass through its pearly door?
 Angel feet shall tread the portals ;
 Faces throng of bright Immortals,
 Hearts that never sorrow more."

"For thy soul shall be the temple ;
 Where artistic skill shall trace
 Springing arch and mighty column,
 That uphold a structure solemn,
 Sculptured o'er with ev'ry grace."

So the artist bent his powers
 To erect an inward fane,
 Where in evening's coolest hours
 (As in Eden's sinless powers)
 The Lord God should walk again.

So there shone indeed a glory
 On the spirit's sculptured wall ;

Higher than in olden story
 Hung around the martyrs hoary ;
 And God saw and hallowed all.

GOD'S SECRETS.

God wills not that His secrets should be known
 Even though generations pass away ;
 For what in His sight are a thousand years?
 The fleeting shadows of a transient day.
 How slowly since Creation's earliest time,
 How painfully man's knowledge has been gained ;
 Still step by step his feeble feet must climb
 Ere Wisdom's mountain peaks shall be attained.
 Onward, far onward to the frozen North
 Shall man e'er urge his weary, baffled quest ;
 And still the eternal snows their secrets keep—
 And bleached on silent shores his bones shall rest.
 For ever stands each iron sentinel,
 Starvation, cold, to bar th' untrodden way,
 To ring 'neath darkened skies the gloomy knell
 Of those who grope for Science' ling'ring ray.
 Inward, far inward to the earth's warm heart
 Doth man stretch down his bold yet feeble hand ;
 There, fire-born agents bid his steps depart,
 And wreck the hopes that centuries had planned.
 So near earth's fiery belt, 'neath scorching suns,
 Guarded by savage beasts and wilder men,
 We mourn e'en now th' untimely death of one,
 Who crowded much within life's little span !

How from God's creatures made for happiness
 Man's torturing hand would wrest His secrets forth.
 But life's strange principle his skill defies —
 And still unread God's secrets walk the earth.
 Unnumbered atoms fill the seeming void
 Whose unseen lives but mock our utmost gaze !
 Science but shows a limitless beyond
 Darkened, unknown, unlighted by its rays.
 Above our heads the bright, eternal stars
 Through countless centuries before man's eye
 Spread out unlearned their mystic hieroglyphs !
 There wondering generations gaze and die.
 God wills not that His secrets should be known
 Even though generations pass away ;
 Food still remains for the inquiring mind ;
 There is no limit to its onward way.
 Nor time nor earth shall see the human soul
 Without its aspirations or unrest, —
 Without some unknown goal to tempt its feet,
 Some viewless shore t' invite its eager quest.

THE UNKNOWN ARTIST.

["In Lubec the stranger should not omit to obtain a sight of the curious
 and well executed carvings in wood, by an unknown artist, which ornament
 one of the rooms in the house No. 194 in the Schusselbaden Strasse."]

Whose was the cunning hand, the patient toil,
 The unerring skill, the Artist's eye,
 That wrought these carvings quaint and rich,
 In years gone by ?

Say ! was his early childhood passed where he
 Could study leaf and fruit and flower ?
 The countless branching of each forest tree
 Trace hour by hour ?

And drank his spirit in from Nature's face
 Those lines and curves that she alone can draw ?
 And wrought he springing life and matchless grace
 From all he saw ?

Oh, answer, Time ! in whose abyss so deep
 The dreams of years have gone to rest —
 On hands that work and eyes that weep
 Thy seal is prest !

Answer, Eternity ! that taketh in
 The skill of hands, the love of hearts ; —
 Say, *still exists whate'er has been,*
 Though it departs !

TRAVELLER AND SOJOURNER.

Yes — since she died, I feel like one
 That sits and watcheth at a way-side Inn ;
 I see the shadows lengthen on the grass ;
 I hear the feet of merry children pass ;
 But life is not to me what it hath been !

I see each day there come and go
 Travellers who rest awhile and then depart ;
 Some in their rags and some in finery ;
 The fashions of this world are naught to me,
 I scarcely seem in it to have a part.

I meet sometimes a friendly eye,
 I gaze with friends I love on things beyond :
 But earth's vain show and pride but pageants seem,
 And I spectator in a passing dream,
 Touched and directed by some unseen wand.

But still where nature points I gaze ;
 On springing flowers that preach a life to come,
 On sunset gates flooded with golden rays,
 Where oft the spirit sends its longing gaze
 And sees afar its bright, eternal home !

A traveller waiting at a wayside Inn,
 I mark the swiftness of Time's busy round,
 The busy generations come and gone,
 The joy, the woe this earth hath looked upon —
 A place where lasting peace is never found.

All that abideth through these fleeting years
 Are things these outward eyes may not behold !
 A look, a memory, thoughts and smiles and tears,
 Moments still cherished through the fleeting years
 That look from Time's dark stream like sands of gold.

LINES.

Rest for the Weary ! when the summer day
 With its long, dreamy shadows floats away,
 The body's toil doth cease ;
 So when converge life's sorrows in the tomb —
 Seeking beatitude through outward gloom,
 The spirit shall find peace.

Hope for the Fallen ! though the blasting wind
 Hath swept the meadow, and no flowers you find,
 Breathe but a gentle ray,
 With kindlier tone or cheering smile but speak,
 And tears upon the poor defiled one's cheek
 Shall make their cleansing way !

Peace to the Mourner ! visions of delight
 Shall gather round him in the darksome night,
 Clust'ring beside his bed —
 Although the lost one but in dreams appear,
 The spirit world shall seem to him more near,
 And he be comforted !

Love for the Lonely ! finding none on earth,
 May her affections cluster round God's hearth,
 Clinging to holiness ;
 Choosing like her of old the better part —
 Living in trust and singleness of heart,
 Though life *be loneliness.*

ON A LICHEN

Gathered from the North Cape, beneath the midnight sun, July 3, 1874,
by J. M. Richards.

Where on the arctic shores
The North Cape stretches forth a warning hand,
Saying, "Bear off, bold mariner,
Sail not unto this silent land" —

From where the midnight sun
Scorches to redness with his burning kiss,
Where frowning icebergs tower in gloomy seas,
A traveller's hand brought this.

Thou tiny lichen, born of sleet and storm !
Thou lonely dweller on the rocky cape !
What unseen fingers mould thy graceful form ?
What artist eyes thy fragile outlines shape ?

Fragile, yet firmer than the human life,
Or iron ship—a bubble on these seas—
So dost thou bear unharmed the whirlwind's strife,
And grow, our distant eyes with grace to please.

There where the short-lived grass forgets to grow,
And summer flower scarce dares to raise its head,
The hungry reindeer finds beneath the snow
Thy welcome tufts unearthed beneath his tread.

Still shall the Northern Cape thy lacework wear,
And arctic birds shall line with thee their nests ;
While man shall leave his birdlings and his home,
And make, through silent seas, his death-bound quest

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

Lift up thy head ! O son of toil ;
 Thou weary worker on life's road,
 Whose earth-bound hands upturn the soil,
 Urged on by penury's stern goad !
 Not always will it be thy lot
 To toil unhonored and unsought.

Lift up thy head ! O thought-worn man,
 Whose life-blood feeds the careless throng,
 As pelican's for her young ran,
 So flows from thee thy heart-wrung song !
 But when shall end thy care-heaped days
 Bright souls in heaven shall give thee praise.

Lift up thy head ! O woman lone,
 Whose daily tasks Fame never tells ;
 Whose holy tho'ts are all unknown,
 Deep in the heart's unfathomed cells.
 Yet One there is who searcheth there —
 Heard by his ear each vow and prayer.

Lift up thy head ! O sad-eyed child,
 Whose young life's sky is overcast—
 Upon whose birth love never smiled ;
 A floweret stemming Autumn's blast !
 Thy childhood shall return once more,
 When earthly storms and frosts are o'er.

ANGELS OF TWILIGHT.

Angels of Twilight, come visit me now,
 Folded each wing, a star on each brow ;
 While day's harsh noises grow fainter and cease—
 Nearer, come nearer, and whisper of peace !

Angels of Twilight, breathe through the air,
 Say there's a respite from toil and from care ;
 Tell of the land where earth's turmoils shall cease ;
 Nearer, draw nearer, and whisper of peace !

Tell of the land where things fade not away—
 The faith of our childhood, the dawn of the day ;
 Where autumn sends down no sere leaves on the
 blast,
 Where flowers fade not, and no shadows are cast !

Angels of Twilight, solemn and calm,
 Tell of the land where for woe there's a balm ;
 Speak of the place where all mourning shall cease—
 Nearer, draw nearer, and whisper of peace !

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Mysteriously disappeared
 A maid ;—her name was Modesty ;

Shy were her eyes, as when the violet lies
Close shrinking from the eye of day.

Soft clinging round her fair, young head,
Her hair was golden, smoothly placed ;
And diff'ring from th' abundant locks we see,
Belonged unto the head it graced.

Like roseate cloud in sunset sky,
That comes and goes e'en while we gaze,
So was her cheek ;—but we may seek
Vainly for blushes, nowadays.

Her dress, 'twas not, full well I know,
Be-ruffled, folded, tucked and frilled ;
You scarcely knew its shape or hue,
So well the frock the neat form filled.

Her speech—ah ! well, 'twas diff'rent quite
From that we hear around the street !
Like water's flow, 'twas soft and low :
To all respectful whom she'd meet.

Pray have you seen her ? Tell me where ?
Her mother, Virtue, grieves each day,
Seeking to find, with voice and prayer,
The maiden who has strayed away.

I scan the crowds that fill the street,
Endlessly passing night and day ;
I find her not. Oh ! who has got
The maiden that has strayed away ?

LINES

*Suggested on visiting a small family grave-yard in
Kennebunk, Me.*

Beneath tall pines it lies ;
And from the summer skies
The sunshine flecked each grave with spots of gold ;
The cold, pale marble spoke
Of tender ties death broke,
Of loved ones held in earth's unloosing hold.

Sweet flowers bloomed around,
And made each grassy mound
A pillow fit to soothe each mortal care ;
While from the pines o'erhead
A fragrant incense spread
That breathed for loved and lost a tender prayer.

Since the last fleeting year
Another grave is here,
And loving hands have placed around it flowers ;
Strangers to us—unknown—
They lived—they died. We own
The same short history will soon be ours.

O quiet, peaceful spot !
Earth's pomps surround you not
But Nature circles round with mother-love.
Her early flowers here lie
(Earth's immortality),
And here, like souls set free, her bright birds move.

THE POOR.

"Slight not the one of honest worth,
 Because no star adorns his breast :
 The lark soars highest from the earth,
 Yet ever leaves the lowest nest. "

Scorn not the poor ! for poor was He
 Who had no place to lay His head ;
 The heir of heaven, yet Poverty
 Around His path her thin hands spread.

No gold is theirs in shining heaps ;
 No thieves break through their cots to steal ;
 No gems to guard, the poor man sleeps,
 While Toil's brown hands his eyelids seal.

His gold is in the sunset skies,
 The yellow leaves that Nature paints ;
 The glittering sands where ocean lies,
 And marks the hours with figures quaint.

No cook with epicurean skill
 Stuffs, seasons, garnishes with care ;
 His appetite o'er field and hill
 Is borne upon the morning air.

No dressed-up puppets round the streets
 By ignorant menials led abroad,
His children, clothed in garments meet,
 Roam through the fields, roll on the sod.

From no decayed, ancestral stock
 His stalwart, sinewy frame has sprung,
 As hardy as the mountain rock,
 Or sturdy oak the hills among.

Yet poverty, though no disgrace,
 Is inconvenient oft to bear ;
 It meets too oft th' averted face,
 And shrinks from the contemptuous air.

Scorn not the poor ! for poor was He
 Who had no place to lay his head ;
 The heir of heaven, yet Poverty
 Around His path her thin hands spread.

LINES ON THE FAVORED SCHOLAR.

[A beautiful statuette, by Rogers.]

The tale once told in Eden, here again
 Told by the brush, the pencil and the pen
 How many times—and yet forever new
 As when the first dove from the heart's Ark flew.
 As told in Eden ! Earth grows old and gray,
 Yet flowers repeat it still beside the way,
 "Trees twine their arms and kiss from hill to hill,"
 Bright insects pipe it by the grassy rill ;
 And now the *stones* by cunning hand and true,
 Bring Love's young dream how deftly into view ;
 The Favored Scholar in fresh girlhood's bloom,

Sees touched by fairy wand the dark school-room,
 And books, slates, charts and forms together fade—
 And Earth, old Earth, once more an Eden made !

ABOU BEN BANKRUPT.

Abou Ben Bankrupt (may his tribe decrease !)
 One night was sitting talking with his niece.
 It was his niece as we have often heard
 And not his wife the good, old man preferred.
 Abou was troubled sorely in his mind,
 For his affairs in such a knot did wind,
 How he might save his houses, horses, wealth,
 And pay his debts and not defraud—himself !
 “Now, niece,” said Abou, “how d’ye think ’twill do
 To deed my houses, stocks and bonds to you !
 But to appear well to my fellow men,
 You’ll have to sell them to my wife again.”
 Then suddenly there came a sweet perfume
 From Abou’s choice segar and filled the room.
 For Abou smoked the best, though times were hard,
 And now he found exceeding sweet reward,
 The weed made Abou passing honest then.
 “Methinks I something owe my fellow men.”
 Then lifting up his voice like one inspired,
 He prayed as if with sudden fervor fired,
 “O Lord, we need but little here below,
 And this, O Lord, *my creditors* must know,
 And Lord, we do not need *that little* long,

III

And if I give them *that* it can't be wrong. "
Then Abou comes to sublunary things,
As wiping dust from off his knees he springs.
Then turning to his niece he said, " I see
Most plainly what belongs to them and me ;
Little is needed for the life below,
I'll call it twenty-five and let them go.
I shall need seventy-five, I'm getting old !
If soon the Lord shall call me to his fold—
I'll need the rest for my posterity.
If some among my creditors are poor—
Why—they must learn to suffer and endure.
Must learn within their incomes strict to live
And not repine for what the Lord don't give !
Then Abou rocked in crimson-velvet chair,
Solace tobacco wreathed his flowing hair ;
His eyes were resting on his favorite niece—
Abou Ben Bankrupt dreamed sweet dreams of peace.
Now with defaulters, swindlers, east and west,
Abou Ben Bankrupt's name leads all the rest.

TEARS.

Gems in the azure eye
Of Childhood, melting at its first found grief ;
Like glitt'ring rain-drops in an April sky,
Their stay as brief !

Pledge, in the Sinner's eye,
 Within the heart one tender spot is found ;
 A place where holy feelings still may lie ;
 Grace yet abound.

Token of thrilling joy
 When the full heart must vent itself in thee ;
 Of pain intense, which the wrung nerves employ
 In agony !

Life's sad purifiers,
 Cleansing the soul with sorrow day by day.
 By God, when love of sin through them expires,
 Are wiped away !

THE FROZEN BRAKEMAN.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—Two brakemen of the Oil Creek Railroad were frozen to death the other night, one of whom rolled off the car, and the other was found at his post, his hand frozen to the brake wheel! Do not these brief words express a story of heroism and devotion to duty as noble as many that have nerved our hearts as we read them in Roman chronicles?—*Pittsburg Chronicle, Dec. 15th.*

Cold was the night and bitter was the blast,
 Holding their breath in silence lake and river ;
 The mighty forest moaning like a child,
 Flung out its helpless arms with wail and shiver.

Swiftly the cars through storm and darkness flew,
 As though man's will, the outward strife defying,

The strength of steam and iron muscles knew ;
 Sharply the whistle to the gale replying.

Within the cars ease, comfort, sat around,
 And higher rose the hum of merry voices ;
 Home waits to greet them at the journey's end,
 And in its light, each happy heart rejoices.

Without the cars, two men were at their post,
 The lances of the Frost King bravely meeting ;
 Till one in dim unconsciousness was lost,—
 Frozen within his breast his heart's faint beating ;—

And quickly falling in the blinding snow,
 The busy flakes soon wove for him a pillow :
 The cars sped on, and no one present knew
 Who slept so calmly 'neath the new-formed billow !

The other, bold and resolute of mien,
 As might have stood of old some sentinel
 Guarding a fort in warfares that have been,
 Until the wailing tempest rang his knell !

Firmly his hand was frozen on the wheel,
 The piercing storm's fierce wrath and power defying—
 As though he strove, with muscles turned to steel,
 To guard his post with honesty undying !

Honor to them, as when a hero dies
 Amid the battle's smoke, the cannon's roaring !
 Earth gives her noblest sons a sacrifice
 For daily guilt, that knows no heavenward soaring.

LIFE.

O Life of ours ! that flies with busy feet
 Like a swift stream adown the hills of Time ;
 One flower we pluck, one well-loved face we greet,
 We hear the echo of a bell's sweet chime ;
 The flowers are passed, the face we see no more,
 The bell's soft echo dies along the shore.

We dream a dream, perchance of earthly love.
 We feel a joy—blue skies are overhead ;—
 Are mortal—yet in heaven below we move !
 We start ! we wake ! the dream, the joy, has fled !
 For what is Life with hopes and yearnings fond ?
 Hope lures us onward, but still points beyond.

For what is Life ? to dream a dream of joy,—
 To follow pleasure till we find it pain,—
 To learn all earthly gold has its alloy,—
 To sigh for perfect bliss and sigh in vain ;
 Still like a weary, wandering child to roam,
 Telling its yearnings for its distant home.

EARTH.

"Earth's children cleave to Earth."

What is there in the earth that men should love it ?
 Is it the golden ore her mines contain,
 Which keeps their souls from the bright heaven above it
 And seems a recompense for woe and pain ?

Is it the love of Fame, still onward leading
 Till man forgets in it the love of God ;
 Till the soul's garden without daily weeding,
 Becomes a maze by conscience seldom trod?

Is it the love of Beauty which hath ever
 Entranced his senses in a magic dream ;
 So that his spirit longs for Heaven never,
 While earth's bright forms so beautiful can seem?

Is it the love of Art, that spirit longing
 Which seeks the excellence man reached of old?
 Are tempting demons through his soul fast thronging,
 Till like the Architect he hath it sold?

Is it the love of Kindred round him twining
 In those loved ones to whom his heart is given ;
 Ever the dross of earth to gold refining,
 Making his spirit wish no other heaven?

"Earth's children cleave to Earth!" but Earth must
 perish
 E'en as her flowers which blossom but to die ;
 Hopes of a better world then may we cherish :
 They fit our souls for Immortality.

HIDDEN, NOT LOST.

Hidden not *lost* are the seeds that fall
 From the farmer's hand ;
 Faith sees them *now* in the goodly row,
 Or bound with the harvest band.

Hidden not *lost* are the words of Truth
 Dropped down in the heart—
 Faith sees them bear, through sorrow and care,
 The spirit to do its part.

Hidden not *lost* are the loved ones gone
 Away from our sight—
 Faith sees them blest in mansions of rest,
 Where cometh nor woe, nor night.

Hidden not *lost* is the Image of God
 That dwelleth in man.
 Faith can see, 'neath sin and poverty,
 And the blight of public ban,

The face of God on the meanest soul !
 As we oft behold
 The Beautiful gleam from a sluggish stream,
 And the clod reveal its gold.

Hidden not *lost*, Humanity
 Is forcing its onward way ;
 Through dust and din, through sorrow and sin,
 It looketh upward away.

LIFE.

What is this gift of Life ?
 This restless ever hurrying to and fro,
 This longing after something that is not,
 From birth to death we know ?

With some a fleeting bloom,
 Like flowers soft venturing near the Arctic snows ;
 Whose opening bud brings forth no summer yield,
 No ripened Autumn knows.

Some find a lengthened day
 Like that which lingers round our northern shore ;
 And Death's dark night creeps slowly on its way
 To cloud the landscape o'er.

Restless and tossing we,
 Like waifs that floated from an unknown coast,
 Still drifting onward on Time's hurrying sea,
 An eager, countless host.

Yet tokens do we bear,
 Birth-marks and records of from whom we came !
 Our Father's livery all His children wear ;
 He calleth each by name.

And though we float at will,
 And seemingly by chance on life's wide sea,
 Yet at the last, O God, our wandering o'er,
 We shall return to Thee !

DEATH'S VOICE.

Why wilt thou shrink away?
 I fain would lead thee where are living streams,

And pastures green where shines eternal day,
Not earth's faint transient gleams.

Where never-fading flowers
Lend honeyed fragrance to the balmy air,
And love-lit eyes through the unnumbered hours
Beam kindly everywhere.

I cannot show thee in ;
I through the narrow gate but point the road ;
Those golden streets the feet of Night nor Sin
Nor Death have ever trod !

There friends who passed before,
Welcome their loved ones to eternal joy—
(To part through endless ages nevermore),
Unmixed with earth's alloy.

Why wilt thou shrink away ?
I lead thee where the weary shall find rest,
Calmly upon earth's lap thy head to lay
To sleep, the waking blest.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

The dreams of youth, with white sails set
They launched upon the future's sea,
Freighted with hopes ; can we forget ?
Now, even now, their forms we see.

Freighted with hopes, blue sky o'erhead ;
 Nor rock nor storm fresh courage knew ;
 Eager and joyous on they sped,
 And all seemed real and pure and true.

Earth was an Eden unexplored :—
 And life an untold fairy dream :
 In flowery bays those barks were moored,
 'Mid breezes soft and sunshine's gleam.

Now through the years, how widely lie
 Those foundered wrecks on shore and strand ;
 Where withered wreaths are floating by,
 Thrown by fierce waves upon the land.

The dreams of youth how swiftly flown !
 Earth still doth wear her Eden dress,
 But other eyes the spell must own,
 And other hearts her smile must bless.

But let the dreams of youth depart—
 If Faith but shows a world beyond,
 To which the weary, longing heart
 Looks with youth's hopes, its yearnings fond !

THE CHILD AND TIME.

Merrily, merrily, sang the child,
 Amid the roses playing ;

He watched the butterflies and smiled,
 The bees through the sweet flowers straying.

Slowly, oh ! slowly, walked old Time,
 He almost stopped to listen,—
 For the child's voice rang like a silver chime ;
 Like gold did his bright hair glisten.

“Run along, run along, Reaper old,
 Your grass awaits the mowing !
 The use of the wings you idly fold,
 I fain would have you showing !”

Sadly, oh ! sadly, Time said to the boy,
 “A day will soon be coming,
 You will see me fly, but not with joy,
 Amid flowers and bees soft humming.”

Then sped along, sped along, months and years ;
 The boy grown old, is bending
 ' Neath life's hard load, when a step he hears ;
 He looks — old Time is wending,

Quickly, oh ! quickly, his way beside,
 Indeed he's almost flying :
 “Oh ! stay but a moment,” the old man cried ;
 But Time gave no replying.

For swiftly, how swiftly, he flew along,
 His wings no more close folding :
 Nature still warbled the child's gay song,
 Her hand fresh flowers still holding.

NO TURNING BACK.

No turning back ! though childhood's eyes
 Look out with laughing, mirthful blue,
 And joy's bright hopes, like butterflies,
 Rush eager and as careless too ;
 No turning back.

Though day by day the summer sun
 Pours out his showers of golden wine,
 And life's short pleasures, scarce begun,
 Do beckon us like things divine ;
 No turning back !

No turning back ! though youth's brave heart
 Doth meet us from the by-gone years,
 With courage full to bear life's smart,
 With smiles that laughed through sorrow's tears ;
 No turning back !

Though friends look from the buried past
 Our wand'ring footsteps to recall
 To happy days that might not last,—
 To meet them, if we'd meet at all,—
 No turning back !

No turning back, though Love be there—
 And friends and buried hopes arise !
 And many a yearning, longing prayer,
 Like weary bird, would pierce those skies,—
 No turning back !

Who would turn back, when life before
 Looks brighter far than life gone by?
 Brighter than flowers that gem earth's floor,
 Or clouds that paint the evening sky;
 Who would turn back?

For they are there, the loved and lost!
 They wait us through the coming years;
 They, calmly moored; we, tempest tossed,
 Oppressed with cares and pains and fears,
 Who would turn back?

Who would turn back? that happy shore
 Looks forth like Island of the Blest,
 Where earthly storms and woes are o'er,
 And weary mortals shall find rest!
 Who would turn back?

THE LIVING GOD.

Here in His works behold Him! see the trees!
 The swelling buds Spring's fingers will unroll,
 With scented blossoms freight the passing breeze,
 The wind, the unseen image of His soul.

Here in His works behold Him! how the grass,
 From winter's barrenness new clothes each field!
 To feed the millions, how sun, showers and earth,
 Work silently to bring the mighty yield.

And flowers we deem ephemeral and vain,
 By skilful man their use ne'er understood ;
 Not for mere beauty did He deck the plain,
 And stretch His garlands o'er the trackless wood.

Within the soul behold Him ! see the trace
 Of heavenly beauty 'mid earth's strife and sin,
 His image, that no years of vice efface,
 Still looking forth to tell what might have been !

The Living God not in the ages past,
 'Mid rotten bones and ashes look to find,
 See in the progress of the human race,
 The ceaseless workings of immortal Mind.

See Goodness steadily pursues its way,
 Even on War's dark cloud its rainbow glows !
 Let there be Light ! still, still increasing Day,
 Till man on earth His living Presence knows.

LISTENING FOR DEATH.

"And they sat, one on each side of the fire, so old and still (till we went in and broke the silence) that they seemed to be listening for death."

The plants thrust up their fingers white,
 And felt for the sunshine through the mould ;
 Spreading themselves from day to day,
 They filled Spring's hand with blue and gold.

The trailing vines rose twining round
 And clasped their hands o'er the sunken door ;
 The grape-vine buds swelled round and grew
 Till the clapboards gray were trellised o'er.

And the butterfly left his winter cell
 And floated forth on the summer's breath ;
 But the old folks sat by the chimney side,
 And listened for Death, and listened for Death !

The green-plumed corn its tassels hung
 Till its kernels caught the sun's warm hue ;
 While the autumn fruits blushed overhead,
 And the birds to a warmer climate flew.

The flowers looked bright in the garden patch
 Where the bees hummed softly in and out ;
 But life was shadowy and dim within,
 Though the bloom of nature was all about.

And with eyes half closed to the outward bloom,
 With ears grown dull to each earthly sound,
 They sat in the dark apartment's gloom,
 And listened for death in his tireless round !

For through him alone could come once more
 The beauty and sweetness of life long fled—
 And the rose that peeped through the half-shut door
 Could hint of the light from the other shore,
 As they listened for death with his quiet tread.

REST IN THE NOW.

Come sweet Content, earth's dream-life o'er,
And sit down with me in this calm ;
I see a rest beyond Time's shore,
And trees that drop a healing balm.
What though earth's storms may rudely beat
And hopes like blossoms leave the bough ?
I see afar the life complete,
And calmly rest me in the Now.
Pass on, O Fashion, Pomp and Power,
And proudly flaunt your little day,
Time marks e'en now your swift-winged hour,
From earth and memory swept away !
The Day sends down a golden band
To lead my wand'ring thoughts to Heaven ;
And night with outstretched, starry hand
Points to the many mansions given.
Where'er I turn my roving feet,
Where'er I rest my weary eyes,
God's work speaks forth, entire, complete,
Of life fulfilled beyond the skies !
O weary Pilgrim of this life,
Whom sorrows smite and labors bend,
There is a rest beyond earth's strife—
There is an everlasting Friend.

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

[Suggested by a picture.]

The Pilgrimage is o'er, here let me lie,
While day's last beams aslant the western sky,
With golden fingers point my thoughts on high.

Here let me lie ; behind a toilsome way,
Where weary pilgrims struggle day by day,
And I but yesterday the same as they !

Upon the stones my bleeding feet repose—
The setting sun its last beams higher throws,
And o'er the Christ a shining halo glows.

So let me lie, my sufferings all forgot,
Dangers, privations, counted here as naught—
By grace through thousand perils safely brought.

But when, my Soul, thy pilgrimage shall end,
A *rising* sun o'er thee its beams shall send—
And faces loved on earth shall o'er thee bend !

Then, what will be the dangers of thy road ?
The hindrances with which thy ways were strewed,
The small discomforts of thine earth abode ?

Then shall a new, a spirit Childhood come,
A fresher sense of life in thee have room !
A life that knows no pain, no death, no tomb !

There Sight shall know what Faith hath first believed—
 There perfect Trust, thy heart hath not conceived—
 There sad'ning thoughts be gone, thy mind have grieved !

Then for the work, my soul, that waits thee there,
 A firm, bold heart within thee daily bear,
 Undimmed by sad'ning thoughts, unbowed by care.

Another Life ! how blest the thought appears !
 On Sorrow's darkest cloud, in earthly years,
 Hope's rainbow formeth 'mid our falling tears !

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little longer—but a little longer,—
 Shall Life bear to Thee either joy or sorrow ;
 A little while shall find Thee weaker, stronger,
 Or bring Thee restless night or anxious morrow.

A little while, and old familiar places
 Shall know no more the echo of Thy tread ;
 Thine shall be missing 'mid the throng of faces ;
 Upon earth's pillow green shall rest Thy head.

A little while, and those who know and love Thee
 Shall weeping but recall what Thou hast been !
 No more earth's busy scenes shall stir and move Thee
 Or urge Thee onward its applause to win.

So in the way of all who lived before Thee
 Swift shalt Thou pass from earthly scenes away :
 Well may'st Thou learn the lessons that they bore Thee,
 The oft sad lessons of a toilsome way ;

So, if well learned, to find a joyous waking,
 A hope fulfilled, a call to enter in,
 A circle joined, where Death shall cause no breaking,
 A world where dwells no night, no grief, no sin !

BY AND BY.

"By and By," the wind is singing;
 "By and by," the heart replies;

Through the long summer grass
 Where feet of children pass
 And frolic winds go singing as they hie,
 There childhood bends its ear
 The happy song to hear,
 And this the strain, the joys of "By and By."

Where lovers wand'ring go,
 The maiden's cheeks aglow,
 While sweet their thoughts as flowers that round them
 lie,
 Still sings the rustling wind,
 An echo sure to find,—
 And still the song, the joys of "By and By."

The mother rambles forth,
 Of all the charms of earth,
 The countless wonders of earth, sea and sky,
 Telling her children young ;
 While by the wind is sung
 In her glad ears the hopes of "By and By."

The aged bending down,
 Recalls the years long flown,
 Their joys, their sorrows with full many a sigh ;
 But not life shadows all,
 That length'ning round them fall,
 Can hush the wind's glad song of "By and By."

The dying gazes round
 With wonder, awe profound ;—
 Between two worlds his soul doth trembling lie :
 He on earth's smiling face
 Heaven's rising dawn can trace,
 And feel his steps have reached the "By and By."

THE PASSING YEAR.

The year has passed with all its miracles,
 Of Spring's soft budding leaves and opening flowers,
 Where the Creative Spirit walked anew
 'Mid all the wonders of primeval hours.

Across the summer grass' electric spires
 Came messages that man should still be blest ;
 And o'er the grain's low-bending golden wires,
 That man was still Nature's invited guest.

Bright glowed the harvests over field and lea ;
 Soft blushed the fruits the orchard's green beneath,
 While Autumn wove with rich and tasteful hand,
 Of berries, grasses, leaves, a farewell wreath.

While o'er our land Peace spread her wings abroad,
 Softly descending like the winter's snow,
 Seeking War's crimson steps to cover o'er,
 And seeds of mercy in dark furrows sow.

The Passing Year ! oh ! not a year doth pass
 But bears the impress of the Father's love,
 But shows the guidance of the Heavenly Hand
 To point all weary souls beyond, above.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

"Would you be young again?
 So would not I—
 One tear to memory given,
 Onward I hie.
 Life's dark flood forded o'er
 All but at rest on shore,
 Say, would you plunge once more,
 With home so nigh?"

I'd not be young again though childhood drinks
 The sweetest draught Life's cup can ever hold ;
 Though with its eyes my thought could picture heaven,
 And see its pearly gates, its streets of gold.

Though through the rosy path of summer hours
 My soul might wander 'mid its early dreams,
 Seeing Life's road-side blossoming with flowers,
 The Future radiant with Hope's golden beams.

Though friends were round with words of love and
 cheer,
 Weaving with rainbow hues the web of life ;
 And I again Creation's song might hear,
 With no sad chords of sorrow, sin, and strife.

For then should I life's sorrows all renew ;
 Earth would reveal once more her sad, stern face,
 Thorns would arise where once sweet blossoms grew,
 And falsehood stand where truth had seeming place.

Then space and time would early friends divide,
 Cast lonely waifs upon Time's changing shore ;
 And watchful Death again be by my side,
 With his short parting words, "No more ! No more !"

I'd not be young again with home so nigh,
 Welcomed through ripening age and gentle death ;
 Life's Autumn winds shall come with peaceful sigh,
 Life's wither'd hopes like leaves unheeded lie,
 And like Day's parting tread the passing breath.

A brighter youth the passing soul shall know,
 Fairer than Artist's thought or Poet's dream ;
 Our fading childhood is its type below,
 A faint reflection on Time's hurrying stream.

DEATH.

Mysterious Death ! Unto the arms of Sleep
 How we resign ourselves with trusting ease ;
 His poppies wear, his hand in ours we keep,
 And bid him lead us whereso'er he please.
 So, softly wandering through the land of dreams,
 We question not the way we shall return,
 More than content if sleep doth bring us gleams
 Of the beyond, of those for whom we yearn.
 Why do we shrink from Death's kind, outstretched
 hand ?

Because our faith cannot uplift the veil,—
 The Angel see, the herald of that land
 Where life and love and joy shall never fail.
 So, like a frightened child, we cling to Day,—
 Nor know that starry worlds light all the way !

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MY FRIEND, MISS E. A. S.

Soft wooing winds and April skies
 When first the light filled thy young eyes—

While like a tender lullaby
 The early birds were warbling nigh ;

And innocent as thy young hours
Spring's lap was sweet with new-born flowers.

A father's smile, a mother's kiss,
What greater joy had earth than this?

When thou doth reach the second birth,
May the kind friends you loved on earth

With tender smile and loving kiss
Welcome thee there as erst in this !

May every joy and bliss be given
Birthday on earth, Birthday in Heaven !

MY FATHER'S FIELD.

[Lines addressed to an aged friend, who showed me a picture on which she often gazed, and which, she said, reminded her of her father's field in England.]

My father's field again before me lies
Clad in the beauty of a summer morn ;
High singing in the blue the sky-lark flies,
Bright glow the poppies 'mid the golden corn.

Sweet as the hedge rows, thoughts of youth return,
Heard 'mid the whisperings of the tall old trees,
Quick were our hands life's early tasks to learn,
Swift as the squirrel, busy as the bees.

How ev'ry corner childish feet explored
Lured by the nut, the berry or the flower,

Or Nature's marvels highly prized and stored
 To interest and cheer the wintry hour.

Upon the hill I see my mother stand
 Seeking to call her wee, wee truants home
 With clear, sweet voice and beck'ning outstretched
 hand ;
 Not far from her could ever loved ones roam :

And in green pastures where God's loved ones rest,
 Still may she stand and beckon us once more,
 Unto that happy land where all are blest,
 And life's sad tears and partings all are o'er.

Still thrives the field 'neath labor's busy hand,
 But strangers gather where we reaped of yore,
 Afar from early scenes and native land,
 Mem'ry recalls each well known spot once more.

And gazing on thee, Picture, loves to trace
 The sunny field, the meadow green, the farm ;
 And Fancy paints each well-remembered face,
 Sending through buried years its living charm.

TO MY MOTHER.

Four Springs have passed since thou wert here,
 Thou who did'st love their flowers, their sounds of cheer ;
 Thou hast found fairer flowers, sweeter perfume ;
 Will there for me be room ?

Four Summers vanished with their rain and shine,
 While thou hast lived where all things are divine ;
 More glorious harvests now thine eye can see ;
 Will there be room for me ?

Four Autumns here have dropped their crimson leaf,
 Their golden mantle gorgeous, but how brief.
 With thee there is no night — no gloom.
 Will there for me be room ?

Four Winters with their frost and rime,
 Their icy breath, their frozen tomb ;
 Thou dwellest in a fairer clime ;
 Will there for me be room ?

THE AGED.

I never see an aged eye
 Without a thought of tenderness,
 That will not let my own be dry ;
 A wish to comfort, cheer and bless,
 To guide the steps that trembling walk the earth,
 And seat them gently by the Father's hearth.

For aged eyes are wells that hold,
 Fathom their depths, how many woes !
 Far down are childhood's sands of gold,
 With clouds of white and tints of rose,—
 But sorrows over them how thickly rise,
 With cares and pains and daily sacrifice.

Where are the forms the aged held?
 The trembling feet they taught to walk?
 The eyes that laughed to them of eld,
 The prattling lips, half uttered talk?
 Too often recreant to the debt they owe,
 Men leave the aged to their want and woe.

Oh ! who shall look with heedless eye
 Upon the path himself must tread !
 Youth a bright phantom flitteth by,
 And swift across a wintry sky
 The darkening clouds of sorrow spread.
 Weakness and pain around the spirit come,
 And bid earth's care-worn children hasten home.

Blest be the hearts that love the old,
 Giving them Homes of pleasant rest,
 Until the Soul no more shall fold
 Her wings within an earthly nest,
 But far from wintry storms shall rise and sing,
 Within the land of everlasting Spring.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Affectionately inscribed to my friend, E. A. S.

"'Twill be a pastime little sad
 To trace what weight time's heavy fingers
 Upon each other's forms have had,
 For *all* may go so *feeling lingers*."

We will not count the vanished years,
 We will not murmur as they go ;
 The flight of time should bring no tears,
 No fond regrets the soul should know.

This earth is still as bright and fair
 As that which met our infant eye,
 And Spring's sweet buds are everywhere
 As when a child we passed them by.

Our cheeks no more reflect their rose,
 The violet lurks not in our eye,
 But still like thine the spirit glows
 In every wild flower nodding by.

And swells the heart with every note
 Of happy bird on bush or tree,
 And sweeter sounds how often float
 From Heaven's far-reaching melody.

The voices of our friends come near,
 Untouched by time, unharmed by death ;
 To-day they send to thee glad cheer ;
Nearer to them, each kind voice saith !

And we who love thee here below,
Nearer to us, we here repeat !
 And many a birthday may'st thou know
 In life and health thy friends to greet !

And what are years? and what is age?
 Earth's truest song is set unsung,
 Eternal Life, our heritage,—
 While here as there the *heart keeps young!*

"PILGRIMS AND WANDERERS."

Pilgrims and wanderers, what are we more?
 We tread the sands on earth's changing shore
 Where many generations has time's ocean rolled;
 We hoard those shining sands, and call them gold.

Upon those shifting sands we write our name,
 Tell of the thoughts that hourly fill our souls;
 The foremost take a wreath; men call it Fame!
 And still, erasing all, time's ocean rolls.

This man may draw a larger check than I,
 Can he for that the easier draw his breath?
 Or purchase with his stocks, immunity
 From care or anguish, sickness, coming death?

We but possess what we have made our own,
 The golden sun, or mountains, sea and shore,
 The starry night, if we their charms have known,
 Pilgrims and wanderers through Beauty's land no more.

We catch the perfume of the opening rose
 Like sweet-breathed memories given our souls to
 know —

We watch the rising day, its glorious close,—
 And like the rose, the day, we passing, go.

Pilgrims and wanderers by mount and shore,
 And restless toilers by the stormy sea,
 Shall we not joy to hear when life is o'er,
 The voice that saith "Ye weary come to Me?"

STANZAS

Addressed to M. B. R.

"He gained from Heaven — 'twas all he wished — a friend."

How oft we two have wandered o'er the hills
 When set the sun in clouds of purple glory,
 Reading together memory's pleasant book,
 Blended our lives how oft in the same story.

The sweet wild briar its fragrance sheds abroad,
 The well-known brook adown the hill-side flowing,
 Familiar flowers in careless beauty nod,
 The same old trees, their arms a welcome throwing.

How Nature's face through all the many years
 Looks ever forth in beauty still unchanging ;
 How sweet her voice unto world-weary ears,
 To those who love her comes no sad estranging.

But time less gently far than Nature deals —
 We trace the heavy impress of decay ;
 Mortality must place her solemn seals
 Upon the brow — say “ye too pass away !”

But let all outward beauty fade and flee,
 So that the heart, its youthful fires retaining,
 Gazes on Nature with the same glad look ;
 Fresh love for her to life's last hour remaining.

Ever with Nature, Friendship shall renew
 Its early vows like Spring's first blossoming ;
 Even in age, upon the leafless bough,
 Shall fond affection like the ivy cling.

DIRGE.

ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mourn for the mighty dead !
 Mourn for our fallen Head,
 In the full flush of victory laid low ; —
 Even while rejoicing bells
 A nation's gladness tell,
 Do mourners throng our streets 'mid signs of woe.

Mourn for the great and good,
 Like giant oak which stood
 'Mid hurtling arrows of a barb'rous foe !

Whose honest, manly heart
 Despised war's baser art,
 And e'en for traitors could with pity glow.

Weep ye who knew him best,
 Above his place of rest,
 For husband, father, and for faithful friend ;
 Weep, soldiers, round his grave
 Your strong arms could not save !
 O'er your true Leader, ye could not defend.

Aye, weep ! misguided South !
 Pass it from mouth to mouth,
 Your truest friend your treachery has laid low !
 Men's hearts have turned to steel —
 That for your future weal
 Those silent lips with pity taught to glow.

Mourn for the mighty dead !
 Mourn for our fallen Head
 In the full tide of manly worth laid low.
 God grant us in our need,
 That he who must succeed,
 Himself as worthy of the place may show.

Thank God ! still lives the Right !
 Even through sorrow's night
 Burst forth its beams afar o'er field and flood ;
 Onward its powerful sway,
 Till Earth bathed in its ray
 Shall hear God's voice again pronounce it *good*.

IN MEMORIAM.

SARAH WEST LANDER.

Dear Friend of mine, whose steps have passed before,
 The viewless way full soon mine own must tread,
 Earth's sickness, sorrows, trials all are o'er —
 Vanished and fled.

And yet earth gave us both a sense of joy,
 In all the richness of her varied store ;
 Something time could not touch nor death destroy,
 Our spirits wore.

Thou wilt remember in thine other home
 The friends, the sweet companionship of this ;
 And 'mid thy new-found joys earth thoughts will come
 To swell thy bliss.

She, whom long parted, thou hast met again,
 Will lead thy steps upon their new-found way ;
 Severed from earth in sickness, grief and pain —
 And found in day.

Farewell — and yet no final, long farewell,
 Nor e'en a sev'rance of communing thought ;
 Friends still commune, however wide they dwell,
 Together brought.

God cheer the near ones, who will miss thee most,
 And bear them upward till they meet again,
 Finding what seemed to clouded eyes but loss,
 Was joy and gain !

ON THE AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION.

"Ring out the false; ring in the true."

Ring out, ye Bells, a lusty peal !
 Man names at last his brother free !
 God called him so at birth, but he
 Awakes but now the truth to feel.

Ring out, clear Bells, o'er hill and lea,
 Let Freedom vibrate on the air !
 From North to South the tidings bear,
 The holy voice of Liberty.

Free as the bee 'mid summer's bloom,
 Or happy bird that soars away,
 Free as the ocean's dashing spray
 That fringes soft its robe of gloom.

Free to receive his labor's meed —
 To call his wife and babes his own !
 Not others reap where he has sown,
 And fatten on his daily need.

O years of hard unpitied toil,
 Of sundered ties, and bloody sweat !
 Thank God ! that Slavery's sun has set
 Forever, on our native soil !

Then ring, ye Bells, a stirring peal !
 Man calls at last his brother free —
 Heir of our glorious Liberty,
 Her arms to bear, her power to feel.

DEATH PASSED US BY.

One night I sat beside my fire,
 There musing silently ;
 The bright wood flame rose high and higher,
 It flickered not, nor did expire,
 Though Death passed by !

The cold, cold wind wailed loud without,
 The branches rustled harsh and dry,—
 But all was cheerful round about,
 I heard not in the winter's shout
 That Death passed by.

Yet Death was kind to pass our hearth
 Where tears long falling were not dry ;
 Where sorrow had her secret birth,
 And even with the voice of mirth
 There rose a sigh.

Unwelcome guest ! unveil thy face !
 Reveal to mortal eye
 Thy look of peace, thy winning grace ;
 The road thou treadest let us trace,
 Ere thou pass by.

But no ! 'tis well thou walk'st unseen ;
 Could we thy face descry,
 Thy message know, earth, heaven, between,
 Quickly our hands would rend life's screen
 And we with thee should fly.

THE SAVIOR'S WORDS.

"And ye would not!"

How oft my spirit o'er you brooding,
 Beneath my wings of Love to draw you sought ;
 But like a wayward child, forever straying,
 Still ye *would not!*

How oft my tears, unseen to mortals, falling,
 Wept for the sins and woes of earthly lot—
 While all unheard, my voice to wand'ers, calling ;
 Still ye would not.

Come unto Me, weary and heavy laden !
 Long have I called to you in hall and cot ;
 Rest I will give you, loose your heavy burdens !
 And ye would not.

Come unto Me, ye poor, despised and lowly ;
 By Me remembered, by all else forgot !
 Choose ye a life of goodness, peaceful, holy ;
 And ye would not !

Come unto Me, ye sick and weary hearted ;
 List to the joyful tidings I have brought —
 Ye mourners, learn from Me, of the departed ;
 And ye would not !

And still my Love, through endless years unchanging,
 Though oft repulsed, waits with forgiveness fraught,
 Till it has heard no more from sinful mortals
 That they would not.

SPRING.

Thou art here again, O Spring,
 But the eyes that loved thee sleep ;
 Nor will thy pleasant winds and showers bring
 Those violets forth the grave sods keep.

Thou art here again, O Spring ;
 Lips that hailed thee, silent are ;—
 Around thy happy songsters joyous sing ;
Their music sounds afar.

Thou art here again, O Spring ;
 For the first flowers we scan the ground ;
 But plants death chilled shall know no blossoming
 However close their tendrils wound.

Thou art here again, O Spring ;
 Life, new life, clothes every tree ;
 And though the dead return not, thou dost bring
 Tokens of them, of Immortality !

LOVE'S MANIFESTATIONS.

When a deed of Love you meet,
 Let the mem'ry treasure it,
 'Tis the sound of Angels' feet
 In the house or in the street,
 'Tis the rustle of their wings
 Bending o'er Life's common things.

When a look of Love you see,
 Let the spirit drink it in !
 'Tis the hue of heaven's own skies,
 'Tis the gaze of Angel's eyes,
 'Tis the look our souls shall see
 Making bright eternity.

When a voice of Love you hear,
 Listen, as you turn again,
 Soft as on the shepherd's ear
 Sound the accents sweet and clear,
 "Peace on earth, good will to men !"
 Love still dwells where Christ has been.

IN MEMORIAM.

Passed from earth a pleasant face,
 One 'twas ours to know, to love ;
 We still see it in the grace
 Of transfigured souls above ;
 Though on earth
 Thy sun has set,
 Margaret.

Passed from earth in gentle spring ;
 Thoughts, sweet thoughts, like early bloom,
 Round thy mem'ry oft shall cling ;
 We will bring no thoughts of gloom,
 Though our eyes
 With tears are wet,
 Margaret.

We recall thy friendly voice,
 Bring to mind thy love of flowers ;
 Lilies white that were thy choice,
 Rise to deck the garden bowers :
 Death's winter o'er,
 Thou livest yet,
 Margaret !

Thine the gain and ours the loss,
 Thine the glory, ours the tears ;
 We still bend beneath the cross
 Of our painful, weary years :
 Thou the loved
 Of old, hast met,
 Margaret.

Thou hast changed our night for day,
 Left our gloom for endless, joy ;
 Where all tears are wiped away,
 Where no death shall e'er destroy :
 We will never
 Thee forget,
 Margaret !

LIFE WEARS AWAY.

Life wears away !
 Like the rosy flush on the morning cloud,
 Like the flower's perfume by the strong wind bowed,
 Like the sunbeam's smile, like the night's dark shroud,
 Life wears away.

Life wears away !

Whether we do the good we may,
Whether we spend it in work or play,
Freeze in December, or dance in May,
Life wears away.

Life wears away !

With its pleasures and pains, its hopes and fears,
Its losses and gains, its smiles and tears ;
We may beckon to Time, but he will not stay,—
Life wears away.

Life wears away !

With its restless nights and toilsome morns,
Love crowns us with joy, or hate with thorns ;
The heart beats on with its loves and scorns ;
Life wears away.

Life wears away !

But heed it not, so we look beyond
As a child for his home, with yearnings fond ;
We may laugh at Time that he will not stay,
And smile in peace as life wears away.

OUR LIFE.

O Life of ours ! that with untiring feet
Paces beside us through the weary years,
Through differing scenes, with different souls to meet,
To echo laughter and to mingle tears.

The busy Day, a beggar at our doors,
 Asks us a kind word or a look to give ;
 Or peddler-like importunate implores
 The Soul something to take whereby to live.

The viewless Hours scarcely our thoughts baptize,
 To consecrate them to some nobler aim,
 When swift as light each proffered moment flies—
 Ours to improve no more, no more to claim.

What art thou, Life? so full of hopes and fears,
 So full of promises not once fulfilled ;
 Whose only flowers, watered by Sorrow's tears,
 Spring from the fields our hands with pain have tilled.

What art thou, Life? the preface of a Book
 Unwritten yet, by the great Mind conceived !
 Upon whose page no mortal eye may look,
 Whose glory's scarce by mortal mind believed.

WEARINESS.

" If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast. "

The child may roam in search of flowers,
 May seek the butterfly to catch,
 May linger in green wild-wood bowers
 The ripened fruit or nut to snatch ;

Yet parent be thou anxious not
 Lest he too far from thee may roam ;
 At sundown he will leave the spot,
 For *Weariness* will bring him home.

Mortals may seek for Wealth or Fame,
 Pleasure may draw their steps aside ;
 But if God doth not ever claim
 Their ev'ry thought, and with them bide,
 Be anxious not, O Pilgrim gray,
 That they from earth and sin be riven ;
 Earth's pleasures are without a stay,
 And *Weariness* will lead to Heaven.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Coming with his quiet footfall,
 When the plashing rains of spring
 Have awakened field and meadow
 To a fairer blossoming ;

Lighter than the grape-vine's shadow
 Treads he now the cottage floor,
 And with him Life's pleasant sunshine
 Passes through the open door :

Still the busy bees are humming,
 Still her wheel the matron plies ;
 But the daylight beams no longer
 From the infant's closed eyes.

Coming, noiseless as the snow-flake,
 When the winter winds wail loud,
 And unseen fingers haste to weave
 The traveller's white shroud ;

Where the light grows red in struggling
 Through the crimson drapery ;
 Where the Soul is sorely wrestling
 To put off mortality !

Where all human skill stands baffled,—
 And the heart but looks on high ;—
 Unseen waiting by the pillow,
 The Unbidden Guest is nigh.

Where the "sound of revelry"
 Bursts upon Night's startled ear,
 With boist'rous laugh and wine-born song,
 The Unbidden Guest is near !

'Mid the city's noise and uproar
 Slowly moves the crowd along ;
 Swift the Unbidden Guest is walking
 In and out among the throng ;

Now he stops, as if to linger,
 Where the shades of sickness lie,
 But *Pass over* on the portal
 Meets his never closing eye.

When the crimson leaves are falling
 Like the drops of Nature's blood,

And a voice is softly calling
To the blossoms in the wood,

“Haste to gather, bright-hued flowers,
Mourners fair, 'round Nature's bier ;
For you no more come sun nor showers ;”
The Unbidden Guest is here.

BIRDS.

Music of upper air—
Plainer to mortal ear than stars' low song,
What tremulous joy embodied do ye bear,
Floating afar, along ?

The forest knows it well,
For breezes tell it to its countless leaves ;
It rings from every floweret's lowly-bell ;
And where the spider weaves

His fine-drawn lines each day,
Stretching across the grasses' slender spires,
There summer winds do sing it as they play
Upon æolian lyres.

Music of upper air—
While man doth sing his minor song below,
Above, in ether pure, what joy ye bear
Far from his grief and woe.

A GARDENER'S LIFE.

A gardener's life's the life for me ;
 Others may plough the deep, deep sea ;
 I would run my keel through the teeming earth,
 Would bid the plant and the flower have birth :
 Others may plough the deep, deep sea,
 A gardener's life's the life for me ;
 For from morning bright until evening dim
 He listens to Nature's low, sweet hymn.

In the gloomy room and the tall, old desk,
 Others may look for the picturesque, —
 May lose their health while they gain their gold ;
 I would seek my treasure 'neath earth's rich mould,
 In the floweret's bloom ; like the sunflower's eye
 I would follow my quest as the day passed by ;
 Creation anew her story should tell
 From each shining leaf and each nodding bell.

Within my garden no angles you'd find,
 But the walks in circles and curves should wind,
 With the shady nook and the leafy screen,
 Where the floweret should seem to blush unseen
 'Neath the pine, the larch and the silvery birch
 That should seem to hide but invite the search ;
 I would ask of Nature my work to show, —
 And with reverent ear would bend me low.

There the mossy rock should the floweret bear
 With breath as sweet as heaven's own air,

While the brook should frolic and dash beneath,
 Sprinkling with diamonds each flowery wreath,
 And the green moss clinging around each root
 Should give old trees a velvety suit ;
 There the squirrel should hoard his nuts unharmed,
 And the ear by the wild bird's notes be charmed.

A gardener's life's the life for me,
 In the open air, where the thoughts roam free,
 And the heart will sing like a warbling bird,
 Albeit its singing is all unheard.
 Let others plough the deep, deep sea,
 A gardener's life's the life for me ;
 For from morning bright until evening dim
 He listens to Nature's low, sweet hymn.

STANZAS.

There is more sadness in the opening Spring
 Than in the fading of the dying year,
 When we but think how brief the blossoming, —
 How fleet the sunny hours that come to cheer.

Pale, faint, reluctant, come the buds of Spring,
 To die, like earthly hopes when hardly blown !
 Few to maturity the year shall bring —
 By few the seeds of future promise sown.

Upon the dying year new glories fall ;
 Nature doth own no sadness in decay.

No desolation clothes her funeral pall,
 The trees are brighter and the flowers more gay.

Upon the dying year new beauties rest ;
 Saying it is not sad to pass away,
 When life fulfils its duties, it is blest,—
 And through death's night it finds eternal day.

LIFE MOVES ON.

Life moves on with a jest and a song,
 And the festive board is wreathed with flowers ;
 And the reveller's voice is full and strong
 While he laughs at Time as he strikes the hours.
 Life moves on.

Life moves on with a tear and a sigh ;
 A tear for its sins, a sigh for its woes ;
 How the burden of life presses heavily, —
 And the spirit must bear it until its close.
 Life moves on.

Life moves on with the drum's quick beat —
 O'er the soldier's corse in the purple gore,
 There rushes the tide of human feet,
 Vengeance for him who shall strike no more !
 Life moves on.

Life moves on with the voice of prayer,
 For the children may speak to the Father above ;

While Angels ascending, descending, may bear
 The spirit's petition, the answer of love.
 Life moves on.

Life moves on and the heart beats high
 Where love and friendship together meet,
 While the flowers are gay and the rosy sky,
 Like Heaven, bends nearer the earth to greet.
 Life moves on.

Life moves on, while the mourners go
 In sackcloth and ashes about the street ;
 It still moves on in its peaceful flow, —
 There's a birth above for the death below —
 How soon our spirits with joy shall know
 That Life moves on !

"WHOEVER SHALL CONFESS ME BEFORE MEN."

Thou art confessed, O Lord, where Pity standeth mute
 Weeping as Thou did'st weep o'er human woe ;
 By no vainglorying speech clothed in humility
 Would we thine influence tell, thy presence show.

Thou art confessed, O Lord, where meek-eyed Charity
 Is giving all she hath to feed the poor —
 Where Mercy pardons oft a brother's sin :
 Where suffering with thy patience can endure.

Where Faith in darkest clouds of misery, sin and shame,
 Sees no depravity Heaven's light shall not dispel ;

No erring one who may not urge his claim,
And in the many mansions hope to dwell.

Thou (not in gorgeous fanes of man's erecting,
Not in loud praise and prayer to Thee addressed),
Art in the deep recesses of the spirit, —
The life that strives to follow Thee, confessed.

MEMORY'S PATH.

Adown the path where memory strays
Hang rosy thoughts of long ago ;
And pure, white hopes, like clustering sprays
O'erladen with their blooms of snow.

And merry birds make music there,
Sweet melodies that never tire,—
Joys brightly fill the Summer air
Like butterflies with "wings of fire."

Adown the pathway sunbeams play,
Warming the tears that bead the grass,
Where gray-robed thoughts like nuns would pray,
When Sorrow's feet were wont to pass.

Yet Sorrow ne'er kept pace with Hope,
Whose fairy feet scarce pressed the flowers
That thickly fringed each glade and slope
In the Soul's glad and sunny hours.

And where the thoughts at evening twine
 Lips wreath in smiles earth sees no more,
 Faces death touched, and made divine,
 Beam brightly from that peaceful shore.

Ah ! Memory, who would part with thee,
 Although thy path holds many a thorn ;
 And phantoms rise we would not see,
 And grim-faced sins again are born ?

Thou lay'st thy hand upon our head,
 And lo ! the white locks turn to gold ;
 Our youthful paths again we tread,—
 A mother's arms once more enfold.

And when we reach the Better Land,
 Thou still shalt paint of this our earth,
 Of the dear home love's breeze has fanned,
 The dear old home that gave us birth !

And still upon our heavenly way,
 Thou'lt be beside us evermore ;
 The same, except thy spirit lay
 Nor sin nor death shall gather o'er !

MEMORY'S SONG.

Beside the fire the mother sat,
 Like summer bees her wheel was humming ;
 Loud sung the kettle, purred the cat

With drowsy murmurs on the mat,
Unconscious who was coming.

The supper covered by the fire
Grew like her thoughts in waiting warmer ;
And Mem'ry came at her desire,
And sang, in notes that never tire,
Of bygone years to charm her.

She sang a day among the fields,
Where autumn grain like sunshine growing
The promise of the spring-time sealed,
And, mid its waving plumes, revealed
The face of plenty glowing.

She sang a maiden 'mid the corn,
Like Ruth of old the spare ears gleaming ;
Whose hands had labored night and morn ;
And of the world's contempt and scorn
Her heart knew well the meaning.

The autumn day in beauty grew ;
But Life with sad eyes on her gazing
Took from each flower its sunny hue,
Drank from the grass the spangled dew,
And left no mood for praising.

Night saw her with her meagre ears
Beneath the full moon's bright rays bending,
Her eyes bedimmed with gushing tears ;
Nor on the meadow grass she hears
The soft steps toward her wending :

A face as brown as autumn leaves
 Belongs to Ralph the thrifty farmer,
 A smile as golden as the sheaves,
 As soft a lay of love he weaves
 To gladden and to charm her.

Now Mem'ry pauses.—Stirs the cat
 With quickened ears (no news foretelling) ;
 Ralph's step is heard upon the mat,
 And who can wonder after that,
 For Mem'ry's dream dispelling ?

THE DEPARTED.

Not with the sackcloth black and look of sorrow,
 Would we bemoan the friends who passed before ;
 But part as trav'lers we shall see to-morrow,
 When we, too, pass beyond the viewless shore.

Nor in the dark and rayless sepulchre,
 Would we resign the body to its sleep ;
 But give the summer winds with life astir,
 The summer flowers, all beauty lost, to keep.

Nor would we people the dull realm of silence,
 With those whose voices rang in merry chime ;
 But think all bird-like music has gone hence,
 After a winter in this earthly clime.

Nor would we feel all earthly ties dissolving,
 With the unclasping of the dying hand ;
 But think true love, like quenchless star revolving,
 Sheds brighter radiance o'er the unknown land.

So would we not sit down in helpless sorrow,
 Looking with dimness through the future years,
 But for the journey we must take to-morrow,
 Arise and fit ourselves, cast off our fears.

TO A CHILD.

Poor child upon the roadside sitting,
 What is thy heritage on earth ?
 What holy thoughts before thee flitting
 Welcomed thy birth ?

Unto thy mother's anxious watching,
 Came hollow-eyed and stern-voiced care,
 The while for thee her hands were patching
 Something to wear ;

Telling of toil that knew no resting,
 Of one more mouth that must be fed,—
 Her weary frame life's strong waves breasting,
 Dark clouds o'erhead !

Yet earth was ready to receive thee,
 Its wealth of sunshine was thine own,—

The Past bright nature's gift did leave thee,
Love was thy throne.

Flowers were around thee, blooming, smiling,
Nor whispered thee of change, decay ;
Joy beamed from common things, beguiling
Each passing day.

So, in the face of grim want laughing,
E'en poverty glowed with thy mirth ;
Thy lips Life's sweetest wine were quaffing,
Unknown its worth.

The wind ne'er drove thee to thy dwelling,
The sun's warm kisses browned thy face,
Earth's many voices ever telling
Thee some new grace.

Poor child upon the roadside sitting,
These were thy heritage on earth :
Life, health and love ; Angels befitting
The poor man's hearth.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Still through the mazes of our early dreams
We seem to see her tripping through the wood,
The sunshine tints her curls with golden beams,
And lights with rosy blushes on the seams
Her crimson hood.

The flowers look upward with tear-spangled cheeks
 And seek to lure her from her coming doom ;
 But smiling on them with her dove-eyes meek,
 She, hast'ning onward to her granddame sick,
 Reflects their bloom.

The bushes cling around her to impede
 Her fatal progress as she onward walks ;
 The sunbeams beckon her from hill and mead ;
 She pauses not but to the wolf gives heed
 And fearless talks.

So children lend a list'ning ear to sin,
 While Nature's influences around them plead,
 Seeking through every sense the soul to win,
 Urging them now in spring-time to begin
 To sow good seed.

And list'ning oft their steps will go astray,
 Until the sin that seemed a granddame old,
 From which so easy 'twas to turn away,—
 Rises, wolf-like, on its unwilling prey
 With fiercest hold !

THE BEREAVED.

"Have you seen my Beautiful Ones?"
 Said the mother bereaved to Earth ;
 "Have you not missed them in valley and glen?
 Turn not your flowers to seek them again?
 Lose not your echoes their mirth?"

The Earth looked up with smiling face,
 But told not of treasures in trust ;
 Of small, dimpled hands clinging close to her breast,
 Of young, sunny heads on green pillows that rest,
 Of Beauty asleep in the dust.

"Have you seen my Beautiful Ones?"
 The mother to Sorrow then said,
 Whose head was bowed low, her tears falling fast ;
 She said, "I have seen them ; a spectre strode past
 And your babes by the hand swiftly led !"

Then the mother her Beautiful Ones
 Wept with tears gushing forth like the rain ;
 She sought the low mound in the gloomy church-yard,
 And she cried out, "O Earth," as she knelt on the sward,
 Restore me my loved ones again !"

"I have seen your Beautiful Ones,"
 Said Faith, drawing near to her side ;
 "They passed from earth with a form clad in white
 (For to me the blest vision was given) ;
 A voice I heard as they fled from your sight,
 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' "

'TIS BUT A STEP.

'Tis but a step, as though we passed next door,
 Meeting the friends whom we have known of yore,

Talking of present things, of what has been,
Of this or that among our fellow men.

'Tis but a step — faces beloved to see,
To meet love's glances bent as earnestly,
Warm hands to grasp whose clasp affection knew,
Warm lips to press whose words were kind and true.

'Tis but a step — for through the opened door
The listening spirit gathers more and more ;
Of children lost, can hear the pattering feet
Run as of old their earthly friends to meet.

'Tis but a step, although we deem it far,
And doubts arise our dreams of heaven to mar —
And eyes grow dim striving to pierce the gloom,
And death looks sternly from the opened tomb.

'Tis but a step — friends wait to usher in
The new-born soul free from its woe and sin ;
Free from its grief and pain, its many tears,
Free from the burden of its earthly years.

Could we but see the beautiful beyond,
Towards which the soul with aspirations fond
Looks upward ever through the passing years
(E'en though its eyes are dimmed with sin-wrung
tears),

No bars could stay th'impatient spirit's flight,
No chains confine it to this earthly night ;

Forth it would rush, alone, on fearless wing,
 Seeking an endless day, an everlasting spring !

THE CLOSED ROOM.

[Sidney Smith, on entering a dark apartment, used to throw open the shutters and cry out with his wholesome lungs, "Glorify the room !"]

O Room, where daylight never pours
 Its sunny showers of golden wine,
 Shedding upon the meanest things
 A halo shining and divine,

How darkness, like a wandering soul,
 Doth make thy stillness seem unrest !
 The burden of a heavy crime
 That may not leave the gloomy breast.

Spring looks not in with smiling face,
 Of earth's brown garment trimmed to tell,
 The beauty of the woods to bring
 And cast o'er daily life its spell, —

She enters here no opened pane
 To shake her scented garments round ;
 Here all in vain the summer rain
 Doth patter with entreating sound.

The sunlight glideth off elsewhere
 To tinge the leaf and gild the flower,
 For gorgeous carpets cannot bear
 The sun's warm glances for an hour.

The shrouded chairs no tales repeat
 Of merry chat or childhood's glee,
 Of romping games of little feet,
 Or pleasing hum of industry.

Let sunshine glorify the room
 As freely as hill, glade and stream ;
 And wandering, guest-like, through the house
 Impart to life its cheering beam !

POOR CHILDREN.

God help the little ones, whom poverty
 Encircles round with her cold, purple arms !
 For sin draws near, and threat'ning misery —
 A bane become their very infant charms !

And God does help them on in many ways ;
 For unto most a mother's love is given :
 The bright'ning hope that gilds life's early days,
 The hand that holds the key of Childhood's Heaven !

And He doth fill their laps with many things,
 Things deemed as worthless in so many eyes —
 The wayside flower that all unheeded springs,
 This, evermore, doth form the poor child's prize !

No pet canary from the rude thatch swings,
 But summer birds in countless throngs are there —
 And the tame dove in peace can fold her wings,
 Cherished, protected by the poor child's care.

The toiling mother hath no time to give
 To deck them *puppets* to display abroad !
 They as the lilies grow, as wildly live —
 Watched less by man, but still the more by God !

And as the butterfly comes forth as fair
 From the rude rock, as on the parlor shelf,
 So Death *their souls* as brightly forth will bear,
 Forming alike with *all* their Maker's wealth !

THE CLOUD SPIRIT.

O falling rain, that all the summer long
 Has wash'd the flowers' sweet faces upward turned,
 Singing the while a soft persuasive song,
 In the dark prison clouds that held you long
 So sadly learned ;

The Spirit of the Clouds in you comes down
 And walks with patt'ring feet among the leaves,
 Bathing with misty hands the oak's high crown
 And its huge limbs, where the green moss o'ergrown
 Its mantle weaves.

With bare white feet she wanders through the grass,
 Gemming the morning's spider-woven veil ;
 The bird sings loud to greet her ere she pass,
 And bearing fragrance from the pond's green mass
 Sweet lilies sail.

The bronzed old farmer meets her in the field,
 And sees her passing through his wilted grain ;
 Where'er she glides heaven's fountains are unsealed ;
 Neath summer's dusty robe beauty revealed
 Smiles o'er the plain.

Crossing the brook she ripples forth a strain
 Of melody meet for a fairy's ear ;
 So on life's common waves beats sorrow's rain,
 And gentle voices sing a sweet refrain
 That angels hear.

Finished her work and sunbeams bright descend,
 Conduct her o'er a rainbow bridge above ;
 So on our tearful tasks angels attend,
 And hours of anguish have an unseen friend
 Whose name is Love.

SHE LOVES ME STILL.

Beside the fire my wife and I
 With tales of bygone days our evenings fill ;
 Upon her brow the snows of winter lie,
 And from her eyes (two stars in evening's sky),
 Electric messages come silently.
 She loves me still.

The sky was bright, the flowers were gay,
 When bravely we essayed to climb life's hill ;
 Joy came beside and whispered on the way

Of Earth's sweet hopes—though fleeting was their
stay—

And Joy with Earth's sweet hopes has fled away.

She loves me still.

Stern Sorrow was our fireside guest ;
Bereavement bowed us to its own sad will ;
Death led our babes on greener beds to rest,
Till one by one each songster left the nest ;
They bade good night, her hand in mine was prest.
She loved *me* still.

Bright Fortune fluttered through the door,
Then passed no more to cross our humble sill ;
Her hands worked with a speed unknown before,
Choice dinners came from meagre scraps dressed o'er,
Clothes turned and brushed the nicest patches bore.
She loved me still.

Some love for earth, and some for heaven :
The first, a loved one's place how soon can fill !
Once and for aye my earnest love is given,—
Together through life's good and ill we've striven,—
'Twill be my joy to know in earth or heaven
She loves me still.

STANZAS.

Before our hearts can know there's one to love us,
Or ears can tell whence comes the soothing strain,

Ere we can read the dear eyes bent above us,
 Or prize the kisses that are showered like rain,
 A mother's love like summer dew is falling ;
 Her tender voice to dormant senses calling.

And can it be that we are unperceiving
 A kindlier love than that of life's first year?
 That we are now a holier spirit grieving
 Than that which shed o'er infant faults its tear?
 That we are taking as a right we earn,
 God's daily gifts, and making no return?

STANZAS.

Oh ! never more shall Earth's broad spreading face
 Wear the untarnished garb our childhood knew,
 Nor seasons more shall bring the fadeless grace,
 That in our thoughts with ev'ry bright leaf grew.

Winter no more shall drop her fleecy veil
 (Which like white feathered birds our childhood
 saw),
 But Misery hand in hand shall tell her tale—
 Before our saddened eyes her pictures draw.

No more the yellow leaf blown from the tree
 Shall please our fancy like a gilded toy,
 But speak its own and man's mortality ;
 And age find grief, where childhood knew but joy.

The years, that erst we bade so swiftly fly,
 Need soon no impetus to urge them on ;
 But like dark clouds across a wintry sky,
 One moment here, the next so quickly gone ;

But the to-morrow Hope once painted bright,
 With blissful images is ever filled ;
 And Faith grows firmer, that with coming night
 Naught but the *earthly* in the grave is *stilled*.

THE TEACHER'S WORK.

Not on the canvas doth the Teacher's hand
 In beauty's lines his daily task portray,
 Not fleeting Nature with harmonious hues
 Depict and bid transfigured there to stay.

From out the marble block with patient art
 He bids no sleeping beauty wake ! arise !
 Nor brings his dreams of haunting loveliness
 Before the curious World's admiring eyes.

He calls no music forth from note or string
 To thrill and sway the list'ning multitude ;
 His eloquence holds not the public ear,
 Shaping the public mind for future good.

A higher work than Painter's art is his ;
 A nobler grace he carves than Sculptor's dream ;
 He bids the Soul's imprisoned thoughts awake,
 And the dull eye with reason's light to beam.

He worketh ever with a trusting Faith
 That seeth *now* the harvest gathered in ;
 And countless minds directed by his thought,
 The fruits of Knowledge pressing on to win.

The Great and Good of earth lay at his feet
 The tribute grateful mem'ry still bestows :
 And through the shadows of his daily life
 Affection's sunshine still around him glows.

THE SABBATH CALM.

The Sabbath sun ! how brightly break
 Its golden beams o'er earth and skies,
 As if of our poor earth to make
 A Paradise !

The sounds of week-day labor cease,
 And softly on the ambient air
 There rests a hallowed spell of peace,
 That seems a prayer.

So without noise or stormy wrath
 Cometh the kingdom of our God !
 Peace, gentleness, love, mark the path
 On earth Christ trod.

There soft Compassion lingered long,
 There Hope the downcast sinner cheered,—
 And drawn by Love, whose bands are strong,
 Their Home men neared.

So when this troubled life shall cease,
 And toils and sorrows all be past,
 May we a Sabbath calm of peace
 Enter at last.

A CLOUD COMES O'ER THE SUN.

The blood flows warm, the heart beats high,
 And youth essays life's race to run ;
 But suddenly athwart the sky
 A cloud comes o'er the sun.

Bright hopes, like flowers whose life is light,
 Are opening daily one by one ;
 But tear-drops fill their cups to-night—
 A cloud comes o'er the sun.

Love strives to lift her veil's thick fold,
 The soul to meet by whom she's won—
 Eyes turn aside and hands are cold ;
 A cloud comes o'er the sun.

Man toils for many weary years
 To finish what his youth begun,
 And when the goal his spirit nears,
 A cloud comes o'er the sun.

But God be praised ! a world of light
 Awaits us when life's journey's done,
 Where, 'mid eternal glories bright,
 No cloud comes o'er the sun !

THE FRIENDS' BURYING GROUND.

Lonely it lies upon the busy street ;
 There wanders round its low mounds but the wind ;
 Its grass untrodden by men's careless feet.
 In its few trees the warbling spring birds find
 A place to weave unscared their airy nests.
 Winter sends down its fleecy veil of snow,
 Which never broken on its surface rests
 A spotless cov'ring for the graves below.
 Its gate ne'er opens save when through the year
 Death sends one inmate more in it to lie ;
 Its rusty hinges grate not on his ear
 As in Death's carriage dark he passes by.
 Its high old wooden fence forbids the gaze
 Which might behold a lesson daily there,
 Where in the silent dust how soon decays
 All which in life, earth's children call most fair.
 Silent as in their worship here they lie !
 The spirit moving once forever fled !
 No white-haired Elder in this company,
 Lifting above the rest his silver head !
 To yon brick Church how many year by year
 Came worshipping in happy household bands,
 Till with their God death called them to appear
 To worship in a house not made with hands !

THE SEED.

" Who'll help me ? " cried the little Seed,
 " Full long I have been sleeping ;

Will no one to my voice give heed?"

"I," said the Rain-Drop, weeping.

"I'll send my pelting hammers down

Until your prison's broken,

I'll deck you with a pearly crown."

Scarcely the words were spoken

Than shining elves their tools did ply

To free th' imprisoned lady ;

As quick as light their hammers fly—

Hands willing, bold and ready.

So the Seed's heart began to swell

With thought of freedom coming ;

She almost fancied she could tell

The wild bee's gentle humming.

And soon the prison walls were down ;

The graceful Rain-Drop met her—

He decked her with a pearly crown,

Removed each earth-bound fetter.

Then came a sunbeam bright and warm,

Who bade the drop, ascending,

Rise up the rainbow's arch to form ;

Where gorgeous hues were blending.

The Seed put forth her fingers small

The Sunbeam's warm hand clasping,

Hoping to rise, fearing to fall,

Her new friend firmly grasping ;

And soon above the loosened earth
 Her soft green leaflets flutter ;
 While bird and bee with guileless mirth
 Their welcome gayly utter.

And yet again the Rain-Drop comes
 And patters round her lightly ;
 The whirring insect softly hums,
 The glow-worm sees her nightly.

The summer wind with sweetest breath
 Doth vainly strive to woo her ;
 The lady's deaf to all he saith,
 And turns from her pursuer.

But towards the Sun, the summer Sun,
 The plant is ever bending ;
 For him her blossoms one by one
 Open, their perfume sending.

For did he not from earth and gloom
 To light and day restore her ?
 And is not his her richest bloom
 As daily he bends o'er her ?

LIFE.

Oh ! what is life ? to dream of happiness ;
 To pass through Childhood like a merry bird ;
 To have kind faces round the heart to bless ;
 A stream whose golden sands are never stirred.

What is life? to *wake* from this fond dreaming,
 To have the spirit's eye to woe unsealed ;
 To mistrust Friendship for an outward seeming ;
 To have the grief and sins of earth revealed.

What is life? e'en as a child awaketh
 On a bright morn with pleasures round him spread
 And all too soon a powerful hand him taketh,
 And leads th' unwilling sobbing child to bed.

So man too oft to life's poor treasures clings,
 When Death would lead him to a quiet sleep ;
 Putting away the robe, a kind hand brings,
 Contented still life's shabby dress to keep !

THE OLD SLAVE'S CURSE.

An old slave sat at the close of day,
 Too weary for slumber, too hopeless to pray ;
 In thankless toil had his life passed away.

Many a crop had he wrung from the soil,
 His hands were large and horny with toil,
 He had fought Labor's Battle ; but where was the spoil?

He had worked in the garden, picked in the field,
 Raised the vine's clusters, the harvest's rich yield ;
 Loads of ripe fruit he had carted and wheeled.

All *his* food was hominy, oft without salt ;
 But the minister said he must not find fault,
 And ne'er in the path of his duty must halt.

And what were his wages for life's weary years ?
 A suit of blue homespun, hard stripes and salt tears,
 And a rod for his soul through the gospel's stern fears.

His wife, no,— companion, was torn from his arms ;
 For rich men had eyes and could pay for her charms ;
 And the Law was not made for a chattel's alarms !

His children, no,—animals, they were sold round,
 Bringing “masser ” high prices if warranted sound,
 Regarded by “masser” like racer or hound !

The old slave sat at the close of day,
 Too weary for slumber, too hopeless to pray,
 And he thought of his life almost passed away,

And his spirit rose up from his long life-time wrong
 And broke forth in words by the winds borne along,
 Till the north and the south, east and west heard the
 wrong.

Cursed be Earth ! when the man that sows the grain
 And waters the furrows with blood like rain,
 May never a competence hope to gain !
 Cursed be the Earth !

And down the lane of long ago
 Two soft brown eyes so gently beam,
 While like rose-tints upon the snow,
 Athwart her cheek with sudden glow
 Love's signal fires so brightly gleam.

Sweet Heart among the birds and flowers ;
 With tall, green hedges blossoming by,
 Light fringing sprays begemmed with showers,
 Green clust'ring buds, make fragrant bowers
 To screen the pair from every eye.

The pair? ah ! yes, for all were twain ;
 The mites that lived beneath their tread,
 The insects in the rustling grain,
 The butterflies upon the plain,
 The bird's soft warbling overhead.

Love hath its Eden — be it here,
 Or in some deep, imagined dream,
 Where skies are always bright and clear,
 And Heaven bends down to earth so near—
 And Love tints all with rosy beam.

Sweet Heart ! forth from the buried years
 Come youthful faces glad with smiles,
 With all of earthly bloom that cheers,
 With sunny Hope, undimmed by tears,
 That long, how long, the heart beguiles.

THE PRODIGALITY OF BEAUTY.

Oh ! what a waste of beauty is displayed
 Upon the fading page of every day ;
 Millions of blossoms deck the wind-swept glade
 With richer tints than human arts display.

What gorgeous beauty gilds the fleecy cloud
 With endless changes until evening gray !
 And when the hours the dying day must shroud,
 With regal splendor does it pass away.

And what eternal beauty fills the night
 From stars lone burning since Creation's day !
 Though millions sleep, unconscious of the sight,
 Still, still descends from heaven each far-sent ray.

What tender loveliness surrounds the Spring !
 Who sitteth, child-like, heeding not the cold,
 So that her lap is bright with blossoming,
 And looketh gay with flowers of blue and gold.

What charms beam forth from Summer's rosy face
 When with the Sun's warm kiss 'tis glowing red !
 While on the useful grains and fruits is grace
 In form and coloring how richly shed !

And when the year, her work completed, dies,
 What loveliness is blending with decay !
 Each forest arch, warm hued like sunset skies,
 Writes Nature's triumph soon to fade away.

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While e'en old Winter, shivering and cold,
 Mimics with cunning hand Spring's buds and flowers,
 Bids every tree its snowy foliage hold,
 And turns to gems the heaven's descending showers.

THOUGHTS IN THE FIELDS.

Come o'er the hills ! the sun is setting ;
 The dying sunbeams spread o'er the sky,
 In gorgeous beauty higher ascending,—
 Why cannot we in like glory die ?

See in the leaves a tremulous motion,
 The wind runs his fingers through earth's green hair,
 Like rolling waves of billowy ocean,
 They whisper the heart's unspoken prayer.

O'er the hills there's a sense of freedom—
 Drop for awhile the shackles of care !
 Think that God walks here as once in Eden,
 Shedding his beauty everywhere !

What is the world, its life and fashion ?
 Fleeting and transient they pass away :
 Man strives to perfect his works, but Nature
 Needs no improvement, it knows no decay !

Wearing enough the din and bustle,
 The constant round of the city's toil ;

The steady strain of brain and muscle,
The labor that wastes, the sins that soil.

Come o'er the hills and leave behind you
The dust and heat of the summer day !
Rend for awhile the chains that bind you,
And lay the cares of your life away !

SUMMER'S BREATH.

Sweet breath of summer time !
Of fragrant blossoms, and of scented hay—
Of blossoms bending where soft rain-drops chime
A measured roundelay.

Sweet breath of summer time !
Where the wind through the brier roves about
Through southern vines that upward daily climb,
And all their sweets pour out.

The heavy laden air,
Droppeth its perfumed burden all around,
As happy souls the blessedness would share,
Wherewith they do abound.

Seeming the smile of God,
The sunshine falleth o'er the green-clad earth,
And like a hidden army from the sod,
Myriads of flowers have birth ;

And, dancing with the wind,
 Shake out their scented garments in the breeze,
 Their flowery robes, the ever graceful trees,
 The fickle gales to bind.

Sweet breath of summer time !
 Of fragrant blossoms and of scented hay—
 Of blossoms bending where soft rain-drops chime
 A liquid roundelay.

THE CALLERS.

Softly 'mid the world's confusion
 Comes a knocking at the door
 Of the heart. Oh, strange delusion,
 That doth make us evermore
 Bid it depart !

There sweet Charity is standing
 With her pleading, earnest eyes,
 With her feet upon the landing ;
 Oft to enter in she tries,
 But all in vain.

There meek Prayer is ever waiting,
 Seeing grief and pain go in ;
 Why should she be hesitating,
 When such evil guests within
 Have borne their woe ?

Faith comes ling'ring round the portal,
 Pointing through earth's misty veil ;
 But we cling to what is mortal,
 And reject her wondrous tale
 Forevermore.

Love divine seeks oft to enter,
 But a love has passed before
 Where our best affections centre ;
 And we turn forth from the door
 Our holy guest !

Softly 'mid the world's confusion
 Comes a knocking at the door
 Of the heart. Oh ! strange delusion,
 That doth make us evermore
 Bid it depart !

THE TIME TO DIE.

When is the time to die ?
 Not when the heart world-weary seeks for rest,
 And Death's quick coming would be welcomed, blest,
 And to Eternity
 The soul would rush unthinking and alone,
 Fearing no evils save those it had flown.

When is the time to die?
 Not when the heart with happiness is filled,
 And the soul's yearnings for its home are stilled,
 And gliding swiftly by
 The pleasant hours, oh ! all too soon, do pass,
 And man's weak fingers seek to turn the glass !

When is the time to die?
 Not when the heart's best treasures from it riven
 Strength for the hour of death to it hath given,
 Even with them to lie
 Neath the green sods that deck the dark earth's breast,
 E'en though that slumber were a final rest.

But 'tis the time to die
 When the soul through its sorrows learns to *live!*
 When 'mid the happiness that earth can give,
 Still rise its thoughts on high.
 When it can feel it hath not lived in vain,
 Then is the time to die ! Death will be *gain!*

LIFE ETERNAL

What is Age to those who'll live forever?
 'Tis but a glance through Life's just opened door,
 That, opened once, closes its portals never ;
 To live, to be, forever, evermore.

What is Age to those who'll live forever?

An hundred years? the soul scarce learns to soar —
Life's golden cord not Death himself can sever,
To live, to be, forever, evermore.

What is knowledge? Souls that live forever

Through the ages will regard earth's lore,
Wondering that its wisest things seemed clever,
As they increase in wisdom more and more.

What is Love to those who'll live forever?

Ties earth centered, last its little day ; —
But the true spirit Love, no Death can sever,
They love in earth, but for Eternity.

What is Death to those who'll live forever?

An Angel veiled who walks earth's crumbling shore ;
Some spring to meet Him, some are shrinking ever,
We meet Him once — then part forevermore !

NOT DEATH BUT LOVE.

"Guess now who holds thee? Death, he said. But there
The silver answer rang, Not Death, but Love."

Not Death but Love ! thou would'st not shrink from
Love

E'en though the lips were cold that pressed thine
own.

Then gaze into the mild eyes bent above,

Not Death's, but Love's sweet eyes thy soul must own.

Cold, cold the breath, — but ope thy spirit's ears,
 Hear of the land that stretches far away,
 Where come no sundered love, no gushing tears,
 No darksome night ; but all is joy and day.

Heed not the earthly clasp that fain would stay,
 Gaze in the tender eyes that bend above, —
 Embrace the hand, though cold, that leads the way,
 And own with earth's last breath, not Death but Love.

“ WAS EVER GRIEF LIKE MINE? ”

—HERBERT.

How oft the soul in sorrow
 Is tempted to repine,
 And say amid its weeping,
 “ Was ever grief like mine? ”

Bending beneath bereavement,
 It sees no hand divine ;
 But cries out in its anguish,
 “ Was ever grief like mine? ”

Or in the night of sickness,
 When no bright Hope stars shine,
 It murmurs in its weakness,
 “ Was ever grief like mine? ”

Or when unloved and lonely,
 No fond affections twine,
 Binding the spirit earthward ;
 “ Was ever grief like mine ? ”

But oft amid our sadness
 There comes a voice divine,
 Saying “ O Soul, remember
 What heavy griefs were mine ! ”

“ I was unloved and lonely,—
 Oft lacking daily bread ;
 Owned in earth's many mansions
 No place to lay my head !

“ I knew no blessed childhood
 Of gay and thoughtless years !
 My soul was born to mourning,
 My spirit fed on tears !

“ I was a Man of Sorrows,
 Thrilled with deep agony,
 Scoffed at, despised, rejected !
 Dost thou remember me ? ”

Then turn we from our weeping ;
 Our murmurs we resign ;
 And thus the voice we answer,
 “ What are our griefs to thine ? ”

BEAUTY.

All things decay, yet beauty is not dead ;
 Her rosy face beams from each crimson tree,
 Though russet leaves bestrew the withered lea,
 And far and wide the Year's brown garments spread.

She looketh forth with meek and earnest eyes
 Where the last aster noddeth from the hill ;
 Her face is mirrored in the forest rill,
 And in the darkest nook her shadow lies.

Her smile is glancing from the yellow leaves,
 Where'er she treads the grass retains its green ;
 She lends the brown-plumed fern its golden sheen,
 The ripened fruit from her its blush receives.

And to the weary frame and weary heart
 She whispers, there is beauty in decay,
 Could we like Nature gently fade away,
 And in full hope to rise again depart.

TAKING LEAVE OF EARTH.

But a few years shall pass
 And we, O Earth, must take our leave of thee !
 The sunshine on the grass
 Will fall the same, the flower bloom on the lea.

The bird will trill his song
 When ears that loved his music are laid low ;
 The bright cloud float along,
 To other eyes its gorgeous beauty show.

The Spring will scatter flowers,
 While we shall wander 'mid eternal bloom ;
 For grief of earth, short April showers,
 Our souls shall find no room.

Autumn shall cast her leaf
 But 'mind us not of our mortality ;
 For with the earth-life brief
 All thoughts of change, decay, shall pass away.

Night will her shadows spread,
 While we shall walk in one unclouded day ;
 Death, a veiled angel, still the earth shall tread,
 Still mortals shrink away.

Earth will her partings show,
 And still the Soul for passing Soul will grieve ;
 While we the joy of welcoming shall know
 Those who their sorrows leave !

LOVE'S IDOL.

In the spirit's lone Cathedral,
 In a niche but God should fill,
 Love enshrines a cherished idol
 That commands and has its will.

There the heart its votive offerings
 Bringeth with a lavish hand ;
 There " life's golden wine " is pouring
 And the hours forgetful stand.

Strains of rapturous music stealing,
 Sounding through the dim aisles come,
 Sweet and soft, but not revealing
 Glimpses of a better home.

So the spirit bendeth earthward
 To its worship day by day ;
 Tells the beads of adoration
 Humbly to a form of clay ;

Till within the dim Cathedral
 Priest-like thoughts glide to and fro,
 Chanting o'er the burial service
 For life's best hope lying low.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Our country's banner let them bear
 Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are true.
 Fling out its folds upon the air,
 The red, the white, the blue !

The Red, the blood our Fathers shed,
 Watering Freedom's holy flowers,
 That sprang beneath oppression's tread ;
 They blossom round each lowly bed, —
 To guard those graves be ours !

The Blue, the Stars, are Freedom's heaven ;
 Would that it never more might wave
 Above a land to bondage given,
 Where toils one hopeless slave.

The White for peace, when Freedom reigns,
 When war and bloodshed are no more ;
 When harvests whiten all the plains
 With plenty as of yore.

Till then, our banner let them bear,
 Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are true !
 Fling out its folds in southern air,
 The red, the white, the blue.

Upon your march behold the Red,
 Our Fathers' blood poured out of old !
 Their patriotism is not dead,
 Their ashes are not cold !

Their monument still cleaves the sky
 Above the graves where martyrs sleep,
 Pointing with granite finger high
 The path their sons should keep !

Onward for Freedom and the Right !
 Let hands be strong, let hearts be true !
 'Tis for all coming time we fight
 Beneath the red, the white, the blue.

ENGLAND'S DEMAND FOR SLIDELL AND MASON.

(AN IMPROMPTU.)

Take them and welcome, Old England — the traitors !
 Though a slave cannot breathe on your boasted free
 soil,
 Your arms open wide to receive their oppressors.
 Should any one hinder, the world you'd embroil !

Sit down at your ease with your ears stuffed with cot-
 ton
 (Full long are they closed to your paupers' sad wail) !
 You like the slave's products, if others will keep him ;
 You heed not the sorrows pressed down in each bale.

Take them and welcome, Old England — the traitors !
 They could not *breathe* long in our free Northern
 air !

Take with them the *scorn* of a free-hearted nation —
 Then put forth another demand, if you dare !

Take them and welcome, Old England — the traitors !
 We'll send you the rest, or their heads, by and by,
 But never more say that you stand up for Freedom —
 Or the civilized world will call it a lie !

A CLOUD UPON OUR COUNTRY.

A cloud upon our country ! and it lies
 Because our country held so foul a wrong !

A wrong that burdened ev'ry breeze with sighs,
 Looked up unpitied with its weeping eyes,—
 And formed the minor strain in Freedom's song.

A cloud upon our country ! While God gave
 Blessings of plenty with a bounteous hand,
 We saw His image not in the poor slave,
 Sick and in prison and we did not save,
 Scourged, hunted, burned within our native land !

A cloud upon our country, not more dark
 Than that veiling her face so many years !
 Through the wide world was heard her blood-hound's
 bark,
 Making her name an ignominious mark, —
 Not all unheeded fell her bondmen's tears.

We may do wrong until we think it right,
 Familiarized with crime the crime defend.
 But down-crushed manhood hath resistless might
 When it arouses from oppression's night ;
 And pent up fires volcanic streams will send.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our Country ! how the prayer
 Fills the cold, wintry air,
 From Freedom's swelling heart ;

Aid her in this her hour,—
 Stretch forth Thine arm of power,
 Bid Anarchy depart !

From workshop, office, homes,
 E'en from God's temple comes
 The earnest, thrilling cry ;
 Fight for your future peace,—
 Bid not the war-notes cease
 Till ours the victory !

Let the bold rallying cry
 North, East and Westward fly,
 Our Country *shall be free !*
 Firm as her rock-bound shore,
 Make her forevermore
 A land of Liberty.

Pure as her snow-clad hills,
 Be ev'ry thought that fills
 Her soldiers' manly hearts !
 For God and Native Land,
 True as the steel to stand
 Till the last breath departs.

Our Country ! how the prayer
 Fills the chill wintry air ;
 But God's heart is not cold ;
 Souls in the path of Right,
 Cloud, Fire, by day, by night,
 His presence will infold.

A SUMMONS.

From where Old Ocean gathers in might,
 His reign undisputed for years,
 Rouse ye, my Brothers, and gird for the fight,
 Arm with the sword and the buckler of right !
 Stand forth, ye brave Volunteers !

From homes that nestle among the hills,
 Where the cornfield rattles its spears,
 Rise, with the hands' honest labor made strong !
 Come, with the hearts that have suffered so long !
 Stand forth, ye brave Volunteers !

Forth from the woods, your axes laid low
 (For dark the horizon appears) !
 Sharpen your weapons to drive back the foe !
 Point out the coward, who dares to say no !
 Stand forth, ye brave Volunteers.

Come from our mountains, whose summits have shown
 Freedom's light breaking forth o'er a world !
 Let vassals of darkness be charged—overthrown—
 To the dust their false ensign be hurled !
 For the present—*bear up!* for the Future—*no fears!*
 Stand forth, all ye brave Volunteers !

Come from the office, the pulpit, the plough !
 Have faith in the helmsman who steers !
 The crisis is reached, it is found in the Now ;
 Strike boldly for Freedom (or evermore bow) !
 Stand forth, all ye brave Volunteers.

"YOU WILL HEAR IT THUNDER ALL AROUND."

Let it thunder all around,
 Till it clear the tainted air !
 Till our soil be Freedom's ground
 And no chains our brothers wear.

Let it thunder all around,
 Till deaf South the tidings hear !
 Thy Brother's blood cries from the ground !
 Before the Judgment seat appear !

Let it thunder all around,
 Rise, and let th' oppressed go free !
 Not till *we, too*, hear the sound,
 Will God give the victory.

Let it thunder all around,
 Till upon our fruitful soil
 Not one trembling slave be found
 Bending o'er his unpaid toil !

Let it thunder all around,
 Till old England feels once more,
 Hands as strong and hearts abound,
 As once made her Lion roar !

Let it thunder all around !
 Till all foreign nations own
 That our Eagle fierce, unbound,
 Had be better let alone !

Let it thunder all around,
 Till it clear the tainted air !
 Till our soil be Freedom's ground
 And no chains our brothers wear.

THE UNKNOWN SHORE.

How toss our barks upon Life's troubled ocean !

How, when the tempest's noise and strife are o'er,
 Sailing along with slow and slower motion,
 We stop to anchor on the unknown shore !

Through different streams by devious ways all drifting,
 Leave the Birth Country which they see no more—
 But feel that Angel wings each day are lifting,
 Swelling their sails to near that unknown shore.

Upon the waves bright waifs are often floating,
 Fair fruits and flowers no earthly clime e'er bore,
 And from old voyagers' books and records noting,
 We say they reach us from that unknown shore.

Oft thoughts of Peace like white-winged birds come
 flying ;
 Forth from no earthly land they rising soar ;
 Singing of cloudless days and love undying,
 Of sweet reunions on that unknown shore.

What wonder then the Soul oft feels a longing,
 As though a restless guest its bosom bore,
 And round it shadowy forms seem often thronging,
 Pleading and calling to that unknown shore !

ALI'S VISION.

In the soft fragrance of an eastern evening,
 When scented breezes wandered to and fro,
 And stars like living gems thick set in heaven
 Shed o'er the narrow streets a silv'ry glow ;
 When music mingled with the plashing fountain,
 Which seemed to time its droppings to its round,
 While Age rejoiced in smiles of happy childhood,
 And dark eyes told of love to eyes around—
 Lo ! Ali sat beneath his tattered awning
 Pouring forth lamentations on the air ;
 Beating his breast or falling earthward prostrate,
 Rending his robes and plucking out his hair ;
 "Oh ! why am I so poor and wretched?" crying,
 "When joy and mirth float on the balmy gale?
 Why mourn I now the loss of my last drachma
 And to my loved ones dread to tell the tale?"
 When lo ! a voice said, "raise thyself, O Ali !
 And look within the mirror that I hold."
 There Ali saw dead Pilgrims in a desert,
 Around them heavy bags of shining gold.
 Then the voice said, "One gift there is, O Ali,
 To thee remaining, to thy babes, thy wife,
 Without which gold in earth had useless slumbered !
 What is it?" Ali answered, "It is Life !"

"Gaze thou again !" and Ali saw a city
 Where gorgeous homes contained plague-stricken men,
 Where women, children, writhed on downy pillows.

Then the voice said, "O Ali, think again !
 What other gift hath spread o'er thee its mantle,
 Without which nought avails the boon of wealth —
 Which like a rosy cloud sheds on thy children
 The tints of beauty?" Ali answered, "Health !"

"Then, look once more !" and Ali saw a pilgrim
 Trav'ling a barren waste with weary tread —
 Now drooping with fatigue, athirst and fainting,
 While Noon's hot rays beat fiercely on his head ;
 And, seen afar (though hidden from the trav'ler),
 Green trees spread fragrant blossoms in the air,
 Clear, sparkling brooks sent forth refreshing coolness,
 Soft melodies of birds resounded there.

"These," said the voice, "are waiting for the pilgrim,
 Would he but raise his eyes and thoughts to heaven ;
 But now, despairing, the one gift he lacketh,
 By which against life's woes he else had striven !
 Like thine, his eyes rest only on the present ;
 The Future beckons with no waving palm,
 No living water rises to invite him,
 And Gilead hath for him no healing balm !"

Then Ali said, "let Faith her gift bestowing,
 Uplift the veil that shrouds my vision here ;
 And 'mid life's desert sands, dry, heated, glowing,
 Green Oases arise my heart to cheer !
 Let poverty, abasement, earthly sorrow
 Reveal the angel that within them lies —
 And the soul feel amid its deepest sadness
 God loveth still the son he doth chastise !"

THE DEVIL.

He walks the streets in broadcloth clad,
No cloven hoof, 'tis he, foretelling ;
His feet in patent leather bright,
He waltzes at the ball at night,
Of fragrant perfumes smelling.

Within the lawyers' ranks he sits ;
Indignantly he talks of crime
With rounded periods, striking hits,
He can describe, the coat so fits —
For he has worn it through all time !

Presiding at the brokers' board
He talks of fair per cent. and gain ;
From many a homestead's smiling face
His hand has blotted every trace
Of hope, where toilers strive in vain !

His house is filled with costly things ;
The richest clothes his children wear,
And tempting baits around he flings ;
But to his garment ever clings
A scent of brimstone on the air.

Amid the good physician's train
He holds out premiums for sin,
Unheeding human life or pain ;
His eager fingers clutch the gain ;
His flaming bills the crowd still win.

Closely he scans the good man's path,
 And if he trips, exulting cries,—
 Stands at the corners, bids men look,
 Writes down his failings in a book,
 Viewed through the lens of his vile eyes.

He makes great efforts for the poor,
 With Loan Funds and with Savings Banks,
 In his own pockets makes it sure,
 And when the money is secure,
 He joins the swindler's ranks.

No viler demons shall we meet
 Than those now clothed in earthly guise !
 No hotter place of torment greet
 Than that which passion makes complete ;
 Than, heat by sin, within us lies !

DEATH.

Why should we chide thee, Death ?
 O patient watcher by the weary bed,
 Where sickness turns her never-resting head ;
 Like flutt'ring bird, thou dost set free the breath.
 Why should we chide thee, Death ?

Why should we chide thee, Death ?
 For the unloved of earth thou wear'st a smile,
 A soothing peace, that doth their woes beguile ;
 "Come unto rest *through* me," thy sweet voice saith,
 Why should we chide thee, Death ?

Why should we chide thee, Death?
 Thou leadest where all tears are wiped away,
 Where Night's dark veil falls from the face of Day,
 Where is no grief, no pain, thy kind voice saith.
 Why should we chide thee, Death?

Why should we chide thee, Death?
 Thou art the Porter to the heavenly gate;
 Could we but *see* Heaven's joys, we should not wait,
 But eagerly press through till out of breath.
 Why should we chide thee, Death?

HEAVEN IS NEAR.

"Nothing is farther than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than
 heaven to earth."

Heaven is near—its melodies are stealing
 On the calm silence of the Sabbath air,
 Where to the wounded heart come words of healing,
 Or the soul, dove-like, wings its way in prayer.

Heaven is near—voices of friends departed
 Still send their echoes on Time's rocky shore,
 Saying,—here find a rest, earth's weary-hearted,
 Where grief nor pain nor death can enter more.

Heaven is near where Charity is standing
 And giveth all she hath to feed the poor;
 And though her feet pause at Death's shadowy landing,
 Her treasure lies beyond, from rust secure.

Heaven is near where fresh young life is springing,
 Finding in all around unshadowed bliss ;
 From years gone by a heavenly Voice is ringing,
 Saying, of such Heaven's spotless kingdom is !

But earth how far from heaven in its commotion,
 Its tide of passion and the ebb and flow,
 Where surges on the restless human Ocean—
 The hearts this side the grave no rest to know !

How far above heaven's golden radiance streameth,
 Sending through life's dull cares its dazzling dream,
 Until our way within green pastures seemeth—
 We slake our thirst beside the living stream.

But, while our feet press on to the high calling,
 Lo ! Heaven recedes and beckons far away !
 Daily beneath its cross the spirit falling,
 Abased and weeping in the dust must lay !

HEAVENLY WATCHERS.

Spirits that have passed before
 In God's universe of Love,
 While they serve, bow and adore,
 Must feel happier as of yore,
 When the robes of earth they wore,
 To know we're coming.

Spirits who have passed before,
 Still ascending day by day,
 Growing holier, learning more,
 Must rejoice upon their way,
 Knowing we shall be as they,
 When to them coming.

Though new glories meet their sight,
 Though Death's shades are left behind,
 In our world of mist and night
 Something must exist to bind
 Starry eyes that watch to find,
 To hail us coming.

Life that's measured not by years,
 Life from pain and sorrow free,
 Wiped of earth's o'erflowing tears,
 Clothed with immortality,
 Waiteth now for you and me,
 To meet us coming.

OUR LOST CHILDHOOD.

Whither has our childhood fled?
 We look not out with the same eyes ;
 The morning's rosy blushes spread,
 And Nature paints her bluest skies,
 But Heaven lies no more overhead.

The road-side flower looks smiling up,
 But fairies drink the dew no more
 The morning sprinkles in its cup ;
 Nor dance upon its leaves green floor,
 And 'neath the moonbeams careless sup.

Time once seemed a rosy boy
 And while we frolicked he stood still,
 Seemed in our sports to find a joy :
 But now he drives us at his will,—
 We work as slaves in his employ.

Once the earth for us was made ;
 We revelled in its sunshine warm ;
 Ours were the flowers that decked the glade,
 Our plaything was the wintry storm ;
 Now what we own is marked by sexton's spade.

We gaze upon a lock of hair,
 And marvel if its gold were ours ;
 If eyes so faded erst were fair ;
 If cheeks once blossomed like the flowers,
 So pallid now and lined by care.

Earth's childhood comes with every Spring,
 But ours soon spent returns no more ;
 Earth sees but once its blossoming,
 Time counts but once its treasures o'er ;
 But mem'ry still to it will cling.

And Faith points out where yet again
 The Soul its robes of white shall wear
 Without a blemish or a stain ;
 Blest is the Angel that shall bear
 The soul its childhood to regain.

ALL THINGS POSSIBLE WITH GOD.

How from the earth's cold breast in frozen zone
 Almighty Power doth send the current warm,
 Cause in the boiling springs to flower and seed,
 A plant, creation's weakest, tenderest form !

How by the same Almighty power is grown
 A tiny plant, red blushing on the snow,
 Giving a rosy light to landscapes chill,
 And bidding icy vales with beauty glow.

And from the soul of man, benumbed and cold,
 Can He not bid the Heart's warm current leap,
 Bursting the chilling bonds of birth and caste,
 With sympathy no icy fetters keep ?

Within the boiling tide of vain desire
 Can He not cause an earnest love to spring ?
 A heavenly plant, to shed on joyless lives
 A fresher perfume, and new hopes to bring ?

As vegetation rises to the light
 Two hundred feet or more from the deep sea,
 So shall our souls resume their native right,
 And through earth's waves still struggle up to Thee.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

Not with the clang of arms,
 Or trumpet's loud alarms,
 Or weapons that should drip with human gore,
 Went out th' advent'rous band
 Unto the frozen land,
 To fight the Frost King on his own bleak shore.

Science sailed with them forth
 Unto the ice-bound North,
 And bade them wrest her secrets from his hold ;
 With purpose firm as steel,
 Thought fixed on future weal,
 She armed, instructed them against the cold.

For the long, dazzling day
 Of months' enduring ray,
 And equal night of dull, funereal gloom ;
 The winter's fearful length,
 The cold's death-wielding strength,
 The earth enshrouded as in Nature's tomb.

Sleet mailed each mast and shroud ;
 Vast icebergs cracking loud

Threatened them hourly with o'erwhelming fate ;
 On pressed the noble crew,
 With hearts as firm as true,
 To bid the Frost King stern unbar his gate.

 So passed they on from sight ;
 Uncertainty's dark night
 Hung o'er them clouded by the veil of years :
 Eyes dimmed in many a home
 Watching to see them come,
 Or wept as for the dead with bitter tears.

 Traces at length are found,
 And mournful tales spread round,
 And with earth's martyrs are their names enrolled.
 The North its secret keeps—
 The Frost King grimly sleeps,
 Safely environed by the ice and cold.

 Science alone remained,
 Baffled and speechless, pained
 That human life must yield to Nature's power.
 But still for unknown quest
 She fills men with unrest,
 And loads with wondrous dreams the Future's hour.

THE BLUE ABOVE.

Above us all one common roof it bends,
 Arching alike our cradle and our grave ;
 Like the blue eyes of some familiar friend
 Whose look our earliest, latest pleasure gave.

From life's dull cares how oft our gaze will turn,
 As if, through its blue depths, a home of rest
 Our restless longings could afar discern,
 Where earth's sad, weary children shall be blest.

'Tis there our earliest thought first pictured Heaven,
 A land of happiness, of song, and bloom,
 To which our souls should rise on bright wings given ;
 No thought of "dust to dust," or darksome tomb.

To it our dying eyes will fondly turn,
 And linger, as on faces that we love ;
 As if the passing soul its fate would learn,—
 Find, in the outward light, the light it seeks above.

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION OF
 EMANCIPATION.**

The Voice of Freedom swells the blast—
 Our country shall *at last be free!*
 Stand out in summer warmth, ye hills !
 Earth, 'neath her ice ribbed armor, thrills
 To welcome liberty !

No more her cotton fields shall blow
 To mock the slave's long patient toil ;
 Bursting with wealth he ne'er may know—
 Nor unpaid hands the rice plant grow
 Within the dank, unhealthy soil.

No more the sugar cane shall wave
 Derisively upon the field,
 Where ceaseless work dug many a grave ;
 No pitying hand stretched forth to save—
 No thought, except how large the yield.

No more the mother with a kiss
 Her babe to other hands shall give,
 Fearful her 'customed task to miss,
 Urged onward by the whip's fierce hiss—
 Living to delve, delving to live.

No more shall piercing wails be heard
 Where sundered are the holiest ties,
 And miscalled Christians stand around,
 Bidding as though 'twere horse or hound,
 With stony hearts and tearless eyes.

Shine forth, O Sun, with summer gleams,
 While winter rules the lakes and hills !
 In frozen hearts the pent-up streams
 Have caught the warmth of Freedom's beams,
 And Life with new-found vigor thrills.

Shine down, O Moon, upon our land !
 Henceforth your rays behold no slave !
 No cowering forms despair unmanned ;
 Erect and free, thank God, they stand,
 Finding new hope this side the grave.

The Voice of Freedom swells the blast—
 Our country shall *at last be free!*

The sport of foreign foes no more,
 Proudly her Eagle learns to soar,
 Looks on the sun as ne'er before,
 The Sun of Liberty !

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

A humble birth-place hadst thou, child of Song !
 E'en as the sweetest flower the lowest lies,
 Hidden almost its own green leaves among ;
 Scarce its existence known, save when the skies
 Send down their cooling drops upon the flower
 And fill with fragrance its lone woodland bower ;
 As when the brightest bird hath built its nest
 In the old branches of some forest tree—
 Unknown to ev'ry one its place of rest
 Save when breaks forth its thrilling melody.
 Thou wast unknown till on thy spirit fell
 The dews of Heaven which forth Heart-perfume
 brought
 Filling with fragrance many a Scottish dell,
 Bringing heart-music to the humble cot.
 Although the humble sparrows' straw-built nest
 Is not more rude than thy low straw-thatched home,
 Still shall thy songs be heard from east to west ;
 Still to thy humble birth-place men shall come ;
 Mementos of the Peasant Bard be sought
 When all the Kings of England are forgot.

THE OLD-FASHIONED STORE.

'Tis an old-fashioned store, for the windows are small,
 The counters and fixtures are simple enough ;
 You'd scarce ask for anything there, and not find,
 From soap, shoes and flour, to a cent's worth of
 snuff.

'Tis an *old-fashioned* store, for the owner will tell
 If the article's *good* that you come there to buy ;
 And when it is *poor*, why, the *cheaper* he'll sell,
 And he never puts off damaged goods, on the sly.

'Tis an *old-fashioned* store, for the measures are *just*,
 And he sells them heaped up in the *old-fashioned*
style.
 He is laying up treasure where moth cannot rust,
 If he *does* not add one, each day, to his pile.

'Tis an *old-fashioned* store, for the *poor* can go there
 And spend a few cents 'neath no clerk's sneering
 eye ;
 Where they are not ashamed to *take home* the goods,
 They have *honestly earned* the money to buy.

'Tis an *old-fashioned* store ; if they run up a bill
 They always intend him who *trusts* them, to *pay* !
 Far *worse* than the robber at midnight who steals,
 The villain, who cheats in the *new-fashioned way* !

'Tis an *old-fashioned store*, and the sharp ones may
laugh

When its *old-fashioned owner* they happen to meet ;
But their souls are as empty as wind-driven chaff,
They know not the worth of Eternity's wheat.

NATURE JOYOUS.

"Come to the woods and hills, no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

Nature is joyous if we smile or sigh :

The Spring's green lap is always filled with flowers ;
Upon the tender buds warm sunbeams lie,
And diamonds sparkle in the April showers.

The pensiveness of Autumn days is *ours*,
For *Nature* owns no sadness in decay ;
Her brightest tints adorn the last few flowers,
Her ripened, falling leaves are always gay.

Amid the wildest storms, oft starry eyes
Look out how peacefully upon the strife,—
As if 'mid howling winds and mortal cries
They saw but transits to a happy life.

E'en where our loved ones sought their last repose,
Nature with smiling eyes looks through the gloom ;
How year by year, with tender hand, she throws
A robe of beauty o'er the darksome tomb !

Changeless amid her changes, still the same
 As when the bloom of Eden round her hung ;
 When unto man the forests' monarchs came,
 And birds unconscious of his presence sung.

How with a thoughtful care doth Nature place
 Her cooling hands upon the care-worn brow,
 And bid the weary eyes new beauty trace,
 And give the weary heart new joy to know.

SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring ! a thousand years ago
 Eyes waited for thy steps even as now,
 And watched to see thee fling from bough to bough
 Thy drapery of leaves, thy blooms of snow.

Even as now the Robin's cheerful song
 Told of the Earth awaking from her dreams,
 Bright, flower-crowned, bending over rippling streams,
 Viewing her face hid by the ice veil long.

Even as now, upon the brown hill's side
 Where timid flowers peeped from the new-warmed ground
 Came little feet, like rain-drops patt'ring round ;
 And bright eyes searching where a bud might hide.

So shall it be a thousand years to come,
 When we and all we love have passed from earth :—
 The same familiar flowers shall deck the turf,
 And in their honeyed cells the bees shall hum ;

The bird's soft warbling note shall welcome Spring,
 The Earth awaking shall again resume
 Her robe of green, shall burst her darksome tomb,
 The icy cerements that round her cling,—

And all forgetful of her winter's sleep
 With rosy face shall rise to joy and song !
 So we immortals, 'mid God's happy throng
 No record of our earth life then shall keep !

TO THE SNOW.

Emblem of Purity ! softly descending,
 Decking the waiting Earth e'en as a bride ;
 Weaving her veil so white,
 See how the snow-flakes light
 Cover her cheeks where the roses must hide.

Busily falling in valley and glen,
 Mimicking summer's bud, blossom and leaf ;
 Jewels they form so bright,
 Glitt'ring in sun and light ;
 Neatly they braid and plat Earth's bridal wreath.

Emblem of Purity ! softly descending,
 Visit our earth awhile soon to return—
 Spotless to reach the sky,
 Bearing no stain on high,—
 Would that from thee, we a lesson might learn.

Wandering through vice and sin though our frail steps
 have been,
 Still would our spirit long, long to be free ;
 Shaking off earthly dross,
 God-like beneath its cross,
 Would it rise stainless and heavenward with thee !

OLD AGE.

When earthly shades are falling fast,
 And age doth take us by the hand,
 Let no regretful thoughts be cast
 Upon the years our lives have spanned.

What though Spring hung her blossoms there
 With song of bird, and skies were blue !
 We seek to find a land more fair ;
 We list to hear a song more true.

Though Summer skies were joyous, bright,
 Each floating cloud a shadow cast ;
 A sorrow dwelt with each delight ;
 Why should we mourn that they are past ?

When Autumn drops her leaves to earth,
 Each wind-borne seed a message bears,
 A herald of that higher birth
 Which man with nature kindly shares.

Then let old age its winter bring
 And deck man's forehead with its snow ;
 The child-like heart still finds its Spring,
 And life's last hours with beauty glow.

THE ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Around our streets they gather
 With their merry chirping noise ;
 No matter what the weather,
 They have their little joys.

They run, they fly, they twitter,
 Where the kind hand drops the crumbs ;
 We welcome them with gladness
 For the lesson of love that comes.

When the Summer's blush has vanished,
 And the wild-flowers say "Good Bye—"
 When the joyous summer songsters
 To a home far southward fly ;—

When the grass doth close its fingers
 That welcome the butterfly,
 And the wild-bee no more lingers
 Where the withered clovers lie.

Ah ! then, we welcome the sparrows,
 The hardy, chirping crew.
 Where the winter sun his arrows
 Far up in the tree-tops threw.

It lit up the tiny houses
 That kind hands placed on high ;
 But the thoughts in the hearts that placed them,
 Were nearer the arching sky.

Oh ! who could harm the sparrows,
 A merry, chirping throng ?
 Or who could hope for a blessing
 'That did the birds a wrong ?

THOUGHTS.

One day the less—doth nature never tire
 Spreading her flowers before ungrateful eyes ?
 Doth the bird thank her from each floral spire
 When earth renews her springtime mysteries ?

Doth God grow weary that we prize not life
 When griefs' dark clouds hang low, surcharged
 with tears ?

Or when the soul, with eager longings rife,
 Stretches its arms out to the eternal years ?

Do they who in the present float along,
 Like withered leaves upon a summer stream—
 Do they bear with them e'er the wild bird's song ?
 The golden memory of an early dream ?

Oh ! eager quest this earth can never hold !
 Oh ! boundless longings earth can never stay !
 What save the Love Divine can e'er enfold,
 And lead the pilgrim soul its native way ?

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

'Tis a pleasant hour, the twilight,
 That comes between light and gloom,
 When the shadows are deep'ning round me
 Within the quiet room.

When the cares of day are ended,
 And its noises are hushed and still—
 And the past and the present blended
 Come passing at my will.

Oh ! the pictures are bright that gather
 Painted on memory's wall ;
 Though some are shaded with sadness,
 Yet I love, I love them all.

There are the pictures of childhood,
 The gleeful long-ago ;
 When the birds and the flowers were playmates,
 And the fleecy flakes of snow.

And there are youth's bright treasures ;
 And the hands that once clasped ours,
 When the days were filled with pleasure,
 And eternal seemed the hours.

And there is the loving mother,
 Who still seems bending near
 Her little ones close to gather,
 To comfort and bless and cheer.

And the years fly swiftly backward,
 And the circle has met once more,
 And we dream it is still unbroken—
 And the grief and pain are o'er.

And so I love the twilight !
 Day, like life's cares, has fled,
 While night brings star-eyed angels
 Around their wings to spread.

OLD HYMN TUNES.

Give me a grand old hymn !
 One that will lead the spirit on,
 As through some forest old and dim
 Where foot hath seldom gone.

Give me a grand old hymn !
 Like ocean waves that ceaseless break
 Against some high cliff's beetling rim,
 And solemn music make.

Of sounds that craze the ear,
 Though Science holds on high his wand,
 Beneath God's roof I would not hear,—
 My spirit lists beyond

Where sings the bird his song
 To welcome morning's rosy beams ;
 Or the winds sweep along
 A choral from the woodland streams.

The sounds that please the ear
 Where crime and folly meet,
 Within God's house I would not hear ;
 My spirit fain would greet

Each solemn stealing tone
 That gives it rest, and brings
 To weary hearts sorrowing, alone,
 A healing on its wings.

Give me a grand old hymn !
 That bears the soul afar
 From earthly trifles poor and dim,
 Beyond each sun and star.
 Give me a grand old hymn !

THE APRIL RAIN.

The April rain, the April rain,
 How like to tears from human eyes !
 Sounding like sorrow's sad refrain,
 But think—it falls from earthly skies.

There wiped away, there wiped away,
 For smiles shall fill Heaven's blest abode ;
 Though here like children lost we stray,
 And weeping strive to find the road.

O glorious hope, O glorious hope !
 We pass through earth a heaven to gain !

With earthly ills man could not cope
 Were all his strivings here in vain.

Each coming Spring, each coming Spring,
 Shall bring new life before his eyes ;
 With every bird that plumes its wing,
 Soul-like to heaven his thought shall rise.

LIFE.

A few more days,
 And months and years ;
 A few more duties,
 Smiles and tears ;
 Spring still shall shower her blossoms down,
 With fairy fingers plat earth's crown.

A few more hopes
 And memories ;
 A few more songs,
 And summer skies ;
 Autumn shall drop her leaflets sere,
 And Winter fill the heart and year.

And we, whose days
 Are as the grass,
 Like tale that's told—
 So shall we pass.
 Who, who, within their hearts will keep
 A thought of us?—and turn and weep—

And weeping say,
 The summer day
 Gave sweeter cheer
 When they were here !
 Who, who shall look with sadder eyes
 Upon a mound, new-raised that lies ?

But flowers shall creep,
 And skies shall weep,
 And insects pass
 Amid the grass ;
 And earth with fond and last caress
 Fold in her arms the worn-out dress.

THE FUTURE CHURCH.

[George W. Chaney, a disciple of Col. Rob. Ingersoll, said in one of his meetings out west, that *their church* would be *the church of the future*.]

The Future Church — what shall it be ?
 Not scoffers of the Deity,
 Scoffers of Holy Writ, from God set free !

Rather to lead us, give a little child,
 For heaven still looks from out his young eyes mild ;
 Who speaks of heaven, be it the undefiled.

For man, where'er on earth his footsteps stray,
 Must catch some stains upon the world's highway.
 No Christs are seen upon the earth to-day.

The Future Church must lay its pride in dust —
 Nor in grand temples hoard its gold to rust !
 Nor take for pillars wine, wealth, falsehood, lust !

Each differing sect must humbly bow the knee
 Standing afar off from the Pharisee,
 Saying "O God ! be merciful to me !"

No one shall say then, "sit thou here, or there !"
 Nor those take highest seats who gold rings wear,
 Or earthly honors on their bosoms bear.

Men will not quarrel, in that far off age,
 About the meanings of the holy page,
 Nor gospel battles with fierce ardor wage !

The leaders of the Future Church will be
 Like their great leader in the ministry,
 The son of Man in their simplicity.

The leaders of the Future Church will be
 No egotists with *impious ribaldry*,
 Who from the bonds of passion are not free.

From them we turn, O meek and lowly One !
 We think what Thou for human souls hast done, —
 Of hosts who in Thy steps a heaven have won.

Beneath *Thy sun how dim the flickering ray*
 Of rush-light ranters, in this latter day !
Who never knew Thy name, nor trod Thy way!

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

From buried cities how the Past outspeaks
 With force and power the living never gave,—
 Art voiced from statues ; e'en the humble bricks
 Tell of the life-long toil of many a slave.
 How Luxury rises from the scattered dust !
 How sensual lives their pages vile unfold,
 With pomp and folly, rioting and lust,
 While Avarice clutches still his bag of gold !
 Victim and victor rise from out the years.
 No more the victim dies unheard, unknown ;
 His groans how plainly now the list'ner hears,
 While time becomes a mighty telephone ;
 The resurrected towns of long ago
 Joined to the present in their weal and woe.

THE LAND OF FORGETFULNESS.

[Calling on a dear friend and being told she was asleep, some one offered to
 wake her.]

Oh, wake her not ! the rest and calm
 That come amid days' cares and dreams,
 A healing bring like Gilead's balm ;
 That deep repose by Lethe's stream.
 Oh, wake her not !

Oh, wake her not ! that silent peace,
 That land of calm forgetfulness,

When all disturbing noises cease,
 And angels come to soothe and bless.
 Oh, wake her not !

Perchance she sees her early home
 And friends are round to love and cheer ;
 And early hopes and pleasures come,
 More than the soul can look for here.
 Oh, wake her not !

Oh, wake her not ! the stars of love
 Beam kindly through the night of sleep :
 New life, new strength, help from above
 And peace, Night's Angels for us keep.
 Oh, wake her not !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. DAVID MERRITT (AGED NINETY-SIX).

Sweet, peaceful Life ! that through the years
 Hast flowed along patient and calm,
 With smiles for joy, for sorrow tears,
 An earthly but immortal psalm.

Spring after spring has brought her flowers
 And found her freshness in thy heart
 As when a child in England's bowers
 With merry mates thy feet would start,

And wandering forth o'er hill and dale
 Thy hands would clasp the cowslips' gold.
 Thy mates, perchance, sleep in the vale,
 While round thy heart their mem'ries fold.

How few, like Thee, are given to keep
 With loved ones dear so long life's road !
 And though before thee some may sleep,
 Thou art not far from their abode.

Our hearts are with thee oftentimes,
 For thou hast had kind words for all ;
 For the oppressed of other climes,
 Thy heart e'er moved at pity's call.

Sweet, peaceful Life ! that through the years
 Hast flowed along patient and calm,
 With smiles for joy, for sorrow tears,
 An earthly but immortal psalm.

TO THE OCEAN.

O restless Ocean ! like the human mind,
 On-surgings ever, with a deep unrest !
 Earth's shores thee stay not, and *earth* cannot bind
 The soul that seeks afar a heavenly rest.
 Earth beckons ever with extended arms ;
 Each sunny nook invites thee to her side ;

Her flower-crowned face beams forth in all its charms
 From many an ocean isle where thou dost glide ;
 Her tropic birds come forth from forests dim
 And cast their rainbow hues athwart thy waves.
 But all unceasing sounds thy grand old hymn,
 With solemn resonance, from lonely caves,
 And, with a stately march, forevermore
 "Thy billows keep their ranks from shore to shore."

NOT THERE BUT RISEN.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground."

Not there — not there! earth but fulfils her part,
 And takes the worn-out body to her side ;
 The tender throbbing of her mother heart
 Man's dust has sanctified.

No more a *Pilgrim*, walks the ransomed soul,
 With new-found strength its new life to begin ;
 The bonds of flesh no longer may control,
 Nor hush its heaven-born hymn.

Not there — not there! the earth but takes her own !
 She gives us beauty for our buried dust ;
 We think not of the seed—the flower has blown—
 Perfected, like the just

The soul, immortal, could not rest beneath
 Earth's canopy of flowers and grassy sod ;
 Nor can we hold it by our love or grief—
 Earth freed, it seeks its God.

THE UNSEEN PAINTER.

I sit and gaze at evening's hour
 Where unseen pencils tint the sky ;
 As some great painters show their power
 With mighty efforts ere they die.
 Yet all unseen, though felt, the power
 That spreads such glories for man's eye.

How poor and mean the gloss and glare
 Of earthly fabrics to that sight,
 Surely the Angels tints must wear
 These, or with mornings' blush bedight,—
 Or soft white clouds that float the air
 Clothe every sinless child of light.

Hues change and pass to deep'ning gloom ;
 Yet bless the heart before they go,
 And shed a glory round the room
 Where we life's common things must know.
 Yet pass they not to Night's dark womb
 Till they have shown us Heaven's bright glow.

THE HIGHEST LOVE.

A subtile essence never born of sense,
 Strongest when that which moves the senses fades ;
 And shrinking ever from the glare of day,
 As violets hide them in the lonely glades.
 A strong out-reaching to another self
 That which in self can no completeness find ;
 Thwarted, full oft, by earthly chance and time,
 Yet soul to soul unknown can firmly bind ;
 And in its secret heart, unseen of all,
 Holy of Holies where no feet intrude,
 Pure and undimmed burns on the heavenly flame
 And lights with silent joy the solitude.
 And when unknown it passes to the skies,
 Angels above, from earth see angels rise.

HUMAN HOPE.

Like to an airy bird,
 With every feather stirred,
 A skylark mounting upward to the sky ;
 What though its nest we pass
 Where low winds wave the grass,
 And butterflies and bees go flitting by !

It lives not in the Now—
 Though blossoms deck the bough,
 The harvest field with golden spires it sees,

The seed falls in the ground ;
 It knows no burial mound,
 But crimson fruits that glow amid the trees.

And when fierce storms do blow,
 And bare boughs in the snow
 Songless and flowerless stretch through gloom afar,
 Still, still the angel Hope
 Bids us with ills to cope,
 And through the darkest shades see every star.

BEREAVEMENT.

There was a time
 When Joy was daily guest ;
 Its flowers bloomed brightly
 As in summer meadow ;
 But now forgotten
 Is each early quest—
 And all is shadow.

A shadow all ?
 The golden sunshine steals,
 Its clasp falls lightly
 As in soft caressing :
 Nature unchanging,
 Her glad face reveals
 In daily blessing.

And there is joy,
 Though our cup sorrow fills ;
 Spring brings her flowers
 And lays them in our hand.
 Leaping and singing
 Rush the frolic rills
 Throughout the land

And from grief's storm,—
 Though not 'neath earthly skies,—
 The soul now bending
 In unspoken sadness,
 Shall hear a kind voice
 Say to it, "Arise !
 Life still hath gladness."

A CRUSHED ROSEBUD.

A rosebud on the pavement lying,
 Crushed by some traveller's heel in passing by ;
 'Twould seem a breath of fragrance e'en in dying
 Comes from the spot where its soiled petals lie.

A young girl lured within the city's bound,
 Pure as the rose that decked her native hill—
 A spotless dove, where human hawks are found,
 And like the dove, without a thought of ill.

The evening breeze seeks vainly for the flower
 That bloomed in beauty by the cottage door—
 A shapeless mass, as hurrying hour by hour,
 Each busy footstep crushed it more and more.

A faint, faint image of that deeper wrong,
 That demon deed which blots out purity !
 Its doer heeds no more than drunken song,
 And welcomed by the world how oft is he !

O dying flower ! kissed by the dewy morn,
 The sun no more shall bless thee from on high ;
 O fallen one ! how long shall earth's deep scorn
 Tread thee to dust, and pass thy slayer by ?

THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSES AWAY.

How poor and mean the gauds and hoards of earth
 To those who watch the receding steps of love,
 E'en when those steps have turned from us above,
 And no more echo round the board and hearth.

We wonder why men toil and plough and sow
 When earthly life at most is but a span ;—
 Or why they hate and wrong their fellow-man,
 When to their narrow graves how soon they go !

We wonder where the beauty once loved flies
 And no more tints the tree, the grass, the flower ;
 And where the glory that once filled the skies,
 The joys that gilded every passing hour.

And like a pageant that we see in dreams,
 This earthly life moves all unnoticed on ;
 For while we seek the path their steps have gone,
 This outward world an unreal vision seems.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Christmas Bells ! Christmas Bells !
 Sounding from the long ago—
 How the music rises, swells,
 Brings a glow on winter's snow,
 Christmas Bells !

Christmas morn ! Christmas morn !
 Every morn its blessing brings ;
 And to mortals sad, forlorn,
 Hope uprises heavenward, sings,
 Christmas morn !

Every morn we are born,
 Born unto a glorious day,
 Born to good and born to God.
 Let us rise from earth and sod
 Rise away !

Christ was born ! Christ was born !
 May he not be born again
 In the hearts of waiting men
 On this day and on this morn ?
 Now as then ?

Christmas Bells ! Christmas Bells !
 Sounding from the long ago—
 How the music rises, swells,
 Brings a glow on Winter's snow ;
 Christmas Bells !

THE OLD FIREPLACE.

To sit in the old, old fireplace,
 And while there sitting, gaze
 (As we muse on the things departed)
 On the ruddy, sparkling blaze,

What treasures held the ashes
 Where the corn popped forth so white !
 Or the chestnuts burst their jackets
 With cracklings of delight.

How the steaming, bubbling candy
 Its waves of sweetness rolled,
 And gladdened eager watchers
 With its skeins of hand-spun gold !

'Twas there the red-cheeked apples
 Would get quite up a tree,
 For they danced and reeled and sputtered,
 Or sang melodiously.

Then the lead in the shovel melted
 Could furnish cheap-made toys,
To draw forth youthful fancies :
 How dear the homely joys !

In the red and crumbling embers
 Who could discern a face,
Or trace out bridges, castles,
 In their ever-changing grace ;

Or list to stories of fairies,
 That came from a lively brain,
Till the little elves before us
 Seemed all alive again.

Talk of your stoves and ranges !
 The children know not now
To watch the firelight's changes
 And the silhouette shadow show.

Oh ! the joys of times departed
 Were not the present joys !
When the good and simple-hearted
 Long time were girls and boys !

Now the crowd of youthful faces
 Wear men's and women's airs,
And the rosy, artless graces
 Have vanished unawares.

Now the costly playthings furnish
 Scarce a thrill of the old delight
 That shone on the red cheeks' burnish
 In the ruddy wood-fire's light.

Blest are the simple pleasures
 For the child and for the man
 Whose age can prize the treasures
 For which his childhood ran !

LIFE'S HELPERS.

Sometimes adown the Ages walks a man
 Whose gifts and forces show us, even here,
 What manhood in its noblest form can do.
 And once adown the Ages came a God !
 Men ran and bowed and scattered palms,
 And then, they crucified Him ! But the Past,
 With Time's high, pond'rous rock before his tomb,
 Hath not concealed Him. E'en the little flower
 Bears in its cup His glory and man's shame.
 E'en the unchiselled rock contains His cross,
 And stars have met together in high Heaven,
 Where no unholy hand can reach, to hang
 And light the sacred symbol there. And Faith,
 Who came with Him, here still abides ; her feet
 Are on the earth ; but her clear eyes look up
 With far-off gaze to Heaven. Hope walks beside.

We cannot sink when Hope is near, though we
 Be weary hearted 'neath the daily cross.
 And when Love comes, whom men called Charity,
 And takes us 'neath her cloak, we fear no storm,
 But walk life's thorny road begirt and strong.

HER FLOWERS BLOOM ON.

Her flowers bloom on ;
 They tell
 In every bud and bell
 Of her now gone.

She loved the flowers ;
 And they
 Speak of her home away
 In heavenly bowers.

Each opening leaf
 Looks bright ;
 No impress there of grief—
 All, all is light.

To heaven above
 They raise
 Faces of trusting love
 As if in praise.

The while of her
 They speak
 Of hours that were,
 Her spirit meek

Looks from their eyes !
 And we
 Beyond death's mysteries
 A glory see.

*TO MY FRIEND, MISS ELIZA A. STORY, ON HER
 BIRTHDAY.*

The year brings back each pleasant thing,
 The Spring-time with its blossoming ;
 The yellow sunshine soft and warm
 After the winter's cold and storm.

They come with pleasant memories
 Of vistas where the spirit strays
 With feet that walk life's path no more,—
 And friends are with us as before !

The year brings back each happy thing,
 The butterflies, birds on the wing ;
 Thy Birth-day comes with April skies,
 But showers shall bid the blossoms rise,

And from the sorrows thou hast known
 Fresh flowers of love shall Memory crown.
 May earth still bring thee peace and joy,
 A holy trust naught can destroy.

May friends unseen with thought and prayer
 The happy moments with thee share.
 Birth-Days—not records mere of Time,
 Steps—whereby reached a brighter clime !

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Is this the house of God,
 And where his loving spirit broods around?
 Then be the aisles with solemn rev'rence trod—
 The place is holy ground.

Not wholly His, for here
 Doth Fashion come, her ruffles to display,
 And make scant poverty for very fear
 Afar to shrink away.

Is this His house, who knew
 No place on earth wherein to lay His head?
 The lowly one's?—that Pride each high-priced pew
 Doth claim with pompous tread,

So that the poor and blind,
 And those with ears grown dull, must sit afar?
 For wealth forbids a near approach to find
 The costly scene to mar.

Are these glad notes of cheer
 That warbling, birdlike gratitude would raise?
 Of four trained artists, salaried by the year
 To utter words of praise?

Give me the lonely woods
 With trees cathedral arching 'neath the sky;
 The voices that do people solitudes
 When none but God is nigh.

Here is my Father's house—
 Here are the songs of unpaid melody.
 Banished from hence are Fashion, Pride and Wealth,
 And all the seats are free.

HOLY—HOLY—HOLY.

The little babe soft nestling
 Its mother's lap within,
 Of earth's large flock the firstling,
 Without a taint of sin;
 A snowflake white just fallen
 Upon earth's darksome bowers;
 A raindrop pure, heaven-lighted;
 A bud amid earth's flowers.

O Holy, Holy, Holy !
 The little babe comes down,
 We wonder where the blest abode
 From whence the bird has flown.

The aged head reclining,
 The eyes still look to Heaven—
 Longing, yet not repining,
 For the loved home soon given.
 A shock of corn full ripened—
 A harvest field bent low.
 An orchard with its fruitage—
 The setting sun's last glow.

O Holy, Holy, Holy !
 The good life near its end !
 We see the *Angel's shadow*
 When death leads off our friend !

"I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS!"

When one by one the loved depart,
 And few remain to cheer or bless,
 How comes *this* voice to thrill the heart—
 "I will not leave you comfortless!"

So when from human lips draw near
 The soothing word, the kind caress,
His voice in human guise we hear,—
 "I will not leave you comfortless!"

So when this world is stern and cold,
 And poverty and fears oppress,
 Take of His hand the firmest hold ;
He will not leave you comfortless.

When sickness hangs its heavy pall,
 And friends can give but tenderness,
 Like healing balm these accents fall,—
 “ I will not leave you comfortless ! ”

And when this earth looks dark and dim,
 Its aims untrue, its pleasures less,
 How turns the soul her gaze on Him
 Who hath not left her comfortless.

How from the crowds' unpitying gaze,
 We turn aside His robe to press,—
 The sorrows of life's weary days
 He heals—we are not comfortless.

GOING FROM EARTH.

Grant me, O God, when the body's strength faileth,
 And the soul in its confines no longer can stay,
 Someone may come, who knows me and loves me,
 From out the Blest Country to lead me away.

I would not leave here to meet but a stranger,
 But seek for the eyes that have smiled in my own—
 Find ears that are glad to hear from their loved ones,
 And reap, if I may, the few seeds I have sown.

Though the harvest be small and the yield be but scanty,
 From seeds in earth's furrows oft moistened with
 tears—

God grant that some heart, from its gleanings find glad-
 ness,

And some gold, if faintly, hath brightened the ears.

So passing along from earth and its sorrows,

May hands that I've pressed be clasped in my own—
 And the sunset of life tell of beautiful morrows
 Where darkness and grief are unknown, are unknown.

GRANTING LICENSES.

A license for what? to take all the earnings

The poor man should bring to his children and wife.
 To crush in his heart all his love and his yearnings;
 With discord and want bid his dwelling be rife.

Licensed to banish home-comfort and gladness—

Bid starvation enter where plenty might dwell.
 To sell men the poison that fills them with madness,
 Till they murder wife, children, and make home a
 hell!

Licensed for what? that our boys may be tempted

To barter their hopes for a drunkard's vile way?
 Lure them in, call them men, when their glasses they've
 emptied,
 Take from them their money, then send them away.

Licensed to poison ! *slow poison* is spirit ;
 Give them arsenic or strychnine more mercy 'twould
 be,
 Now untold descendants their ails shall inherit !
 Your license bears death to futurity !

Money, aye, money ! for license you're getting.
 For the price of their blood, go and purchase a field.
 The *other returns*, methinks you're forgetting ;
 The seeds you have sown soon a harvest will yield.

A harvest of Crime, large expense to the City.
 A harvest of woe, *women, children shall reap!*
 An army of drunkards ! O God ! look in pity,
 That men *license crime*—when Thy laws they should
 keep.

IN MEMORIĀM.

REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS.

Go, gentle Bard : the sordid crew
 Who tread the ways of strife and pelf
 Thy gentle spirit never knew—
 Thy life apart from greed or self.
 Some seek to walk the poet's ways
 For wealth and fame, with hearts a-cold.
 Thy muse ne'er stooped for mortal's praise—
 Thy free hands scattered God's bright gold.

Gentle and pure, no earthly draught
 Had power to bid thy spirit soar.
 So but an angel's wing can waft
 Thy happy soul to happier shore,
 Where child-like spirits find their home,
 And Christ's own voice shall bid them come.

THE SUMMONS.

Come the summons in the morning,
 Rosy flushes in the sky,
 Be it slow or without warning,
 'Twill be sweet, not sad, to die,—
 Resting where the flow'rets lie.

Come the summons in the noontide,
 Earth warm, still, with soothing calm ;
 Bird and bee and drooping blossom
 Quiet as a peaceful psalm ;—
 Death will come like healing balm.

Come the summons in the midnight,
 With the weary world asleep,
 While the stars serene and peaceful
 Gaze in ocean's troubled deep—
 Who die are blest—some live to weep.

TO SING AND DIE.

To sing and die—the bird pours forth her lay
 Amid green leaves with blossoms round her creeping ;
 A flash—then death ! for cruelty passed by !
 The nestlings soon to starve—now softly sleeping.

The human heart sings on amid its joy,
 Around it faces loved, blue skies are beaming ;
 But cold indifference strikes—life's sad alloy—
 And with its longings starved, it dies while dreaming.

SLEEP.

Sleep, gentle Sleep ! with dark and slumb'rous eyes,
 That look far off to unknown mysteries
 That lie entombed in Dreamland dim and vast ;
 Like plummets down in ocean's dark depths cast,
 Seeking perchance the pathway of a star,
 Tracing its shining tracks from heights afar.
 Dark is thy robe and muffled close thy tread ;
 Soft move thy fingers passing o'er the spread,
 Smoothing the wrinkles from the weary brow,
 And in the tired ears gently murmuring low.
 Bringing the faces that we miss and love,
 As though their angels nightly round us moved.
 Come, gentle Sleep ! with noiseless footfall come,
 And lead, if but in dreams, each wand'rer home !

THE TRUE POETS.

The true, true poets of this world
 Came not in silken hose or purple fine ;
 Nor on their fingers did bright diamonds shine,
 The gift of kings who ruled their little hour.
 But on their brows the coronet
 Of manhood's seal divinely set.
 Most, like the wild flowers on the sod,
 Unnoticed, crushed, by Wealth down trod ;—
 But singing like the woodland bird
 If only God and Nature heard.
 And oft their lays of tenderness
 Came forth from grief and bitterness.
 Not bitterness of wrath or spite !
 The bitterness that made Him weep—
 From untold sadness welling deep—
 When on Jerusalem He gazed !
 But still gushed forth their heaven-taught lays,
 Regardless of the critics' art,
 Which tears the leaves, nor finds the heart ;
 Which like some short lived carrion fly,
 Seeks but where imperfections lie.
 Oh ! not for these, have lived and sung
 The Poets of earth's golden days !
 Like wandering Bards their notes have rung
 Unnoticed down Life's lowly ways.
 And as unknown adown Life's roads they sped,
 Men wondering at their songs ne'er gave them bread.

THE UNKNOWN WAY.

No one knows the unseen way
Through which the spirit's form shall stray
Emerging from its shell of clay.

These soulless shells upon Time's tide,
The kindly earth shall sheltering hide ;
For life no more may there abide.

Joy fills no more the closéd eye—
The lips have said their last "Good Bye"—
Through unseen paths that soul shall hie ;

Through fields no mortals' feet may roam—
Freightless and bare, to find a home
Far from earth's land or ocean's foam.

Perchance through trackless fields of air ;
Yet why alone ? for God is there !
The Father—He is everywhere !
On earth, beyond, we are His care.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

I should like to paint a picture
To be called First Glimpse of Heaven.
Radiance in form and feature
To that happy face be given,—
Picture of first glimpse of Heaven.

It should tell of earnest longing,
 Earnest strivings all fulfilled ;
 No more care-born thoughts there thronging
 Every earthly passion stilled—
 Face with hope's fruition filled.

Not the face of happy mortal ;
 Nor of Angel dazzling bright
 Gazing through that glorious portal—
 Faith's beholdings changed to sight ;
 Still a face radiant with light.

For the light there on it falling,
 Night should never cloud nor dim ;
 Sweet loved voices to it calling,
 Sounding through Heaven's peaceful hymn,
 Eyes no sorrows more should dim.

But beyond the art of Painter,
 Higher than the Poet's dream—
 Earthly tints grow faint and fainter,
 Meeting Heaven's bright, sunlit gleam ;
 'Till the picture is a vision,
 And the vision is a dream.

"COME UNTO ME AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

O weary Wanderer on the shores of Time !
 With fears and doubts and trivial cares opprest,
 Thy feet drag heavy on Life's shifting sands,—
 "Come unto Me and *I* will give you rest."

O weary Wanderer on the shores of Time !
 Whose hopes, like setting suns, have found their West,
 No rosy morn for them on earth shall rise.
 "Come unto Me and *I* will give you rest."

Give all the longings and the dreamings o'er,
 Nor longer seek through time a fruitless quest,—
 The path of Peace lies upward, and afar.
 "Come unto Me and *I will give you rest.*"

Rest—Rest ! there is a sweetness in the sound,—
 To weary souls, of words, the best,—the best—
 Come to green pastures and to living streams ;
 "Come unto Me and *I will give you rest.*"

A RETROSPECT.

I lie—and of my morning ride I dream—
 Of the brown tints that fleck the road-side stream,
 Lower than when Spring's footsteps o'er it trod
 Calling each violet from its rocky nook ;
 For pebbles dimple now the little brook
 Where Summer walks in noon-day heat dry shod.
 Up where the elm tree waves its festoons high
 Sings with glad shrillness now the harvest fly ;
 The echo of its song is dry, dry, dry.
 How fresh and pure this morning is the air—
 We leave behind the city's dust and care ;
 We are new born as is the new born Day,

And sweet our thoughts as Summer's scented hay.
 Light as the bird we glide along, along,
 And with each songster's note our heart holds song.
 Sweeter the joys this out-door labor yields
 Of him "who jocund drives his team afield,"
 Than pent-up artisan, who draws his breath
 Creating beauty with the touch of death.
 How sad the thought that the fierce greed of gain
 Bargains with Plenty on each fruitful plain ;
 And for the riches that *shall not endure*,
 Curses the land, and wrongs the helpless poor !
 How with our pleasure comes such thoughts as these,
 Where Nature strives with all her charms to please ;
 The tired nerves say to all such thoughts "Begone !"

Let the eye feast with what it looks upon,—
 The ear drink in each wild bird's happy song ;
 New life in every breeze that sweeps along.
 We would forget the city's toil and sin ;
 Nature's green temple we would enter in,
 Traverse the aisles by generations trod,
 And in his works behold the living God.
 By generations trod ? Where is the trace ?
 Their footsteps—how the passing winds efface.
 Their puny works the elements now scorn.
 But he who paints the skies evening and morn,
 Who shall rub out such tints as these ? or bring
 Yearly and surely the green robe of Spring ?
 Or bid the grass erect its slender spears ?
 Or the rich harvest show its golden ears ?
 Oh ! what were we without a living Faith ?

Weak mortals, bowing one by one, to Death.
 The wisest he, who 'mid his earthly toil,
 Sees more than food upspringing from earth's soil ;
 Sees more than light and sun from out the sky ;
 Sees more in ocean than his ships pass by ;
 And while earth's cares the fleeting hours demand,
 For the last journey holds his staff in hand.

IMPROMPTU.

[On receiving a photograph of "Prince," dog of Mrs. C. N. S. Horner, the Botanist, and companion of her wood excursions.]

Glad to see you ! faithful, old fellow !

Yes, you are old—what then ? what then ?
 I think to be old, enhances the value
 Often of dogs, and more often of men.

Guard to your mistress in many a ramble,
 None to molest with you at her side,
 Briskly you run through the brake and the bramble,
 Looking up in her face, as though *proud to be guide!*

Faithful, aye, faithful ! we blush to be human,
 When man shows his treachery day after day,
 And dogs, for the ones who have crushed them and
 scourged them,
 For these *poor, worthless lives*, will perish away !

Long may you live, Prince, to frolic and gambol,
 To hunt with your mistress the fern and the flower !
 And when your poor limbs no more here shall amble,
 May you find a new life in the heavenly bower.

THE WHITE GATE.

Through the white gate, whence all our saints go out
 (Leaving a cloud upon this earthly side
 Where once their gentle presence walked about),
 To a new birth ! say not that they have died !

But through that gate see rays of glory stream,
 Gilding the pavements of earth's work-day floor !
 Fairer than radiance of the poet's dream,—
 Thence sweet sounds come that say, Forevermore.

Forevermore a new life they have found,
 Forevermore new joy within them springs ;
 Not severed there the ties affection wound,
 The faces loved on earth still, Memory brings.

Perhaps the painter's art may there recall
 The loved ones, Time still holds from them apart ;
 The dear, old homestead, and the relics prized,
 The outward symbols that bound heart to heart.

Perchance on unseen cords there, voices come,
 E'en through the spaces vast of trackless air,

That, heard by finer sense, may tell of home,
And e'en day's tidings of the absent bear.

Whate'er the outward, still we know that thought
Goes forth to meet their kindred thought above.
But a *few years divide*—to be as nought ;
When we, too, join the souls we miss and love.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

From some unknown existence do we come,
A little while to make this earth our home !
We oft bethink us of that unknown land,
That softer breezes all its shores have fanned ;
O silent shores ! from which no murmurs come,
The stars that circle round ye all are dumb.
O unknown Land ! begirt by silent seas,
And swept by winds that keep thy mysteries.
We bring no memories of that early clime,
Whose years we mark not in our book of time ;
But this we know, it is a sinless place,
For purity beams forth from every face
Of every babe, although its lips be dumb,
And cannot tell us of its former home ;
But as it slowly learns the speech of earth,
Fade out the memories of an earlier birth.
Earth leads her children on to love her well ;
Her birds, her flowers, that light each hill and dell ;
Her clouds, her mountain tops, her sunset skies,

Her happy homes, this life's entralling ties.
 And some, aye some, they love her yellow gold—
 Death's powerful hand alone can loose their hold.
 While some e'en here, behold their goal afar ;
 Behold a clime where truer treasures are.
 So pass we on. All gather what they prize
 In this short journey 'neath these earthly skies.
 And whither do we go? What chart has shown
 The lines and bearings of that world unknown?
 Afar from sight and sense its lonely seas
 Bear from that world no sweet land-scented breeze.
 Only above, an untranslated psalm,
 The stars look down with everlasting calm—
 The many countless mansions that remain ;
 Bright tents that stud Heaven's wide outstretching plain.
 Stay—one bright Star across man's sight has shone,
 Shines still, undimmed, though centuries have gone,—
 Lighting our feet upon earth's devious road,
 Going before us to His blest abode !
 As one by one earth's pilgrims pass away,
 It lights their footsteps on, to endless day.

THE NEW PEER.

"A man's a man for a' that."

(AN IMPROMPTU.)

A new era this, when the great ones of earth
 (Whom God maketh great will always appear)
 astoop from the royalty given them at birth !
 CandGod me him a Poet ! she makes him a peer !

We call to our minds the bold, sturdy Burns,
 Who dealt with earth's nobles and gave tit for tat !
 We see the sweet Singer e'en now as he turns
 And thunders, "A man is a man for a' that."

Aye, what are the Crowns, albeit they're gold ?
 And what are the Thrones where idiots have sat ?
 Blood-stained, filled with vices that may not be told.—
 But a poet's a man for a' that ! for a' that !

O Queen ! keep your Royalty, prize it as sweet.
 You may live to see days when e'en royalty *fails!*
 We are *all peers this side* and the title is meet,
 When *Labor and Freedom here set all the sails!*

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

Little Flossie in the chancel
 Would help papa with her broom ;
 Like a tiny, fair-haired angel,
 Some old painter from his canvas
 Dropped within the dim old room.

Peeped a sunbeam through the window,
 Rested on a large, carved chair,
 Wondering why the wingless cherub,
 Little Flossie, should be there
 With her broom poised in the air.

But from upper realms descending
Down the stairs and through the door
Came such sounds of melody,
Heavenly music on its way,
As the child ne'er heard before.

" I dess dat muss be an angel !
Dess I better dō and see.
Will the angel leave off singing?
Will he fly away to heaven
If he knows 't's onney me ?"

As the tiny thing went climbing,
Straying sunbeams kissed her hair,
Coming through the painted windows,
As with broom poised, slowly clambered
Panting Flossie up each stair.

But the organist, descending,
Passed out by the other door,
When, her pilgrimage just ending,
Flossie reached the upper floor,
Where her wonderings were o'er.

For flew through the open window
A bright dove so dazzling white,
Passing through another opening,
Sped away far out of sight.
Flossie laughed in her delight.

“Dere he is ! dere is de angel,
 Going to heaven ! I want to dō !
 Top, bite angel ! take me with you !
 I'm little Flossie—don't you know?
 Mother said that I should dō.”

When the Sexton found his daughter,
 Searching long, and lastly there,
 Still she gazed upon the window—
 Scarcely would be comforted,
 That the angel left her there,—
 Flew away, nor heard her prayer.

SNOWDROPS.

(ADDRESSED TO MY YOUNG FRIEND BESSIE G—.)

Wee blossoms that do hail the Spring !
 That fairy time of blossoming,
 When the earth smiles and birds do sing ;—

In your white robes, why now so bold?
 Ye do defy old Winter's cold,
 Indeed his hand in yours ye hold ;

So, smiling upwards in his face,
 With all an infant's artless grace,
 From out dry leaves your resting place.

Would we like you might so defy
 Life's rigors, woes and clouded sky,
 And look to heaven when storms are nigh.

JUPITER TONANS.

“Grant me, O God of Thunder,” humbly bending,
 A peasant whispered, on his half-turned sod,
 “The richest gift that heaven to man is sending !”
 He knew not Plutus was the mighty God
 Beneath whose purple rich men walked abroad.

Then round him rumbling, with deep intonation,
 The God’s loud voice filled all the murky air ;
 The cattle fled ! tall trees, as in ovation,
 Bent to the ground ! The God had heard his prayer,
 For Azrael, lightning-shod, had found him there.

LIFE.

What is life ? a child’s glad morning—
 Buttercups and flowers
 Everywhere the fields adorning ;
 Griefs but April showers.

What is life ? the fields of summer
 Promising so fair,
 Plenty for the first glad comer
 Plenty all should share.

What is life ? the leaves that linger
 Sport of every blast ;
 Flowers are faded, shadows lengthen,
 Early hopes are past.

What is life ? a wintry landscape
 Where the stars look down,
 As if they would lure the spirit
 To a world unknown.

THE STARS.

I love the stars that shine o'erhead
 Where only love and thought can tread,
 So high the vast, blue pavements spread.

For through those casements seem to come
 The fire-lights of my better home—
 Beyond, beyond that spreading dome.

Oh ! had I wings to cleave that space,
 Whose trackless billows leave no trace,
 And find that longed-for dwelling place.

But now I gaze each night afar,
 Picture a home in every star—
 So vast the many mansions are.

O Stars of Heaven ! O earnest eyes !
 O path of untold mysteries !
 To which my thoughts so often rise.

A WISH.

Oh ! would our thoughts like birds might rest
 Round those with whom they often dwell ;
 Might fill with song the new-found nest,
 And all their hopes and longings tell.

Oh ! would our thoughts like flowers might bloom
 Only for those we love full well,
 And shed a sweetness round their room
 As if our *soul* with them did dwell !

Oh ! would our thoughts like waves might find
 Some restful spot along life's shore,
 Where love and hope together twined,
 Forbade the soul to hunger more !

Would they might part like Eve's dark veil
 That shows the golden lights afar !
 So through Doubt's cloud to tell the tale
 Of love that beams from every star.

INTUITION.

As through the windows of some dim cathedral
 A sunbeam comes and wanders there,
 To tell of nature, who is outside singing
 And casting blooms upon the summer air,

So in the deep recesses of the spirit
 A thought from some bright world comes in,
 Bringing the beauty of its intuition,
 The light of spheres where we have never been.

Though darkened be the outward world around us,
 This ray from far shall pierce the gloom
 As though an Angel hovering there had found us,
 And stood unveiled within our humble room.

THE ANGEL DEATH.

Death is an Angel—dread him not,
 He comes to the weary to release ;
 To bid the Soul, her woes forgot,
 Fly softly to a land of peace ;
 Fly softly to a land of peace.

He comes the weeping eyes to close—
 To smooth the wrinkles from the brow,
 And in calm statuesque repose,
 Like childhood's sleep, to lay us low ;
 Like childhood's sleep to lay us low.

Death is the prelude of a strain
 Whose symphony greets not our ears ;
 Who lists, will never turn again
 When once the Angels' song he hears ;
 When once the Angels' song he hears.

Upon Death's road the passing feet
 Move noiseless on their unseen way.
 We do not hear the souls who greet
 New comers in that new-found day.
 Glad welcomes in that golden day !

Death is an Angel—dread him not !
 He comes the weary to release,
 To bid the soul, her woes forgot,
 Fly softly to a land of peace ;
 Fly softly to a land of peace.

CHANGE.

The flowers have faded and the yellow leaves
 Are waving sadly o'er the wind-swept plains ;
 We mourn the blossoms' death, but cling, alas !
 Still cling, to what remains.

A golden mist is resting on the hills,
 The woods' bright beauty all our love enchains,
 Time has withdrawn some joys, perchance some ills,
 We cling to what remains.

Childhood's fair image beams from Long Ago—
 Unselfish eyes that looked not for earth's gains.
 That time of truest joy no more we know,
 But cling to what remains.

Earth's visions fade—Death leads our friends away—
 While shadows lengthen o'er the wintry plains,
 But see ! from far there streams a brighter ray,
 And hope in Heaven remains.

*TO MY FRIEND E. A. S. ON HER BIRTHDAY,
 APRIL 23.*

My friend, we do not heed them now—
 The Birth Days—when the loved are gone.
 We do not heed the wrinkled brow,
 The silvery hair we gaze upon ;
 Another look is in our eyes.
 We seek to pierce death's mysteries,
 Looking the way they went before,
 Longing to pass the self-same door.
 We linger here a little while,
 As one who rests beside a stile
 Between the meadows that divide
 The earthly and the heavenly side.
 We hear the sounds of toil and mirth ;
 We see the gatherings round each hearth—
 We sigh—so few of ours remain—
 And Memory brings the daily pain.
 But while we sigh, we joy to know
 The way grows shorter as we go.
 God leads us on with gentle hand ;
 He gives us strength even as our day,
 Until he brings us to that land
 Where all earth's sorrows pass away.

THE OLD COUPLE.

We sat beside the fire place,
Just my old man with me ;
The coals had burnt to cinders,
The cat slept on my knee.

'Twas time to rake the ashes
And fasten up the door,
When as I sat beside him
I heard the good man snore.

And soon I heard him talking
So kind of soft and low,
I knew his soul was wand'ring
In the years of long ago.

And then he spoke, "Come ! Mary,"
As he said so long ago,
When we one pleasant Sunday
Walked through the fields, you know.

And I seemed to hear the twitter
Of the wild birds 'long the way—
And the hedge rows waved their blossoms
As if to bid us stay.

And then he said, "Now Mary,"
You might as well say yes"—
And his poor old lips then puckered,
And it sounded like a kiss.

The tall old clock in the corner
Rang out its "cuckoo" chime ;
But the poor old soul was dreaming,
He took no heed of time.

As I sat there I saw him
In all his youthful pride,
And my own self, so young then,
A blushing by his side.

But his locks have turned to silver ;
And time, upon his brow,
And toil, have planted furrows,
And bent his straight form low.

But his kind old heart unchanging
Beats in his bosom still,
The love that then he gave me
Still mine, as down the hill

We wander on together.
E'en now I hear him say,
"No matter what the weather,
My love is given for aye."

Ah ! now the good man's waking.
"I dreamed that we, so young,
A Sabbath walk were taking
The birds and flowers among."

And are we not, my good man,
 As young in heart as then?
 Joy like a bird was singing—
 And it sings now again.

The old clock in the corner
 Its cuckoo chime rang out.
 To do the day's last chores we both
 Then briskly moved about.

And I thanked the God who made us,
 That both were well and bright.
 And the stars looked through the window
 As if to say, Good Night.

THE OLD YEAR.

Adown the aisle of Time 'mid wind-swept leaves
 With faltering steps the Old Year passes on.
 Who bids him stay, or for his going grieves?
 The weary year walking 'mid wind-swept leaves.

Where is young Spring who welcomed thee with flow-
 ers,
 Strewed smiling blossoms in thy joyous way,
 Bid songsters sing thy praises in her bowers?
 Where is young Spring who welcomed thee with flow-
 ers?

Where is the Summer with flushed, rosy face,
 Who bade thee linger on the green hill side,
 And bade thy weary eyes earth's beauty trace?
 Fair Summer, with her sunburnt rosy face?

Or where is Autumn harvest-blest and crowned,
 Who owed to thee, Old Year, his swelling grain,
 His ripened mast, his colored robe that wound
 Like a rich glory over hill and plain?

Alas ! they all are gone, and thee bereft !
 Old Winter follows thee with frozen feet,
 The only one of many friends that's left,
 His last gift brings to thee, a winding sheet.

As down the aisle of Time 'mid wind-swept leaves
 With faltering steps the Old Year takes his way,—
 Who bids him stay, or for his going grieves?
 The weary Year amid the wind-swept leaves?

DEATH.

We call him Death !
 We cannot see his angel face
 With its unknown and heavenly grace ;
 Nor hear we what he saith.

Noiseless he comes—
 Unwelcome and unbidden guest.
 Unseen, on his resistless quest,
 He enters all our homes.

But they who go,
They see him lift the veil that lies
 Like a dark mystery—his eyes
 Must have a loving glow ;

His voice must be—
 Oh, sweet ! to lure them from our side.
He leads to Life! when we but say, “they died.”
 Oh ! deep, deep mystery !

And *all* they leave ;
 Home love, home joys with us they *knew*,
 Duties and pleasures, aye—and sorrows too ;—
 Methinks they do not grieve.

Mysterious Guide !
 To lure them willingly from out our arms,
 How dost thou plead with them of unknown charms
 Unto our sense denied ?

But we shall know—
 We, too, shall turn with gladness to thy call ;
 Earth's joys, earth's gifts, shall be to us no thrall,
 But we with thee shall go.

LINES

On a box of Daffodils, bearing the motto “ For cheery thoughts,” sent us
 in mid-winter by our friend, R. A. S.

There is a love that seeks the lonely,
 That bringeth sunshine wheresoe'er it wills,

That lives not for life's selfish pleasures only ;
And this say to me all the Daffodils.

The breath of coming Spring these flowers bringing,
A freight of fragrance on the chilly air ;
Spring's birds e'en now within my heart are singing,
And all the snowy hills fresh verdure wear.

'Tis sweet to know, when ice and snow are round us,
And stormy threatening all the dark air fills,
Love's kindly thought unknown, hath sought and found
us,
And sent glad tidings by the Daffodils.

OUR FATHER.

The veil that hides the great Invisible
Lo ! we may put aside by prayer—
And calling *Father*, in earth's twilight
May see and feel that He is there.

No towering wall of awful grandeur
Hides Him from our poor, trembling sight.
Our Father does not leave his children
Groping below in endless night.

Though want and care and pain may hold us,
His voice shall come like healing balm ;
In darkest hours His love enfold us,
And bid life's troubled waves be calm.

THE GENIUS OF THE PAST.

Silent she sits, Sphinx-like, amid the sands
 That Time, relentless Time, has round her flung ;
 Their sexton-waves encompass her—her hands
 Powerless, that once men's souls in anguish wrung
 With torture, blood and chains, fierce, fiendish hate,
 That put to shame Religion's holy name !
 Where blinded eyes saw not heaven's mystic gate
 Open to angels, 'mid the curling flame.
 Thy mighty works, O Past ! are sad to view,
 For they are sepulchres that hold men's bones ;
 Whose vast proportions crushed men as they grew,
 And breathe e'en now of unpaid misery's moans.
 And thou, with stony eyes, beheld'st it all,
 While we, unknown of Life, heard not its call.

SUNSET AND STARLIGHT.

Lift up the curtains gloriously
 O hands of coming Eve !
 And let the sad tints fade away
 Like thoughts of those who grieve ;
 And let the waiting eyes afar
 Behold the golden gates ajar.

Light up the candles, hands of Night,
 And tell us of that home
 Amid thy starry halls of light,
 Where weary steps shall come,
 Away from griefs and cares of earth
 To find a shelter round God's hearth.

SWEET SUMMER TIME.

Sweet summer time, whither away?
 Upon thy robe the flowerets lay
 Soft fingers, pleading thee to stay.

The blue skies smiling overhead
 Would, darkened, weep to see thee dead ;
 The breezes, too, would miss thy tread,

As wandering through the purpled grass
 They bend it low to see thee pass—
 If thou must go—to grieve, alas !

Oh, stay ! to hear each warbler's song
 Amid the boughs, a happy throng ;
 Their joy doth half to thee belong.

Around thy hills and o'er the wold
 Stay, Midas-like, to scatter gold !
 Thy sunny hours a glory hold.

Who will not miss thy golden hours,
 Thy heaven-taught birds, thy smiling flowers—
 Man's sole bequest from Eden's bowers?

FLOWERS.

[A vestige of Eden.]

Out of creation speaks the voice that formed,
 The breath of Heaven Earth's inmost soul has warmed.

Myriads of flowers are starting from their tomb—
 Man's dwelling-place is filled with fragrant bloom.
 What were his dwelling-place on this wide earth
 If flowers through God's kind love, had not their birth ?
 Vestige of Eden, sin's hands never held.
 The fringe on labor's garment sewn of eld.
 When man from that fair Garden turned to go
 With the companion of his new-found woe,
 Methinks the Angel standing at the gate,
 In tender pity for their cruel fate,
 Bade Earth still give them year by year her flowers,
 To 'mind them 'mid their toil of Eden's bowers.

THE SCULPTOR'S CHOICE.

The Sculptor stood and gazed upon his clay.
 What shall I make of thee ?
 And in his mind such visions rose
 As Mahomet's followers see
 In opium dreams of future ecstasy.

Eyes like the Syren's, that could vivify
 Even the marble cold,
 Forms that could make the saint's high visions fly,
 Did his rapt fancy hold ;
 Tresses the Painter's art would bathe in gold.

But with the Syren's eyes looked forth a glance
 That bore the slime of sin !

And waving to betray, those tresses dance
 From every mesh within !
 His outstretched hand dare not the task begin.

For shining on him from his early days
 Two pure eyes met his own—
 Guileless as violets in the woodland ways,
 When spring around has thrown
 The sweetest garlands that she calls her own.

Ah, no ! no lasting beauty dwells with sin,
 Whate'er her charms may be !
 To model vice no honors would I win—
 My aim be Purity !
 For in those eyes I loved, *her face* I see.

THE SUMMER MEADOW.

I gazed on the summer meadow ;
 It wore a robe of blue
 With tiny stars besprinkled,
 That seemed of Heaven's own hue.
 And I said "O summer meadow,
 How fair is your robe of blue !"

I gazed on the summer meadow ;
 It wore a robe of gold,
 So bright, without a shadow—
 'Twas such as we can hold
 Without a wrong or heart-burn—
 That beautiful robe of gold.

I looked on the summer meadow,
 Covered with summer snow,
 Where with golden eyes a twinkling
 The daisies were aglow ;
 And their playmates gay, the breezes,
 Did chase them to and fro.

I looked on the summer meadow
 And saw the sharp scythe pass ;
 And the blue and gold and daisies
 Were dying 'mid the grass.
 Now I hear the summer breezes
 Go sighing as they pass.

ALONE.

Alone ! O weary word and weary thought ;
 Has one more sad across man's path been thrown
 Than this, with tearful memories inwrought.
 Alone—Alone ?

Amid earth's companies to hold no tie—
 No one the heart can gather as its own ;
 To miss the glance that made our sympathy ;
 This is to be alone.

To miss the eyes that made all trials sweet—
 Listen in vain for the remembered tone—
 Look in strange eyes the olden glance to greet—
 And find ourselves alone !

When Nature lays her flowers in our hand,
 No one comes near, to smile when they are shown ;
 The fairest blossoms from the tropic's land
Fade as we gaze alone.

So walk we on our lonely, weeping way,
 Nor heed his kindly presence, oft unknown,
 The Man of Sorrows, seeking day by day
 To make His peace our own.

O Man of Sorrows ! what our feeble woes
 To that deep, welming grief thy soul has known ?
 We weep—for Thou didst weep—and find repose,
 And make thy peace our own.

HALF MAST.

Half mast ! a soul has left this weary world,
 Rather on high with the full flag unfurled !
 Far, far above our mortal sense, a voice
 Doth say to listening ears, "Rejoice ! Rejoice !"

Half mast for sin ! that tells of living death.
 Half mast for blasphemy's God-given breath !
 Half mast where lust, unshamed its victim kills !
 Half mast where man the poisoned draught distils.

Half mast where man, earth's plenty hoards for gain,
 And sees earth's starving children beg in vain !
 Or chains God's image to a life of toil,
 And riots on the product of sins' spoil !

Half mast for these ! but where a soul has sped,
 Joy for the living ! sorrow for the dead—
 The dead who walk earth's ways and thinking live,
 Amid the pleasures sense and sin can give.

Half mast for guilt ! and let a nation mourn
Integrity that never may return ;
 But when a *good man* leaves this sinful world,
 Lift up the flag with every fold unfurled !

THE SOUL'S COTTAGE.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in the light through chinks that Time has made."

Poor Cottage ! far beyond repairs ;
 Dim are the windows, loose the stairs.
 The Soul no more looks brightly forth
 Upon the lovely things of earth ;
 The golden tints its childhood knew
 Are tarnished, fading, in their hue.
 The sounds of earth are faintly heard,
 From breaking waves, to singing bird.
 Oft unperceived the human voice
 That bade its earlier hours rejoice.
 Poor Cottage ! far beyond repairs !
 We come upon it unawares.
 Mark where Time's storms have rudely beat—
 The shaking head, the tott'ring feet,
 The thatchless roof, the furrows deep ;
 For who that lives, but knows to weep ?
 Ah ! what shall all this waste repay,

But beamings from Eternal Day,
 That through the clouded windows steal,
 And glimpses of that Home reveal
 That waits the Soul, past grief and woe,
 When age and weakness bid it go.

LOVE.

"Off with the old love, and on with the new."

Oh, flippant words ! fit for the wassail bowl
 Or "stirrup cup" that hails each new-found face !
 What is love worth that never sought the soul
 And met, though all unknown, its close embrace ?
 Love seeks its own ! nor ever will it prize
 The many lures that spread its gaze to win.
 It sees its heaven alone within those eyes
 That star-like, round its path have ever been.
 Time on the brow may plant its silvery hair,
 Love seeks its own—it knows no youth, no age.
 What though the mountain top be white and bare,
 And wintry snows and tempests round it rage !
 Love, like the sunset, even there can throw
 Its rosy tints with beauty all aglow.

"CAN YE NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?"

When sickness comes, and helpless, faint,
 Body and mind both own its power,
 We hear a voice of gentle plaint,
 "Can ye not watch one hour?"

When disappointment brings its gloom,
 And chilling winds fill pleasure's bower—
 When cherished hopes have found a tomb—
 Can ye not watch one hour?

When those who made this life seem sweet,
 Close death-chilled eyes, as fades the flower,
 No more our loving glance to meet—
 Can we not watch *one hour*?

O lonely one ! who prayed alone—
 Grant us thy patience as our dower :
 So we bend not in shame, to own
 We could not watch *one hour*.

One hour—the longest life no more.
 Why should earth's woes the soul o'erpower?
 The waves that strike life's chilly shore
 Will beat but *one short hour*.

VICTOR HUGO.

A life of stirring, strange vicissitudes,
 That could not quench a dauntless spirit's fire.
 A soul that wrought for universal good,
 Nor heeded regal pomp, nor people's ire.
 Exiled from homes that loving hands made dear,
 Shadowed by death in every passing joy—
 Drawn unto Nature's heart more close and near,—
 The weal of man, unwearied, thine employ.

The ocean taught thee, exiled, lonely one—
 So beat thy great heart on Time's rocky shore !
 As the bold eagle scans the blazing sun,
 So fixed thine eyes on Progress evermore.
 Great heart, and high of stature among men,
 With little children, but a child again.

IMMORTALS.

We are Immortals ! earth can never claim
 The soul that animates this mortal frame.
 Born like the stars forever more to shine,
 Essence of Him, whom all men call divine.
 Yet often stoop we from our high estate,
 Heedless of Angels that would on us wait ;
 We hoard the food that God spreads out for all,
 We turn a deafened ear to misery's call.
 We mark out acres calling them our own,
 We reap too often where we have not sown.
 Heap for ourselves and ours the cherished gold,
 And lay up treasures for the moth and mould.
 Untiring plan we for the things of time—
 We, but earth-pilgrims to a higher clime !
 Oh ! who would think eternal life were ours,
 When we each day so desecrate our powers !
 We call them blind, who lose the outward sight ;
 But who so blind, as never saw the right !
 We call them deaf, who hear no outward sound ;
 How deaf is he who conscience never found !
 Pilgrims on earth, we travel on our way,

Nor heed His hand, who gives us day by day
 More than the meat that outward life supplies,
 A myriad gifts that never meet our eyes.
 The little flower opes smiling on our way ;
 The happy bird pours forth his grateful lay ;
 Warm sunbeams brighten earth and sea and sky,
 Soft fleecy clouds across our vision fly ;
 For us the trees send forth their new-born leaves
 The swallow twitters 'neath the cottage eaves ;
 For us beam smiles upon the human face ;
 And home for all might be a happy place,
 If men as brethren would but strive to live,
 And each for all the needed work would give.
 Then, in this little Inn, we call the earth,
 A second Eden would rise into birth.
 Then fiendish War would raise its cry no more—
 Nor God's bright sun look down on fields of gore.
 But on together, script and staff in hand,
 As day by day we journey to that land
 That waits for all, how sweet the hours would be,
 When selfishness and greed and sin should flee.
 We are Immortals ! but the earth lays claim
 And chains the spirit to this mortal frame,
 Until like stars that fall, no more to shine,
 We bear faint trace of Him, men call divine.

THE NEW YEAR.

Unopened Book ! that waits for Time
 With patient fingers to uncloze,

Stiff with old winter's cold and rime,
 We scent not yet the June's fair rose,
 Nor breathe the Summer's fragrant breath ;

Yet close within its pages hid,
 With birds and buds and blossoming,
 In halls with violets carpeted,
 Shall rise the ever-blooming Spring,
 Unharm'd, untouched by Winter's death.

There Summer with her rosy face
 Shall stand amid the fragrant hay ;
 Bright leaves and fruits the roads shall trace
 Where smiling Plenty leads the way
 And beckons man to calm content.

Unopened Book ! that holds for all
 The smiles, the tears, the loss, the gain,
 The hope to rise, the fear to fall,
 Health, riches, misery or pain,
 By the same hand in kindness sent.

New Year ! Why do we call it *new*?
 The buried blooms of long ago—
 The roses that our fathers knew—
 Shall follow after Winter's snow,
 A resurrection to our sight.

The smiles, the loves, again shall come,
 And kindly meetings round each hearth ;

The happy or the lonely home,
 The heavenly or the earthly birth,
 Life's morn or Death's dark seeming night.

Welcome, New Year ! Time leads us on.
 How many millions hath he led
 In all the new years come and gone !
 The loves, the lives now vanished—
 Now buried in the mighty Past.

Welcome, New Year ! Thou wilt be old
 Full soon—as all things earthly are !
 We start with thee, thy hand we hold ;
 Thou canst not lead us very far.
 We leave thee where we left the old.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. SARAH S. BROWNE

Passed from earth, Oct. 28, 1885.

Dear Friend, thy steps have moved along
 The lonely way that all must tread ;
 Methinks thou passed with joy and song—
 For pain had chained thee down so long,
 When freed—thou must have joyous sped.
 Dear gentle Heart ! that still could bless
 While Suffering claimed thee for her own.
 Whose hand could give the kind caress—

Whose voice ne'er lost its happy tone.
 Sweetness and patience, truth and love,
 As dowers to thee on earth were given ;
 And wheresoe'er thy steps now move,
 There, as on earth, with thee, is Heaven !

THE COMING SPRING.

The spring time is coming,
 When bees will be humming,
 And blossoms a-nodding from every tree ;
 When bright birds are singing,
 Their clear voices ringing ;
 Will joy then be coming to you and to me ?

When warm grows the sunshine,
 And brooks as they run shine
 With sparkles and ripples of innocent glee ;
 When green grass is springing,
 And nature is bringing
 Her joy—will it come then to you and to me ?

When white clouds are scudding,
 And flowers are budding,
 And Nature seems laughing again in her glee,
 When soft rains are falling,
 And love notes are calling,
 Will joy then be coming to you and to me ?

When winter bonds breaking,
 With new life awaking,
 A glad resurrection again we shall see,
 The life stirring round us
 Shall break chains that bound us,
 And joy will be coming to you and to me.

BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

November 27, 1885.

Her Birth Day still—Birth Day in Heaven !
 She thinks of those she left so late,
 With all the new powers to her given,
 'Mid all the joys that round her wait.
 Birth Day in Heaven !

She greets it not 'mid pain and cross—
 With weary day, and restless night.
 Her gain it is—our earthly loss.
 Her steadfast Faith has changed to sight.
 Birth Day in Heaven !

To part from some, and meet the rest—
 To know we come, in God's good time,—
 The farewell sad—the meeting blest
 Beyond this life's cold, changeful clime !
 Birth Day in Heaven.

BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I would not lie, O Abbey, 'neath thy roof,
 But where the forest boughs sway to and fro
 And 'gainst heaven's blue stretch out a verdant woof,
 Where gentle gales at will could come and go.

I would not change Spring's carpet for the stones
 That tell of ashes and of slow decay ;
 But I would love that flowers should nod and bloom,
 And gentle hands should pluck them where I lay.

Though England's best were near for company,
 Lo ! England's worst are also side by side.
 E'en death would feel the haunting memory—
 Kings and their murdered victims—lust and pride.

The greatest poem born of human mind,
 Gray's "Elegy," came not at sight of thee ;
 But where the earth took back each humble child
 And breathed to him of lowly ministry.

The meanest spot that holds the sleeping clay
 Tells kindlier tales of human weal and woe ;
 The village churchyard with its grassy mounds,
 Where friends and neighbors daily come and go.

Stand up, O pile, full proudly 'gainst the sky,
 To tell where genius, innocence repose !
 But every stone forevermore shall cry
 Of guilty deeds Time's burdened memory knows.

PASS OVER, TRAVELLER.

"Said Jesus (whose name be Peace) this world is a bridge; pass thou over it, but do not build upon it."

Pass over, Traveller ! beneath, Time's stream
 Rushes how quickly, like a troubled dream.
 Full many a shipwreck have those dark waves known—
 Night comes, with gloom her garments all astir.
 Pass over, Traveller !

Thou canst not build, the planks are thin and frail,
 A firm, strong structure ; men have tried,—all fail.
 There is a land beyond thou canst not see—
 Oh ! linger not a moment, nor demur ;
 Pass over, Traveller !

Lo ! here and there they raise a house of clay
 For winds and waves how soon to sweep away.
 Oh ! seek afar from here a home of light !
 Darkness or light, which doth thy soul prefer ?
 Pass over, Traveller !

THE HOME IN BETHANY.

Sweet must it have been at the close of day,
 When length'ning shadows paved the dusty way,
 To seek the quiet home in Bethany.

There to abide and wash the tired feet ;
 Weary and worn, those friendly eyes to meet ;
 Grieving and sad, their welcome words to greet.

Who knows but earthly love came to His soul,
Where heavenly love held e'er its high control,
And sought to lure it from its onward goal !

Might she, He said, had chosen the better part
Have nestled like a dove around His heart,
Making it harder with this life to part ?

O life of love ! embracing all the earth,
The weary, sinful, sick, the low of birth ;
Say, did'st thou find a heaven around one hearth ?

The home of Bethany ! all else forgot,
Love-lighted still would be that hallowed spot,
With holy memories forever fraught.

For sweet it must have been at close of day
To turn from worldly scorn and greed away,
And seek that quiet home in Bethany.

MOTHER EARTH.

Upon the earth we creep and pat her face ;
We pluck her flowers so full of bloom and grace ;
We run our fingers through her grassy hair ;
And joy and innocence become a prayer.

Older—we grasp her treasures, silver, gold ;
We strive for more than we can ever hold.
Earth's children all—yet we since time began
Oppress and trample on our fellow man.

Earth bids her seasons pass, and says, we change,
 With greedy eyes we through her store-house range,
 We heap her goods, her grains until they rust,
 With grasping hands—forget that we are dust !

Older—we bend towards her face once more,
 For rest upon her bosom we implore.
 Like withered leaves, our treasures from us fall,
 Greed, pleasures, pomp, no longer on us call.

But softly clinging to her kindly breast,
 Our Mother Earth receives us to our rest—
 Where, if we lie by all beside forgot,
 Each spring with flowers anew she decks the spot.

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING AT A PHOTOGRAPH.

When we gaze upon the faces
 That have vanished from our sight,
 Softly 'mid the careworn traces,
 Shines a beam of heavenly light.

From the eyes come spirit glances
 Of a peace unknown before.
 Where we dwell, those lips are saying,
 Souls shall never hunger more.

Hunger for the things that perish,
 Place or fame or love ungiven ;

All the hopes on earth we cherish
 Shall fulfilment find in heaven.

Where we dwell, those lips are saying,
 We have met the lost from earth—
 Earthly life is but a praying,
 Longing for the heavenly birth.

Soon the circle undivided,
 Face to face and heart to heart,
 Round God's hearthstone shall be gathered
 Never, never more to part.

LINES

Sung at the Consecration of a Soldiers' Monument.

We meet to consecrate a spot
 That guards the memory of the brave.
 Whoe'er must lie unknown, forgot—
 Forget not those who died to save !

How nature mourned with crimson plains,
 For youth and worth untimely dead—
 And sought to cleanse with tearful rains,
 Each martyred hero's lowly bed.

Bidding her grasses o'er them wave,
 Writing their epitaph in flowers.
 Here willing hands a tribute gave,
 For grateful memories are ours.

Our Union saved ! our country free !
 Brother no more with brother strives.
 We raise this shaft to Liberty,
 To those who gave their all—their lives !

***DARKNESS AND DEATH REVEAL BEAUTY AND
 LIGHT.***

A building coarse and rudely shaped,
 Where Toil, Briareus, plies its arms ;
 By day, the passer-by would wonder
 Were I to say the place had charms.

But when the night drops down her mantle,
 There an enchanted palace stands
 Reflected in the flowing river,
 Its dark waves crossed by golden bands.

Or when the storm fills earth with beauty
 And every bough is decked with snow,
 Amid the graceful, twining arches,
 That palace sends a rosy glow.

So what to us seems rude and worthless,
 Conceals full oft a hidden grace,
 Seen only through the night of sorrow,
 Or smiling forth from death's cold face.

LINES

Addressed to a friend, who brought us a beautiful bunch of Magnolias.

Sweet were the flowers, but sweeter
 The thought that brought them here ;
 The lonely home to brighten,
 Labor and care to cheer.

And she who brought them to us,
 Bright in her eighty years,
 A form erect and girl-like,
 In all love's light appears.

For are they not like Angels
 Who bid the heart to sing?
 If but a simple flower
 With kindly wish they bring.

And so, my friend, I thank thee,—
 The richest gift bears not
 The fragrance of a flower—
 With God's own love 'tis fraught.

PRESSED FLOWERS FROM PALESTINE.

Sweet flowers that bloomed a year ago
 Within the fields His feet have trod !
 Over your petals comes a glow
 That seems the impress of our God.

The Savior loved you—and he read
 His lessons from your simple book.
 Methinks ye sprang beneath His tread
 With conscious smile and loving look.

To-day we look upon your grace !
 We see the flowers of Palestine ;
 The Holy Child in you we trace—
 Making you seem almost divine.

O fragile links, and fading fast,
 Binding our souls to Him and Heaven,
 Look lovingly while still ye last,
 And speak of love and sins forgiven !

EDELWEIS.

Thy little flower the storm defies,
 Cradled upon the Alp's cold breast,
 And bravely lifts its tender eyes,
 Secure within its icy nest.

So let thy heart 'mid storms of earth
 Still bravely lift its thoughts to heaven,
 Till on the mountain peaks has birth
 The rosy dawn—life's darkness riven.

ALPINE GENTIAN.

Sweet Alpine flowers, whose petals trim
 The old earth's garment ermine fringed,

What though your bed has icy rim?
 Heaven with its blue your eyes has tinged.

So may *thy* soul, 'mid toil and care,
 Still keep the hue that Heaven has given,
 Serene and calm,—each thought a prayer,
 Till earthly fetters all are riven.

LADDIE.

A Scotch Collie belonging to Miss Scott at Santa Barbara.

Who runs beside me as I ride
 And ambles gayly at my side?
 'Tis only he, my pet and pride,
 My Laddie.

Who watches by my whip and gloves
 With joyous bark for her he loves?
 Whose every act affection proves—
 My Laddie.

Who thoughtful, keen and good and wise,
 To do my bidding ever tries,
 "Barkis is willing" in his eyes?
 My Laddie.

Who will bemoan me if I die,
 If tears should fill no human eye—
 And watch for steps that ne'er come by?
 My Laddie.

O best of friends I ever knew !
 Responsive, quick, and good and true,
 Life would be sadder without you
 My Laddie.

COULD EARTH CONNECT WITH HEAVEN!

If I could say
 "Postman, my letters take
 And carry them to Heaven !
 And knock ! knock loudly ! at the golden gate !
 They will not make you wait,
 They will not ask by whom the letters given !"

Bridge o'er the stars !
 Lay rails in trackless space
 Unto our earth-like Venus, or to Mars !
 Could we *their* footsteps trace—
 Or hear *their* welcome when we leave those cars.

No passing o'er
 On steel, or wood or stone,
 No mortal feet can reach that heavenly shore.
 But souls shall pass alone,
 Lightened and joyous, with their earth-loads thrown !

Yet here we may commune
 With telephone of love—
 With lines of prayer, wind swept, like some old tune
 That once our heart could move,
 Simple and sweet with no mysterious rune.

AZOR.

The tree that Azor planted, it had spread
 Its full, green branches out to many a moon ;
 Its white roots stretched as far beneath the tread,
 Nor felt the winter's cold, nor heats of June.

The tree that Azor planted dropped its fruit,
 And thirsty travelers blessed him as they went.
 No bristling walls hemmed in the luscious prize
 Which summer painted for the beggar's eyes,
 And autumn to the halt and weak down sent.

And who was Azor? none may tell, but now
 In this, his tree, his spirit lives again—
 And breezes tell from every budding bough
 Of one who lived and loved his fellow-men.

"AND HE WAS CALLED THE FRIEND OF GOD."

The friend of God ! the Ages shall repeat
 That glorious name till earth itself shall nod.
 We bow us humbly at the Saviour's feet,
 But he was called the friend, the friend of God !

The Friend of God ! who would not joy to be
 Bound with that tie amid life's many ills?
 A bondage sweet—yet perfect liberty—
 How like an Angel's name that title thrills.

Jesus, the friend of man, we know full well ;
 But man the Friend of God ! we bow, we bend ;—
 Why may not we in these poor, latter days,
 Rise above self, and so become His friend ?

THE PASSING DAY.

Another day
 Has floated away
 To speed the river that bears us on ;
 With its hopes and fears,
 With its smiles and tears,
 With its pleasant faces come and gone,
 Another day has floated away.

The present is ours
 With its thorns and flowers :
 The past has vanished beyond recall.
 Nay, memory brings
 On her dusky wings
 Our buried treasures, she holds them all,
 Though another day has floated away.

Faces we meet
 In the crowded street,
 The day more pleasant because they pass.
 And joys spring there
 In the summer air,
 Bright as the flowers that stud the grass,
 Till another day has floated away.

Still another day :—
 And life speeds away
 To the realm that knows no fleeting time,—
 When the earthly years
 With their pain and fears,
 Forgotten will be in that fairer clime,
 When life's sad day has floated away.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

I thank Thee, Father, for the day,
 E'en if no joy to me it bring—
 And for the night that sped away
 With silence on each dusky wing,
 Lord of the night and day.

I thank Thee for the yellow leaves
 Whose gold bedecks each withered mound ;
 For lessons that my soul receives
 With spirit words that know no sound—
 The lesson of the leaves.

I thank Thee for the tender blue
 Filling the arch that spreads above ;
 And for the sunset's brighter hue,
 A golden gate our thoughts pass through
 In search for those we love.

I thank Thee for the friends who give
 One pleasant smile, one word of cheer,
 To teach us bravely how to live,
 And meet the ills that bind us here.
 I thank Thee, Lord, for friends !

I thank Thee that a better life
 Beckons the souls who sorrow now—
 Afar from grief, and pain, and strife,
 Mid pastures green, where pure streams flow,
 I thank Thee, Lord, for Faith !

WAYSIDE PREACHERS.

Say, do the posies talk to you
 When they nod and smile from the meadow grass,
 With their locks of gold and their eyes of blue,
 Whenever you chance to pass ?

What do the posies tell to you ?
 Of the morning's blush and the sunset's red,
 Of the sky wide spreading its arch of blue,
 Of the night's starred canopy o'er their bed ?

They shrink away from the careless foot—
 They fold their leaves from the dust and grime ;
 But they smile to the eyes that love them well,
 With a hopeful word in each tiny bell,
 And a thought and a faith of a fairer clime.

Smile through your tears in the morning dew ;
 Ring out your chimes to the passers' ear ;
 Tell of the pure, the good and the true ;
 Sing to the hearts that to Nature are near.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our friend and pastor,
 REV. FIELDER ISRAEL,

Passed from earth, Jan. 4, 1889.

Go, weary soul, unto the world that comes
 With soothing solace next this world of care !
 Thy words were kindly, and thy daily deeds
 Were constant blessings ; thy whole life a prayer.
 Thy death has cast a shadow over those
 Who met thee daily with thy pleasant smile.
 Dumb creatures loved thee, for thou wert their friend.
 Thy childlike heart ne'er knew a thought of guile.
 Thou hadst a sympathy that reached to all ;
 From none withheld thy words of hope and cheer.
 Thou hadst a pity for the sparrow's fall—
 For all dumb things that need our kindness here,
 Pass to a world that suffering never knew—
 A world of peace, with all the good and true.

SORROW.

If sorrow comes and folds her wings
 And sits beside you as a guest,
 And with a mournful cadence sings
 Of pain and longing, grief, unrest,—

Oh ! turn to her with tender smile
 (Though she no joy may ever give),
 Saying, "God sent you, rest awhile ;
 'Tis only in this life you live."

Then sorrow will unveil her face
 That looked so sad to you before,
 And show an Angel's hidden grace,
 As though her brow God's signet wore.

CHARLES LAMB.

"And gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend."

Thy fate was one that might have caused to shrink
 The boldest warrior on the battlefield,
 Who saw those horrors, rushing to the fray,
 And arms, and life, and honor threw away,
 As like a craven in his seat he reeled.
 But thou, when reason tottered on its brink,
 Couldst look beyond, above, and life could lend
 (Though not its flowers, its sweetest boon of love)
 To thy sad hours, a loving, trusting friend.
 Misfortune pressed thee like a haunting ghost—
 But that true friend could soothe, and bless and cheer ;
 Thy world all empty—but he at his post remained
 Like Roman sentinel, and thy sad heart sustained.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

A lion's courage with a woman's heart,
 Heroic fire that few on earth can reach—

Calmly to die amid the waves of strife,
 "To see her loved ones landed on the beach !"
 No greater love can fill the human soul—
 No shorter wire connect the earth with heaven.
 While seasons know to change, or planets roll,
 Fame's highest, noblest meed thy deed be given !
 Thou wert a pale, white star, that rose on high
 When lust and pride and infamous cruelty
 Shed lurid gleams across a darkened sky.
 Thy woman's hand was nerved to set them free,
 To stay the tide of blood, to quench each rising flame,
 And History weeps thy fate, e'en as she writes thy
 name.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Come up, my little, pink-cheeked friend,
 A rosy blush to woods to lend
 So still and bare ;
 Peep softly from the withered leaves
 With tender smile, as one who grieves,
 In life's cold air.

Let your red rootlets stretch above
 The moss and withered leaves they love
 And clasp Spring's hand ;
 For when you come she will be here—
 And to her heart, as ours, how dear
 Your starry band.

What though tall pines look up to heaven,
 And you a humbler lot is given
 Upon Earth's breast !
 Our thoughts are sweeter for your bloom—
 Beauty shall rise from out the tomb—
 And love be blest.

THE MOUNTAIN FRINGE.

I have a little twining vine
 Of lightest green the tinge ;
 Its graceful tendrils beckon me—
 The little Mountain Fringe.

Come out into the summer air,
 Murmur its tiny leaves,
 Here is a balm for woe and care,
 A joy for one who grieves.

And when the eyes to earth would close—
 And tears the sight bedim—
 Each beck'ning spray it lightly throws,
 A part of Nature's hymn.

Its little bells it gayly shakes
 As up, still up it climbs,
 Until my very heart it makes
 Go forth in simple rhymes.

POOR AND RICH.

O City-bound, in dens and alleys dark !

Where no bright sunshine looks, no green leaves be,
To raise to newer life th' immortal spark,—

I long to set you free.

O Toilers bending o'er the muck of earth

But for the bread that keeps your sad lives on !
What speaks to you the rosy morning's birth

In scenes ye look upon ?

What say to you the night's bright, starry eyes,

Where vice and misery prowl the dark hours through ?
Through slimy paths and dark your journey lies—

Life's joys ye never knew.

And you, ye Rich ! who hold vast, spreading lands,

And turn deaf ears to Misery's painful wail ;
Why wonder crime upholds its bloody hands

When Mercy's pleadings fail !

"Where is thy Brother ? " soundeth loud and clear

From starving millions—Speculator, pause !
The still, small voice thy soul one day must hear
Despite of sinful laws.

One day ill-gotten wealth thou must lay down,

One day thy hands refuse to clutch the gold,
One day the harvest reap which thou hast sown !
When o'er thee rests the mould.

THE SEA OF DREAMS.

I launch my boat on the sea of dreams ;
 I loose the rope and I leave the shore ;
 While dim unconsciousness clouds the beams
 That shine from the land I knew before.

Whither, oh ! whither, my boat shall sail,
 I ask not, I care not, as on I float ;
 Of favoring wind, or a stormy gale,
 Or a cloudy sky, I take no note.

And if Death should seize the helm and steer
 My bark to a land I have never known—
 If a welcome from distant shores I hear,
 Where the voyage must end that I take alone—

Oh ! sweet will it be those voices to hear,
 Hushed in the past so long ago !
 And sweet the sight of those faces dear,—
 The home of those loved ones once more to know !

But what is the cargo I'll carry there ?
 What are the deeds to that land I'll bring ?
 Shall I bow my head in silent prayer—
 Or looking above shall I joyous sing ?

AN IMPROMPTU.

On a five-leaved clover sent me from the West by a friend.
 Thanks, my friend, for the five-leaved clover ;
 A strange new-comer 'mid comrades three.

I ask, as I view it over and over,
What is the luck it will bring to me?

Will it ward off each coming sorrow
That Time will send, in his course, to all?
Gild with glad sunshine each sad to-morrow,
Joys that have fled—will it back recall?

It tells of sunshine that kissed the prairies;
Of the dappled kine close grazing by;
Of bees that hummed in its honeyed blossoms;
Of the keen, clear blue of a western sky.

We have heard of the four-leaved clover;
Never a five have we chanced to see.
And we query still as we turn it over,
What is the luck it has brought to me?

Love, from the one whose hand has gathered,
Thoughts from the absent forever dear—
The grass, as we gaze, is waving lightly,
And the fragrance of clover-blooms is here.

THE SEA.

"La tombeau sans fleurs."

Graves without flowers in the deep, blue sea,
Countless, aye countless, how many there be!
We lay our dead in the fruitful earth,
And violets and roses around them have birth;

But the flowerless graves of the mighty sea !
 Countless, aye countless, how many there be !

But the waves are sounding their lullaby,
 And like souls set free the white birds fly ;
 And the sunset hues as they robe the West
 Tell of the homes of the loved and blest,—
 While the ceaseless flow of the mighty sea
 Voices their immortality.

The stars will find out the lowliest graves,
 Though fathomless lie they beneath the waves.
 Earth's mother, the Night, will send them down
 To place on each mound a shining crown ;
 For however deep their graves may be,
 The stars will find them, those flowers of the sea.

Flower of the sea is each shining star
 That seeks its lone depths from its home afar,
 And the lowliest graves it will rest beside,
 In that silent calm, 'neath the mighty tide.
 While each wave above, as it rushes free,
 Sings ever of immortality.

TO A BUNCH OF CLOVER.

Childhood's Flower has still the power
 To stir the heart with mem'ries sweet,—
 Looks from the grass whene'er we pass
 Like an old friend our smile to meet ;
 Fair childhood's flower.

No close-shaved lawn, where night and dawn
 The mowers ply their ceaseless toil,
 But grassy plot, where childhood sought
 Its first flower friends, gifts of the soil ;
 Fair childhood's flower.

Sweet Clover fair, thou too wert there,
 With honey tubes to lure the bee
 To stay and sup ; bright buttercup
 Thy golden lamps lit hill and lea,
 Wee childhood's gold.

The hot-house grand wealth may command,
 And crowd with orchid's costly bloom ;
 But memory comes, the bee still hums—
 And the old heart still findeth room
 For childhood's flower !

DEATH IS THE FRIEND OF THE WEARY.

Faint not, tired one, on life's road,
 Though the way be dark and dreary !
 There comes an Angel to meet us all—
 Death is the friend of the weary.

Voices are hushed that lured thee on
 With their tones so bright and cheery ;
 An angel will lead thee where they are gone—
 Death is the friend of the weary.

On the mount of Faith, 'bove doubt and pain,
 Let the spirit build her eyry !
 Faith will show us the land where we live again !
 Oh ! who would always on earth remain
 When death is the friend of the weary ?

SPRING.

We had laid the Spring away, away,
 With her flowers white and flowers red ;
 With her sunny eyes, as asleep she lay
 Vanished from sight in our garden bed.

We saw the Autumn there strewing his leaves ;
 We heard the wind in the trees above
 Chanting a dirge—as the spirit grieves
 Vainly, oh ! vainly, its buried love !

'Tis said Love called back the soul that fled !
 Our love must surely sweet Spring recall,
 For, restless she stirs in our garden bed ;
 Will she burst the bonds of her winter pall ?

A soft wind is sighing above the earth—
 And lo ! a few violets burst from the sod ;
 The snow-drops are nodding and dancing with mirth ;
 Grass-blades are stirring in every clod.

"Sweet Spring is returning, she breathes on the gale."
 Who wrote it, who felt it, so long, long ago?
 Who will in the future be telling the tale,
 When our eyes that love her are lying so low?

"COULD'ST THOU NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?"

When life looks dim,
 And those we loved have passed away ;
 And morning's song and evening's hymn
 Herald no joy, nor close a happy day ;—
 We hear His words of old come back with power :
 " Could'st thou not watch *one hour?*

When sorrows press—
 And few remain to aid or cheer,
 To give us love and tenderness,
 And make life's passing moments dear ;—
 We hear His words of old come back with power :—
 Can ye not watch one hour?

One hour? O God !
 Its lagging moments seem so long—
 Though 'tis the path our Saviour trod
 And bore His heavy cross along !
 Oh ! let His words come back with healing power—
 'Tis but—'tis but *one hour!*

IN MEMORIAM.

MY BROTHER WASHINGTON.

He died in April, in the month of tears,
When Heaven sent down its gentle, pitying rain ;
When o'er the earth the grass' green, tender spears
Inwove with flowers, were clothing hill and plain ;
When early birds, like messengers of love,
Seemed winging forth from Heaven's just opened
door,
Bearing glad tidings, like the old-time dove,
That for one soul earth's weary waves were o'er ;—
Those weary waves of Life that round us beat,
Rolling grief's surges on Time's rocky shore ;
Casting like withered flowers beneath our feet
Those early hopes that fade to bloom no more.
O happy Soul ! to pass like his away,
To change (unbowed by years) our night for day !

PART II.

PROSE.

AN AUTUMNAL RIDE.

What is pleasanter in these October days than a ride on a country road, when the woods are rich in their autumnal loveliness? It is well for an hour or two to turn our thoughts from this working-day world of labor, avarice and cruelty, and drink in, spell-bound, the beauty that still lingers around the dying year. Amid the swamps and meadows the colors vary from the faintest buff to the deepest gold, from the palest pink to the darkest crimson. Here the stone wall, that like a demure young Quakeress has only dared to wear a gray dress with a border of lichens, now glows with all the richness of gold and red that the poison ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) can bestow. And there a tree still dressed in its summer green has intertwined from base to summit the crimson American woodbine (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*).

Here in the centre of a swamp is a huge bouquet formed of many-tinted trees. And there the hills wear their gorgeous coat of many colors, mixed with the

piners' green livery, contrasting finely with the bluest sky, with its fleecy, white clouds.

As we ride along, the sunshine twinkles and plays with many changing lights among the gorgeous hues, and we imagine ourselves for the time in fairyland, travelling without a purpose through unending beauty. In these green meadows are gentle cows, who stand or lie, chewing the cud, if not of "sweet and bitter fancies," at least that of contentment.

How much more happy is the life of a cow than that of a horse ! Turned out in pleasant pastures they toil not, but repose peacefully all day, and at night stroll slowly home, to be relieved of their burden for their own comfort and the advantage of their owner. I am glad the working of cows the same as horses does not prevail in this country, as in Europe.

Here and there in the fields as we ride along are those whose thoughts rest not on the beauty of the landscape ; hedging and ditching, ploughing, sowing, reaping, gathering. Yet their figures in various attitudes, carts, fences, unshapely houses, barns, ploughed fields, etc., but serve the same purpose as harsh discords in music. To them the fields mean labor and harvest ; to the passing traveller a page of beauty. What a pure, life-giving air comes from these woods and hills ! It is the breath of Mother Nature herself, as she bends down to those who meet her with appreciating eyes and loving glances.

These are the same old trees, the same old gray stone walls. These winding curves of the road have

met our gaze many and many a time, yet ever pleasant to the eye. This brook by the roadside, where the morning sun is searching to find each little pebble, and loves to bring out all the shades of gold, green and brown from its clear bed, runs along like an old friend to meet us. As we pass we give a cheery word to the workers in the fields, to a mother coming from one of the lonely houses with her little child, or to some solitary traveller. Who could be reticent in such a scene? It is time the German custom of saluting every one met on the highways were introduced here, and we will make a beginning.

How much unoccupied land spreads before us! "I love," exclaimed some one passing a moorland, "to see some ground left in God Almighty's hands!" and Leigh Hunt says, "I love to see trees that look as if they were good for nothing but to walk under and to furnish us with a sentiment." And we all, methinks, love to get out in the fields, to be children once more, to forget the time of day and the routine of daily life. Why is it that we Americans enjoy so little of out-of-door life? Why are we satisfied once a year to take a trip through the mountains, or a sail along the coast, and the rest of the time to remain within four walls? We cannot say that the pursuit of money required for the comforts of life causes this, for how many of those who have acquired a competency keep on as if the yellow coin were pleasanter to their eyes than the yellow leaves, and the walls of their places of business more attractive than the blue sky or changing clouds?

Here by the wayside, in a small enclosure, is a solitary tomb, still cared for, as the trimmed trees and mended gate testify ; and cared for still by Nature who, in the wee buds and blossoms of spring, brings back the little child who once ran here through the grass with his treasures of buttercups and clover ; recalls the youth whose thoughts wandered oft far from his native farm,—and also his sturdy manhood, when his strong arm ploughed these fields and gathered in the harvest ; while Autumn sends his colored leaves like cheering messages from above, telling of a brighter Harvest Home than earth can give. How the stars must look on this quiet spot, winter nights, and the moonbeams keep a loving watch over this lonely tomb !

How many pages of beauty one country road will bring before us ! and Memory, whose pencil, like that of a wandering artist, is always ready, paints (how rapidly) upon the brain, with colors that never fade, with a dexterity, appreciation and skill we cannot fathom, all that pleases our eyes, all that impresses our minds, all that gladdens our hearts. What are the gaudery of the theatre, the tinsel and glitter of the ball-room, to the display of autumnal beauty that is spread out to every eye, painted by the hand of the Great Artist on a canvas that is always changing, in primeval colors that never fade ? The eye must be dull indeed that never drinks in its loveliness, and the spirit poor and mean that cannot look up from its toil, its pride, its selfishness or its sorrow, and worship.

A WINTER RIDE.

An invitation for a winter ride, and we cannot resist it. So donning as much clothing as we can bear, kid jacket included, and taking an extra shawl besides, we set out. Not riding every day, a few faint premonitions of taking cold or getting "the creeps" like Mrs. Gum-midge, steal over us ; but we say to such thoughts, "Get ye behind me," and ride on. Our friend obligingly says, "Go anywhere you like ;" so we choose an old country road we have much travelled on, but which is new to her, and go prepared to act the part of a Tourjée in pointing out the beauties. Why is it that owners of horses put them out to board in winter and defer their rides till spring? A winter ride brings the blood to the surface, especially if the mind is wide awake and ready to seize everything on the way, interesting, comical or meditative.

We pass through Peabody and come to the square, or common, as it is sometimes called. It has always a pleasant appearance, with its white church facing it, the depot with its pretty fountain in front, the new soldiers' monument, alike creditable to the designer and the town. One cannot help wondering what the effect would be if the large granite globe on which stands the statue were to fall in the midst of the many teams and pedestrians. It is not a pleasant thought, and we dismiss it. Across thence through Lowell Street, where there are many fine residences, three or four built the past year, we reach a spot called Kingdom, from several brothers called King residing there. Two of them still remain.

Farther on is the King Burying Ground, where several of the brothers rest, among them Hon. Daniel P. King, who was well known and much respected. In the centre of Kingdom, beneath tall elms, is a large triangular trough where a stream of pure water is always running ; it looks inviting to man and beast, especially of a hot day in summer. Would there were more on the roads !

The hills and fields look rather brown, the greenest parts in the swamps and low meadows being covered with ice, where the frog operas have ceased and the tired singers repose after their labors as securely as the Czar Peter in his ice palace of old, and more so than the present czar, free from dynamite and Nihilists. Large heaps of some orange-colored substance near the railroad track excite our attention, and prove to be the pressings from a cider mill in the vicinity. A few years ago the road on each side for some distance was lined with scrubby apple trees, the original crab that sprang up from these deposits ; most of them have been cut down. We miss the tender green of the spring, the ripened harvest fields and the beautiful autumn foliage. But what a fine opportunity we have for studying the formation and branching of the trees—the birch, the lady birch, as it has often been termed, standing in graceful groups arrayed in its silvery bark ; the ash with its close textured covering ; the American elm, also called the weeping elm ; some have given the preference to the English elm, but we prefer the downsweep of those bending branches to the stiffness of the latter.

An orchard of moss covered apple trees attracts my companion's artistic eye (we suppose the farmer does

not see this beauty). They bring us many pleasant thoughts and fancies; more, methinks, than the expressed juice of their earlier and larger crop of fruit could bestow on the imbibers. A little squirrel runs gaily along the stone walk. What a beautiful sky is above us! deep blue, and across it fine, white shirred clouds. The day is perfect, and seems more like summer than a few days before Christmas. Where are the old-fashioned snowstorms once prevalent at this time, when we were obliged to cut arches across Essex street, and around was one field of dazzling white? Truly the seasons have changed. We are either moving on to meet the tropics or the tropics are moving on to us. Why is it that people are so ready to find fault with the weather. They must certainly forget for the time that it is in His keeping who doeth all things well. There are some exceptions. A tradesman calls at our door daily, who resembles the shepherd of Salisbury Plain, who, on being asked what weather it would be, said, "It will be just such weather as pleases me." The questioner was astonished, but the shepherd added, "It will be just such weather as pleases God, and whatever pleases God pleases me." Our tradesman always has a good word for the day and the weather. In a pouring rain—"What a beautiful rain to make the crops grow!" On a biting cold day—"Fine healthy weather," etc. It is a pleasure to hear him, and to know that one, at least, is satisfied.

The green of summer has faded, but the white pines

stand out as if to compensate us for the loss, greener than ever. We always envy a grove of pine trees — indeed, every one we see — and think how much good one would do us if we had it in our garden, to gaze at and admire in the winter season. We cannot carry home one of these stately trees, so we pull up two or three of the grandchildren or great-grandchildren, hiding their roots from the sun behind the buffalo robe, and wondering if the small amount of life they contain will remain in them, and take kindly to their new surroundings. It is said that the mandrake when torn from the earth, utters a cry like that of a human being in distress. Whether these little pinelets made any remonstrance I know not, but they ought to feel flattered to be taken to the city and planted at the foot of a grassy hill, beneath tall locust trees, in a spot I have dignified by the name of Central Park ; there, among their country cousins from the woods of Kennebunk, Berwick and Beverly, to live and grow and be admired.

Before us, in the road, are country teams, the one in advance of us driven by a boy of fourteen. He guides his horses one side to let us pass. As I thank him, my companion says, "Boys of that age love to be praised."

Another wagon in front, the horses taking their own time, and the tired driver lying full length on the seat, apparently asleep. After some time he rouses and begins to move to one side, when we stop him, with thanks, telling him we are not going far.

We reach the end of our journey at a farmhouse. Here this year have been sadly realized the words, "The one shall be taken and the other left." One of two brothers, who have worked side by side for twenty-five years, ploughing, sowing, reaping, has passed from earth. Spring will come with its cares and duties and find him not, and the place that knew him so long shall know him no more. But he has gone where are green pastures and living waters, and the loneliness and the sadness are the legacy of those who remain longest on earth.

We turn back, finding still some new thing in the old places. The red alderberries are as beautiful as ever, with their red cheeks glowing in the cool air. Near the alder are graceful bunches of delicate white-berries trembling in the air; they resemble the mistle-toe and we think what a pretty contrast they would make to the red berries arranged with green. On near inspection we recognize the dogwood and think the temperance motto — touch not, taste not — is the best. A small troop of guinea hens in front, with their gray gowns speckled with white, enliven the way with their sharp piping and clucking.

The sun shines on the little ponds by the road where the pond lilies, like the Sleeping Beauty of old, are reposing. Some one has advertised for a receipt to destroy these lilies. I think it would be more in keeping to get a receipt for activity and thrift which would cut down the noxious weeds before their seeds are ripened. And yet even these very weeds, which are the farmer's

pest, the thistle for example, furnish the winter birds with many a meal. Even indolence has its virtues, and if it were not for the laziness of the husbandman many a chirper would go without its breakfast.

But our ride is finished and if we have not found "sermons in stones and good in everything" we have at least found pleasure and instruction from the common things in our way, and taken our thoughts, that so often settle down to brood over the sad things in life, out of ourselves into the light and sunshine of God's universe.

BACK YARDS AND GARDENS.

For how many years to the little child or weary invalid do the walls or fences of the small back yard or the little garden form the horizon line! How every object in these enclosures is stereotyped on the eye and idealized in the mind! How eagerly the seasons are waited for, especially Spring, if she but call up the one violet or columbine from the nook where a brother's hand has planted it, a token of what pleasures lay waiting for the little child when she, too, would be well enough to climb the hills and gather the flowers! How little we grown people understand the imaginative joys of little folk! I recall now a solitary recreation of a little invalid when allowed the range of the small back yard for the first time after illness — a recreation never told of till many, many years afterwards. To a casual

observer the sight was that of a child wandering around the place, picking up bits of wood, leaves, insects, etc. But there was a world of imagination there. In her sick hours she had read Robinson Crusoe ; and now she was fancying herself that hero. This small yard was the island ; she was Robinson. A shelter must be built, and the chips and sticks were collected for the structure. Then food must be provided for the winter season ; for it seemed more natural for the child to think of the cold winter when the snow was over the top of the door than of a rainy one. So dead beetles, grasshoppers, worms, etc., were collected and carefully stored. Then Robinson's goats — there was a puzzle ! but the large red or yellow caterpillars, called cows by her, furnished a substitute ; they were taken tenderly and put in the enclosure, with great green leaves for fodder. What if the careless foot or stormy wind or dropping rain destroyed all this ? The play was repeated day after day with equal enjoyment. Then the morning glories that climbed over the bedroom window, planted by a mother's hand, how they shed a glory and brightness into the poor room ! How a mother's touch, plucking the poppies, turning their scarlet leaves backwards to form a petticoat, tying it around the waist with a bit of grass, leaving the round seed vessel exposed for a head, could transform a common flower into a pretty doll ! Then were there ever such luscious peaches, plums or apples as those which grew in the garden our childhood knew ? We trow not.

Then when winter comes, how for the little child or

weary invalid the spirit of the storm seems to exert itself to hang its beautiful snow flowers on the trees and bushes, its white etchings on the old fences and boards, its fantastic paintings on the window glass ! What pleasure to plant seeds in the small garden plot, to watch the growth, to count our harvest even before ripening ! Truly we may go farther and find no sweeter pleasures or more satisfying. A garden—how much the word implies ! With some a show place with everything in the nicest order, every flower in rank, the lawn shaven smooth as a convict's head ; where we cannot help pitying the poor grass as it vainly strives to live and bring forth its seed ; with the pines curtailed of their chief beauty, the outstretching lower limbs, or, worse still, cut off at half growth, as we saw some in a garden in Andover, and left looking like enormous beehives. Such a garden as this, instead of the feelings of beauty, enjoyment, admiration and oftentimes worship, as we gaze at the Master's unrivalled workmanship, brings to my mind (especially when gazing at the shaven lawns) the only thought of how much money and labor spent to distort Nature and deprive her of her charms. The beauty of the grass, even in a neglected field, in its different stages ! How the wind will sweep through it, till it seems like the running waves ! How the clover and buttercups adorn it—the yellow cups catching the sunshine, and the clover sending its subtle perfume through it, to invite the busy bee and wandering butterfly. Give one an old-fashioned garden, neglected, if you will, where Nature has not been quite thrust out.

We have such a one in our mind now. The place had been the residence of one to whom the sight of the hide was pleasing, as the representative of money; part of the garden was a foot deep with the odds and ends of leather; excavations almost like those of Pompeii were required to find the soil; but it was found after persistent effort. The land was in three slopes, large locust trees at the foot; grass covered it where the leather did not. Paths were made on the sides and named Locust and Raspberry avenues. Ferns were planted in the shade where nothing else would grow; old stumps and rocks were arranged to form a rockery; a rustic bower made at the foot of the lower hill and a grapevine and honeysuckle trained over it; in another corner a retreat called Boffin's Bower of Dickens memory was constructed of an old gate and numerous beanpoles, over which a woodbine crept and in the course of three years kindly concealed every deformity; a stump with a large hollow in it made a flower pot for a fern; an ancient bean pot found among rubbish was installed as a vase for another fern. This bean pot could have furnished the theme for a story. How often had it made its Saturday-night journeys to the bakery with its home-arranged contents; how often its Sunday morning travels homeward with the time-honored Sabbath dinner; and now, when rejected for its unsoundness, still undespised, put to an æsthetic use bearing the graceful fronds that should give pleasure to the eye in a weary hour. The woodbine hung its green festoons around the bower in

spring, or in autumn dropped its crimson leaves into the lap of the occupant. A bluebird entered, and raised a family in the birdhouse hung on an old locust tree ; while the evening primrose, amid other flowers, seemed to shed a pale, lamplike color around with its strange odor. The sunsets cast a double beauty on the river, seen from the bower, or in spring and fall sent their white-capped waves dancing by, bringing old Ocean's murmur with them. But, ah ! the *wisdom* of the city fathers, after allowing the clear stream to be polluted year after year, has filled it up and deprived the residents of what was once and still might be a source of health and beauty. These old-fashioned gardens, with their rambling walks guiltless of ribbon beds or carpet patterns, but glowing with clumps of brilliant hollyhocks and yellow sunflowers stretching their golden disks above the fences, as if, like the Persian, they worshipped the Day God whom they followed ! It needed some one to cross the Atlantic to bring this despised flower into fashionable notice, and to give us lessons on art and taste, even if it *were hard* to separate the few golden grains from the *unintelligible* and the *nonsensical*. We venerate and esteem all that is worthy of it in the old country, and we would fain imitate all that is worthy of imitation. But we do not yield the palm of superiority in art or anything else to John Bull, nor do we feel ready to worship a golden calf. Some have a dislike to single flowers. I have heard a lady say, " I would not have a single hollyhock in my garden." To my taste, single flowers

(the rose excepted) are much more beautiful. The sun shining through and into bell-shaped flowers gives them a beauty the others never knew. The bee within the single hollyhock gives far more pleasure to the eye than double petals. Who would exchange our woodbine—the Virginia creeper—for all the ivies of England? How much more graceful its waving tendrils and festoons! and what can compare with its autumnal richness of coloring? How the little child and the invalid watch autumn's Joseph's coat of many colors, as the leaves drop to the ground from ripeness!

Old-fashioned gardens! where the children could play without a paid gardener following with a rake to erase their footprints; where they could pick a little fruit, and spread dinner for themselves and their dolls without a reprimand; or gather the flowers that seemed prettiest without hearing father exclaim, "There! you have broken off a rare specimen!"

How great cities furnish show gardens, instead of places for the enjoyment of the million! In these gardens but one class is cared for, those who receive pleasure through the eye. How the weary limbs and cramped muscles long to stretch themselves on the grass! How the toddling little ones look in vain for the buttercups and clover to make their little bunches to carry home! How they long for a run anywhere over the greensward! But on all sides they see, "Keep off the grass!" "Keep off the grass!" And if they venture to pluck a posy, a strong grasp of the shoulder by the uniformed defender of the city's rights stops

them. The little back yards and gardens have not this drawback. They belong to the family, to the little children, to the invalid, to the father and mother, to all of the household. The flowers are the property of each and all. The fruits are looked forward to by all. What is there too humble to be forbidden? How the apples turn their blushing cheeks towards the house as if to say, "We are ripening for you!" And the flowers try with all their power to hang their bells and blossoms in the room. The little patch of blue sky above seemed bluer and fairer than any seen since, and the sunshine more golden there than elsewhere. How Jack Frost would look into the poor room, as if he said, "You have not many pictures; let me paint you some on the windows!" And the rain which falls on the just and unjust, on the poor as well as the rich, how it washed the poor widow's windows and watered her little garden! And the Spirit of Beauty, which money cannot purchase nor wealth control, bids the little child and the weary invalid observe and prize the charms of common things, and take to their hearts the lessons they teach, while they welcome the first blossoms and the birds, the harbingers of spring, watch the wandering snowflake, or admire the beauty of the mosaic tints of the ripened leaves.

OLD ROWLEY—GLEN MILLS.

Who has not heard of the Salem Essex Institute and its pleasant field meetings? These field meetings

now are of a different character from those of former years ; at least in regard to many of the party who attend them. Once thick shoes, old clothes, knobby canes, coarse baskets, knives, trowels, etc., were in requisition. Now the picnic element has come in, and dress and ruffles are in the ascendant. Once five or six miles were thought nothing of in pursuit of a favorite flower or rare geological specimen. Now list to the sighs of the faint-hearted and the groans of the weary who have been beguiled into taking a two or one mile walk in the woods. If the time spent on ruffles and embroideries were passed in the companionship of Nature, the result would be more elevating and beneficial. If King Solomon in his regal robes was not arrayed as gorgeously as the lilies of the field, what lady, strive however she may, can compare with them?

But to the party. It was to attend the latest of these field meetings held in the pleasant town of Rowley that a party of four agreed — one teacher and three ex-teachers ; one of the latter to leave her seashore resort early to meet the others at Rowley. The day was bright and beautiful, and behold us en route for the place. A relative of one of the party had recently married and settled at Glen Mills, said to be the most romantic spot in Rowley. We were invited to go there with her. Could we refuse such an invitation? No. The short programme was arranged. On the arrival of the train one was to look for our seashore friend and another to procure a conveyance to Glen Mills, which, we were told, was two miles distant. Carriages to and from the

town hall, the place of meeting, were included in the fare. But we must seek another conveyance. And, seeing a pleasant-looking lady drive down with a good horse and inviting carryall, we made bold to enquire of her how we could get to Glen Mills. Saying she would be happy to carry us, that the distance was four miles instead of two, seeming so happy to oblige us, and with a manner that forbade us offering her any remuneration, we could only accept her kind offer with thanks. We regretted our seashore friend's non-arrival, but left word with the ticket master where she could find us. Then we rode along, enjoying the glorious summer morning to its full extent. The road was fringed with myriads of blushing wild roses — how like the bashful maidens of olden times, that almost extinct race, who needed not the latest Parisian invention (bonnets provided with blushing pads), but who bloomed in their innocence, here and there, guiltless of the arts and wiles of modern invention. The way was gay with roadside flowers. We have a dislike to botanical names. The woodwax does not look so golden when called *Genista tinctoria*. The modest yarrow, as it peeps up from the hedge, whispers its signification, "Cure for the heart-ache," instead of *Achillea millefolium*. You may take all the Latin names away, but let me keep the associations, the significations, the memories connected with flowers. Workmen busy in the fields, comfortable homesteads, with their large barns, always a pleasant sight, met the eye. One of the party was afraid of a horse, and had she known that Charlie was but six years

old she would not have entered the vehicle. But Charlie did credit to his good feeding and kind treatment, and obeyed his mistress's slightest word, so all went well. At length we reached Glen Mills, also called Dummer Mills. Its beauties were manifest at the first approach. —lofty elms, hill and dale, little lakes fringed with shrubbery and shaded by trees, planted by Mr. Dummer. So many scenes of beauty, bits of loveliness to delight an artistic eye, we had not imagined here. We met with a warm reception, and, after resting, set out to see some of the spots near at hand, when lo ! up the road, flushed with the heat of the summer day and with walking, rushed our seashore friend. She had walked nearly all the way.

Arriving at Rowley on an express train, the conductor being "deaf to her prayers" to stop there, finally relented so far as to "slack up," and she having travelled nearly round the world, and being familiar with hairbreadth escapes, managed to get off ; then finding a man with a cart loaded with five flour barrels, who kindly gave her a ride part of the way. Inquiring of him the way to Glen Mills, he had never heard of it, but knew where Dummer Mills were. She offered to pay him for his kindness ; he refused to take anything. Then she offered to buy a net for his horse's neck. This he also declined. Then she walked the rest of the way. So much for energy. Then after showing in several ways that she had plenty of vitality remaining, we sat down to sketch the picturesque stone arch of an earth bridge over Mill River. The old, gray rocks

were patched with lichens here and there ; a graceful willow drooped from the shore in front of it ; a huge maple intermingled its leaves with those of the willow ; its projecting roots, that sought to lay their long fingers in the stream, held bunches of fern fronds. The sunshine flecked the rocks reposing in the brown bed of the river. Where we sat was a deep hollow, but mosquitoes were unknown ; birds flew and sang among the branches overhead, and the blue sky, with its floating cloudlets, looked down at us between the green curtains of the trees. My friend and I usually produce two different pictures of the same spot, having a family resemblance, it is true. She tends to the diminutive, I to enlargement. The busy mills were sending their dreamy music around us. The house was about one hundred and twenty-five years old, but showed no sign of its age, being well preserved. A garden in front was bright with flowers. In one of the rooms was the handsomest buffet we ever saw, the top or wall of which was a large, fluted shell ; it was carved, as all the rest of it was, by hand. We suggested what a fine niche it would make for a statue, of Prayer, for instance ; but all the rest agreed that the old buffet had better remain as it was, filled with curiosities. After our lunch from our well-filled baskets and additions from our kindly hostess of strawberries, new-made butter, tea among other things, we went out with her to view the glen. Between two hills runs Mill River, its bed holding and reflecting all the hues of brown and green and gold where the sun peeps through the trees. Along one bank a

narrow path with trees on each side. About half-way, in a hollow in the hill, from out the roots of a maple, over rocks, flows one of the coolest springs from which you ever drank. Our cold spring is no exception. The people in a house near by get all their water from it. From one side of the bank, in the hollow, a tiny stream runs into it. Wild flowers nodded among the ferns. A lovely spot. We longed to linger, but time forbade. A stroll in another place led through a wood path to a sun-lit lake, where pond lilies grew. A large bed of irregular rocks dammed up the stream here. This was the Flume. In spring, when the tides are high, the water rushes over it with great force. Now the water is low and steam power has to be used occasionally. Mrs. D. informed us that J. Appleton Brown and his wife were there a week ago painting from these scenes. They are well worthy a place on his canvas. Mr. Brown is a painter by profession and can sit down with confidence amid such scenes and work. But for amateurs, when we gaze on the faultless arrangement of trees, water and rocks, the tinting and blending of countless hues, the intermingling of light and shadow, the play of sunbeams peeping from nook and cranny, as if laughing at our perplexity and mocking our pencil, we feel as the old Scotch lady did who, when asked if she understood the preacher's sermon, said, "Wad I hae the presumption?" Yes, mortals "hae" a great deal of presumption when they think to imitate the inimitable works of God. But if our sketches are far from perfect, still they will ever recall

"the beauty of a day that is fled." The old mills, Dummer Mills as they are best known, are the oldest mills in this country. The time had come when the lady who brought us and who kindly offered to carry us back, arrived, and she added to her kindness by showing us a large part of Rowley. It is laid out in four squares. These open places give a pleasant, inviting look to the town, whose handsome and comfortable-looking houses, large, well-filled barns and handsome herds of cows look as if—

"Health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,"

and blessed others also. We were not back in time for the meeting, which was an interesting one as usual, and which adjourned after passing votes of thanks to the people of Rowley for their many kind attentions.

MES AMIS, LES CHIENS.

Dogs have been my friends from babyhood. The first remembrance stamped on my six-months' old brain, next to a mother's face, is of dogs. It stands out now with all the freshness and distinctness of one of Rembrandt's paintings; Rembrandt, who delighted in the effects of artificial light. It is this: a young mother with her infant on her arm, a lamp in her hand, bringing out all the dark shadows, going across the yard to the wood-shed, throwing back the door and showing the family dog with her little ones to the friend who

accompanied her. A French writer, the author of "The To-morrow of Death," mentions that it has been brought forward as an argument against preëxistence that we have no recollection of it. This, he says, is more of an argument for than against it; for the first two years of this life are a blank, and we often lose memory at the close of it. Be this as it may, the first two years of life are not a blank with all of us.

But, "*revenons à nos chiens.*" It is pleasanter for me to meet my four-footed friends than to pass some bipeds who frequent the street. When I take my morning walk to the meat shop I pass a large, black Newfoundland. I say, "Come, Roger, you know where I am going." He looks up, wags his tail as if to answer, "Don't I?" He waits upon me to the store; on entering, he is ignominiously thrust out, because the master of the establishment (who is very kind to animals) says he is a thief. But I reply, in the fashionable parlance of the day, "Roger is afflicted with kleptomania." He waits on the step until I have finished my purchases, gallantly accompanies me as far as I go, and then meekly obeys the command to return home. Roger has just been taken into a family with Gypsy, an old dog of twenty years. Gyp is almost blind and wholly deaf, but retains his mental faculties so far as to appreciate his friends and to show an intense jealousy of Roger, who he plainly knows has been bought to take his place.

The provision store has many dog frequenters, some attending their owners and some entering in alone. Of these latter is David, a brown curly spaniel. In he

comes and tries to attract the storekeeper's notice. Finding this fails, he sits quietly on end and begs a long time, with a fixed, imploring eye, and when this, too, is unnoticed, he lifts up his voice with a loud, repeated howl which never fails to bring the expected morsel. This he repeats again and again—the begging, the howling—until told to leave. Jack comes in with *his* master; he is nearly a score of years old. His master says he wishes “some one would kill him.” But I rather think it is all talk. I should as soon think of killing one of the family as of destroying an old, petted domestic animal which had spent his life under the same roof with me.

The names bestowed on favorite canines by people's fancy are somewhat curious. Some of my friends are called Fowler, Sailor, Music, Drive, Guard (this is a pretty and expressive one), Chip, Bushy, Rab, Smut, Drew, Bruno, Dom Pedro, Japan, Mike, Tasso, Budge, etc. On asking an acquaintance the name of his dog, he answered, “I call him *Satan*, for the pleasure of saying, “Get thee behind me, Satan!” Looking alternately at the master and dog, I inquired, “Which is Satan?” I remonstrated with him to no effect; and then told him I should change the dog's name to *Satin*, which I did, he answering to it quite as readily. I met the dog a few days after his master died. *Satin* was in fine spirits. He did not seem to grieve for the one who had given him such a vile misnomer. Milo is an old acquaintance; he is seventeen years of age—not quite so nimble on his legs as formerly, but watch-

ing the house with great fidelity, and cared for as kindly as a child.

Rover Moran is a large Newfoundland (well known in Salem streets), whose master, a sea captain, died a few years ago. Rover goes every day to the post-office, and waits for the form that never more will come. Rover waits upon me when I go shopping, and as far as I will allow him on my journey home.

One of the most unsocial dogs I ever knew is Bruno, a handsome shepherd dog. I made many overtures to be acquainted, but found "Barkis *not* willing." He has a dislike for strangers. Lying one day on the horse-car track, directly in front of an approaching car, a gentleman ran and tried to shove him with his foot from his dangerous place. Bruno savagely offered to bite him for his kindness, taking him for an enemy. For a long time Bruno resisted every attempt at acquaintance, but finally yielded, and now comes at call, and seems pleased at the friendship. Bruno was one of the superfluous dogs of New York, condemned to death by the *wisdom* of the city fathers, and on his way to execution rescued by a lady, a lover of animals, and presented by her to a Salem friend. Why does not the society for the protection of animals provide a shelter for these rejected and homeless dogs, and allow people from places adjoining great cities to obtain a faithful watch dog when they wish? This would be far better than sacrificing them to a foolish whim or fancied risk. We are told by the advocates of the dog law, that these dogs are only *curs of no value!* Every

dog is of value to his owner, and it is a shame and pitiful that so many faithful, affectionate creatures should be sacrificed annually to a false idea ! If it is desirable to limit the number of dogs, go about it in a more humane manner, and forbid the raising of the superfluous ones. Who has not felt his eyes moisten on reading Trowbridge's "Vagabond and his dog?" and yet Mr. Watts would doubtless call him a *cur* ! Who cannot see before him the thin, half-starved dog following the steps of the poor, old drunken vagabond, sharing his slender fortunes and protecting him amid all his wanderings, despite hunger and ill treatment? Who does not recall the *cur* of Bill Sykes, drawn by the masterly hand of the great delineator of life, Dickens, and not feel that qualities, often superior to those of its master, lie in the despised cur? Prizes and medals are given to men who show bravery and fidelity ; why not give them to the brute creation? When a dog saves a child's life, as a large animal named Gypsy did in our city, why not let her live *untaxed*? surely she has earned that ! Many people are afraid of dogs, and from that cause, mostly, have laws been enacted against them. It is said dogs kill sheep ; and how many dogs have been sacrificed for this ! Lately some one has found out that one or two goats placed with the sheep can keep out all intruders.

As to hydrophobia, Mr. Watts agrees that it is exceedingly rare. There are diseases that so closely resemble it that fright can easily believe them this : sunstroke, epilepsy, etc. A large Newfoundland, be-

longing to one of my friends, came home one hot summer day sick and frothing at the mouth. All cried out "Hydrophobia!" and the family fled from him, save one; she took him into a cool place, bathed his head with cold water, and in twenty minutes he was as comfortable as usual. After that his sight seemed to be affected, which proved it to have been sunstroke.

I have said some have a natural fear of dogs. It is best never to show any. As the lawyer said, when accused of contempt of court, he didn't know he showed any, but thought, on the contrary, he carefully *concealed his feelings!* So it is best in the presence of a strange dog to carefully conceal our feelings, if they are those of fear. As a case in point: when calling for the first time at a friend's country residence, knowing there were five dogs there, one a bull dog kept chained most of the time, the woman at the lodge asked me if the horse was afraid of dogs. This was enough for my companion, who was more terrified than the horse, and she left me to advance alone. Nearing the house and seeing no signs of them, I alighted and proceeded to tie my horse to a tree, when—all at once—the bull dog sprang from somewhere, and with the most ferocious barks flew round, first at me, then at the horse. As the captain said, when asked if he wasn't terrified in a storm at sea, "No; because it would be of no use;" so I seemed to feel that fear would be of no use. I commenced calling the dog by name and talking to him calmly, and he soon quieted down. Had I shown any alarm

I no doubt should have been bitten. When his mistress came out with four more to add to the company, they all flew at me ; but seeing soon it was all right, they and Victor, the first mentioned, all soon became friendly. Victor was not accustomed to being petted, and ever after he came to me to be noticed. Years after, when this house was left and the dogs separated, I was entering a friend's yard at some distance from this place, when a dog I did not recognize at first came up to me and followed me in. I sent him out and shut the gate. He sprang over the fence after me and came round me in a caressing manner. It was Victor, who, after the lapse of a year, had not forgotten me.

Walking down Essex street the other day, I saw a long, red-haired spaniel who had been intrusted with a bundle. He carried it very proudly, but could not resist the temptation to stop and play with every dog he met. Laying the package carefully on the sidewalk, he rubbed noses, frisked around with delight, then seized his bundle and onward, until he met another friend. I called him to me, and looking up street I saw a lady waiting, to whom he belonged. She said his name was Ned, and told him to come to her. But Ned had his own ideas on the subject. He no doubt reflected that he had done wrong stopping. He hesitated—no, he would'nt come to her—and off he went ! “There !” she exclaimed, “now I must go way home after that bundle !” Ned illustrated that he had not been trained after the maxim of an old writer,

"First teach your child obedience, and the second lesson may be what you will." Ned had never learned the first lesson. Tommy is an interesting dog of the terrier species, who is very discriminating in the choice of his friends. Some he persists in growling at, although friends of the family, and some he allows to take any liberties with him. Tommy has a great friendship for a Maltese cat, and washes her daily with his tongue. Much has been said of the enmity between dogs and cats. We believe it not natural, but acquired by the teachings of thoughtless or cruel persons. We knew a dog in Salem who allowed the cat to take her siesta upon his back. They could be seen thus daily in the yard. We are sorry to add that the family moved off West, took the dog with them, but left the cat homeless. We are grieved to learn that this is frequently done in New York and other large cities when families remove to their summer residences. We do not understand how any one can be so cruel. We are glad to know that in Philadelphia a home has been established for cats, and many board them there in their absence.

We have some distinguished and handsome dogs in our city. Dom Pedro had honorable mention at one of the dog shows. We have large, black Newfoundlands, silky Skye terriers, snow-white Spitzes (these have been persecuted and killed for no good reason). We have Di, a pure, jet-black specimen of the St. Hubert breed, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott :

"Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed."

"The hounds which we call St. Hubert's hounds are commonly all black, yet, nevertheless, their race is so mingled at these days that we find them of all colors. These are the hounds of which the abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind, in remembrance of the saint, who was a hunter with St. Eustace." We wish saints had had a better occupation than the cruel one of hunting, and that those persons of the present day of the tribe of Nimrod, especially *clergymen*, had kinder hearts than to indulge in the *sport* of maiming and killing little birds, rabbits and other animals that come out in the fields and pastures in spring to enjoy their short lives in God's air and sunshine ! We cannot reckon such clergymen as among the true saints !

We have some pure Scotch collies. One called Jap, promising to be a fine dog, a friend of ours, was given from one family to another. He was at first cross and suspicious of strangers. If a person showed any fear of him, he was all rage and defiance. He has improved on acquaintance, and takes kindly to his new friends, who pet him like a child. He is invited to his old friends' Thanksgiving dinner occasionally.

The most intelligent dog I ever knew was Bub, belonging to the genial librarian of Horticultural Hall, and no doubt remembered by many who frequented the place. Bub, unlike most dogs, was always ready to display his acquirements. "Now, Bub," Mr. B. would say, "show the lady how little children walk." The dog would lay flat on his belly and pull himself along by his paws the length of the room over the

cushioned seats. "Now, Bub, go play the piano," his master would say, placing a chair at the table. The dog mounted the seat, sat upright with his paws on it, and lifted first one, then the other, striking them on the table. "Now sing." Bub threw up his head with the air of a professional, and howled away till his master stopped him. "One evening," said Mr. B., "when sitting in the alcove reading, Bub came, got up beside me, and put his paws on my arm. I said to him, 'Now, Bub, if you want to do that, get a newspaper.' He immediately got down, went across the room, and came back with the paper. The next evening he came again (I had put all the newspapers away) but I said the same to him. He hunted round the room for some time, and not finding any, went to the waste-basket and brought me from it a piece of paper as large as my hand." Bub did not like to be washed. He soon found there was a particular day for the operation. When he was satisfied of this, and the day arrived, he was nowhere to be found. After a long hunt he was discovered in an out-of-the-way place in the building where he had secreted himself. This he did repeatedly. Bub was friendly to those visitors at the hall who noticed him or whom he saw often. One day when I went in, the dog was alone. I sat down and called him to me; he seemed glad to see me, as usual. In a little while a man respectably dressed, but having a wooden leg, entered and took a seat. Bub eyed him curiously. There was evidently, to his mind, something wrong; he looked different from other people. The dog was

quiet until the man rose to depart, when he flew at him, with fierce barks, in a perfect rage. Finding the visitor took no notice of him, he soon quieted. About two years ago Bub's mistress died, and after her death the dog pined away and soon followed her. Peace to his memory ! We have his likeness, among others, in a collection we have been making of our dog friends. We should be happy to receive the photograph of any family pet belonging to any one who may chance to read this article.

We have read, of late years, a great deal of the Darwinian theory, and of our first ancestors. The French writer, to whom I have referred, says he knows not why we are said to have descended from the monkey, merely because he assumes an upright position, when the formation of the horse and dog is the same, and the mental qualities are far higher ; and that he would rather trace his descent from the latter. I agree with him in this.

There is one thing I dislike to hear any one saying — the dog is a thief, a savage, a coward, a sneak. Man should be the last to accuse animals of vices or failings that belong more properly to his own race. There is one savage regulation about dogs I wish were altered. It is this : if any one is bitten, then the animal must be immediately killed ; as if this must be done to *appease* the injured one or his family. In nine cases out of ten, the person who is bitten, and especially if it be a boy, is to blame. The dog has only one weapon to defend himself with — his teeth — and

we cannot, in most cases, blame him for using them. Four-footed friends ! how often have your love and life-long services been met by perfidy and cruelty ! The inscription of the Roman dog kennel, "*Cave Canem*," should be changed in these instances to "Beware of Men !"

How many a solitary dweller in the busy city, or lonely inhabitant of the forest, from whom, by death or estrangement, all friends have fled, looking on the lifeless body of his last friend, his dog, can say with Byron, in his epitaph on his canine companion, "I never knew but one, and there he lies."

MY SCHOOLMATES.

My schoolmates—where are they now? Ask of the summer breezes where are the bright-hued petals it shook from the wild roses that lined the hedges ; or of the autumn wind whence flew the thistle-down its rough gales swept around—or the gold and crimson leaves it sent floating from the trees. And yet the bright eyes, the rosy cheeks, the girlish forms are still there, when Memory takes me with her down the lane of long ago. And first among them, one of the dearest friends I ever knew, Emily, "Little Em'ly," whose musical voice is still sounding in my ear, the rosy flush on her cheeks ; that flush which told of the Angel beckoning her away in her early girlhood, before the

cares of this life had come around her, or its pains and bereavements saddened. Before any "Steerforth" had crossed her path and taught her the meaning of the line, "And to make idols and to find them clay!"

The little Post Office comes to me now — the three correspondents, Emily, Harriet and myself. What imaginary individuals we personated! What thrilling accounts passed between us relating to the adventures of those personages. This recalls another post office which was placed for privacy in the attic of the school-house and reached by a long, projecting board (at the risk of going through the plastering) over an unfinished part. How many notes and letters signed with the names of different animals, were stealthily carried up and over the dangerous causeway and dropped in a box beneath. No country post-mistress or *master* (for curiosity is not confined to sex) ever peered into a letter more stealthily than we. Two faces come before me now. One dark as Night, with eyes like soft-beaming stars, the other of the Saxon type, large blue eyes and light hair. They were very much older than I. I, shy and timid, but attracted by their beauty, would turn (unnoticed as I thought) and gaze on them often till the voice of one, "What are you looking at?" would turn my dreaming into a hasty flight. I have since solved the problem worked over then; the beauty of expression in one face determined it. The pleasant, kindly looks of one of the elder girls who sat in the desk before a young friend and myself, encouraged a few playful sallies on our part. Sarah wore her hair

done up twist fashion with an extra coil descending in a loop around and below. This bore such a resemblance to an old-fashioned knocker, that to relieve the tedium of study hours I could not refrain from lifting it and inquiring, once in a while, in a whisper, if Miss Sarah was at home? I see the pleasant, smiling face, even now turning round with a laugh, and I think she enjoyed the joke as much as we. My friend then, my friend always. She lived to make me happier and the smaller folk who came after us with her pleasing, instructive story books. Her sister, also, who saw the beautiful in rocks and stones and brought it out to other eyes, she was one of the little band of school-mates. Another, Ellen, with her round, happy face, bright blue eyes, dimpled neck and arms, with a breath sweet as the cows' in a summer meadow — Ellen, whose girlhood's surroundings promised a happy life, who gave to the world a book that indicated genius, but whose sad fate (from no fault of her own) brings its shadow before me. And M., the life-long friend, who has spent twenty-five years of her married life in travelling, with but short intermissions of rest — how souvenirs from her came every few weeks from all parts of the world, in the shape of reindeer moss from the North Cape, pressed tropical flowers, still retaining their glowing colors, Edelweiss from Switzerland, Gentian from the edge of the geysers in Yellow Stone Park, snow-flowers from the Yosemite, with letters containing words of love and remembrance. And Maryanne and Almira, Love and Harriet, Eunice and Maria, Helen,

Mehitable, Martha, Augusta — but why should I enumerate?— all are there when Memory leads me back through the years, and bids me enter the old school-house once more. Some of the teachers had the failing—I had almost said the *crime*—of being partial. If there is anything I despise in a teacher it is that ! It is far worse than corporal punishment in its severest shape. It has disgusted many a youth with school life and deprived him or her of the education for which they longed. It has crushed the aspirations of many a rising scholar, who has seen the mean, cringing school-master or mistress view the pupils through gold spectacles, associate the favored ones with their parents' money-bags, and pass unnoticed the diligent strivings of the poor and friendless. There was one teacher in this school of whom I shall always retain pleasant memories, Miss Hannah S. I can hear her now, with her sweet, musical voice reading, with a fine Scotch accent, the "Lady of the Lake" to us. The master was of a facetious turn, enlivening the school hours with many jokes ; perhaps he amused himself as well as his pupils ; but they—

"They laughed, *not* with *counterfeited* glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Who of his scholars does not remember his large eyes directed fixedly at any one inattentive or whispering ? It was his rule "to fix us with his eye." We were told that we might do anything at recess except tear the schoolhouse down, a liberty of action fully indulged in. The old apple-tree in the play-ground can testify to

our trapeze-like performances, climbing high and swinging out from the boughs, then jumping to the ground. Once we climbed a neighboring shed, but the owner, not seeing it in the right light, ordered us down. But one theatrical performance occurred ; a play *sans* scenery, *sans* wardrobe, and almost *sans* performers. The play was to be Cinderella. The heroine, Anne ; one of the court gentlemen, Sarah ; myself, the prince. Another Sarah, one who always made large promises to us credulous school-girls of the varied tropical fruits, cake, etc., she would bring, was to furnish the collation. It proved, as we might have expected it would, a Barmecide feast. The grand affair was to take place at recess, sewing afternoon. Sarah No. 1 had brought some suits of her brother's clothes for the prince and the gentlemen of the court. Her name was taken to lose her recess for some misdemeanor, but, nothing daunted, she got down behind her desk and crawled down the aisle unseen and made her way to the scene of action. We withdrew from the rest into the sink room where stood an old porch (the intended dressing room). Sarah No. 1 had just arrayed herself in her masculine habiliments when, unfortunately, her absence was discovered upstairs and a messenger (not put down in the play) appeared with a mandate she dared not disobey, and clapping on her gown over all, she went back to the schoolroom with a long face. The rest of the affair has fled my memory but the above came back to me the other day when I found a brown silk slipper with a rosette on the top among my many pieces

of dresses. This was worn on the occasion by the prince. We did have a little collation, I remember, although Sarah No. 2 proved recreant as usual.

Two of the scholars, sisters, were constantly quarreling together. I used to look at them and wonder why two of a family could not agree.

Some of the scholars annoyed the poorer ones by inspecting their dresses, making remarks on their appearance and trying to make them feel uncomfortable. I recollect in particular one poor girl from a neighboring town who was striving to get an education and who was often the subject of unkind remarks. Her mother kept a small school and from her little earnings sent her daughter to this private school. It is said "the mills of God grind slowly but surely"—I believe it. I have lived to see her persecutors brought lower than she ever had been.

Great attractions at the hour of recess were the two shops we frequented. One opposite the school, the other, old Ma'am M's (as she was familiarly called), lower down. All must remember the two rounds of nut candy sold for one cent and the two-penny mince pies. Much has been said about the Almighty Dollar, but only school boys and girls can appreciate the Almighty Cent and the varied edibles it can purchase. I recall one obliging shop keeper, a Quaker lady, who even allowed us four different kinds of candy and sug-arplums for a penny ; fractional parts of an ounce to be sure, but then — four kinds ! Truly the shopkeepers

of ye olden time must have inherited a stock of patience from Job.

The smaller girls had something of the spirit of the freshmen in college. The larger ones would sometimes criticise us, and we, if we could create a sensation among them — it was rather pleasant. One day a few of the younger ones arrived at the school house first. The key was kept behind the front door blind. It was the work of a few moments to unlock it, to pass through and out of the back door, to relock the front, put the key in its place and returning enter by the back way. Then the plotters entered the library, took their places in a closet under the stairs and awaited results. The larger girls arrived, came in talking and laughing. Just as they entered the library, we, afraid of detection, drew the door of the closet, which stood open, slowly to. Such an utterance of feminine shrieks and a stampede to the front yard, while one voice, heard above the rest, exclaimed, "I saw the door move slowly to." A feeling of great satisfaction pervaded the little band of girl freshmen at the want of courage in their elders ; but the secret was faithfully kept.

It was the custom of the teachers of the afternoon sewing school to read while we worked. The story which one of them selected had in it the distich of Old King Cole, that funny old fellow who came with his fiddles three. Some of the girls, filled with the spirit of mischief, induced the teacher, by praising her voice, to vary the exercise by singing it. This she was foolish enough to do. But if she never repented of any-

thing else, I am quite sure she did of that, for the school room rang with the melody at every recess for a long time after.

One of the scholars sat reading novels behind her desk cover, day after day, then would take her place in the class with no lesson.

One who was in the habit of appearing with no lesson disappointed her teacher in an unexpected manner, when the teacher said, in a sarcastic way, "Well, Miss, —, no lesson, as usual, I suppose." "No, Miss S.," returned the pupil, "it isn't no lesson as usual," and proceeded to say it.

Another, who could number on her fingers the turns before hers, and then slyly peep on the book, would be startled sometimes by the master's exclaiming, "Well, Miss —, counting noses as usual?" But no stop was put to the scholar's unfaithfulness. What her tuition money was paid for, I failed to see. We had earnest workers and good scholars, however, among us. Also pleasant schoolgirl friendships, many of them lasting ones. The large playground, with its broad spread of grasses, buttercups and clover, gave plenty of room for races, and other games wherewith to exercise our limbs.

The old school house was demolished a few years ago, and the place that knew it now knows it no more. I have a sketch of it. But I think many of the scholars could construct it from memory. Old school house ! how many pictures of joy and sorrow, idleness and labor, partiality and injustice, your memory awakens.

Old schoolmates ! sundered by age and time and death ; yet ever remembered and thought of, but always appearing, as then, young, fresh, eager for life's joys and attainments. How can we disbelieve in the immortality of the soul when even the youth of the body keeps its freshness and immortality in our memories through the years ? We will not disbelieve it, but will feel that all that is beautiful, and good and true rises in a better world than this, still beautiful and good and true. And that from this earth, the old school-house of our infancy we shall graduate educated, refined, made better by our hard lessons, into the glory, strength and activity of a higher life.

A LATE RIDE.

It is late in the year. We shall probably find no flowers, no fruit, no bright leaves ; it is indeed November. But we shall enjoy the changing beauty of the clouds, and look upon the face of old ocean. The empty nests hang from the trees, and the summer residences are closed and boarded. Why is it that so many own two homes, and half of these shelter no one half the year, while an army of houseless, homeless men and boys tramp the country, forming an outdoor almshouse, or worse, an outdoor jail ? We may call it a want of industry, thrift, prudence ; but the great fortunes of to-day are not the results of either. The problem remains to be solved ; each day brings it

nearer solution, when the answer must be given to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The empty nests recall the feathered songsters that made the summer pleasant ; and also the bright little chirpers, the English sparrows, that have done their best to enliven our winters. They have been engaged all spring and summer picking out the cocoons of destructive insects, eating the canker worms on the fruit trees, the lice on the buds of the shade trees. And yet some pretend to call them useless ! I know a great many human beings who are not half so useful as they.

As we gaze at the heavens it would seem as if some tireless artist were at work there sending forth thoughts of beauty in ever-shifting hues of loveliness or grandeur, from the time when morn parts her rosy curtains o'er a sleeping world, till evening sets her lamps in the dark, blue firmament to light man to his rest. How the white clouds scud forth like fleets of ships, joyous and hopeful from an unseen port, and soon, perchance, but a solitary one moves on alone ! Clouds, spreading in white shirred lines across the blue sky, or rising like embattled mountain peaks, casting their shadows on each other. We gaze at ocean, unrolling the pages in its book of remembrance in every wave that breaks upon the sand. What countless myriads have crossed its highway in search of its treasures ! How many have found graves beneath its restless billows ! Onward, still onward, with its ebb and flow ; how many of its mysteries and its inhabitants remain undiscovered ! It is said the Fisheries Exhibition in London

but showed man his ignorance of the sea and its treasures. Waves rush and break upon the beach like playful children. But when winds and waters meet, how resistless in their fury ! The atmosphere is balmy and pleasant, just cold enough to be bracing. We enjoy the sun's light and heat. We do not stop to remember "that the sun's light does not become light until it acts on the ethereal envelope of the earth, no more than the same influence becomes heat till it has reached the lower and gaseous portions of our hemisphere."

But we feel the exhilaration in the air, and enjoy the heat we complain of in summer. One busy industry of humble life is in progress around us ; men are gathering seaweed on the beach. Long wavy tresses, as though old Ocean's daughters, the mermaids, had cast there some of their abundant locks. And farther on, beneath the apple trees, lie heaps of red, green and yellow apples, bright as autumn flowers. Bushes full of red hips that hold up their rosy cheeks for Jack Frost to kiss. The last, bright leaves that remain tint the road on each side like the last rays of the vanishing sunset. It is, indeed, the sunset of the year. Crimson, gold and brown leaves, how they cling to their branches and twigs in spite of the efforts of rude Boreas to unloose their hold ! And so some cling to this life when the blossoms of their spring have faded, when their summer has departed, when their hands are too feeble to grasp earth's harvest. Methinks could we but catch one glimpse of the glories of the life that

awaits us all, the brightness and beauty of earth would seem but fading, and we should loose ourselves gently and gladly from the ties that hold us to life.

THE THOREAU FIELD CLUB.

This club was so called in honor of that lover of Nature. The members have not his hermit spirit; they do not "love Nature less," but their friends more. The ticket, the badge of the club, designed by a member, has on its face a basket of ferns and a trowel, with the name of the club beneath,— the ferns representing the æsthetic qualities of the members, and the trowel the hardy endurance which enables one to walk miles in search of a flower, carry a heavy basket, and heed neither heat nor cold. The first meeting of the club was to be at Seabrook, N. H., to gather *Epigæa repens* (trailing arbutus), or Plymouth Mayflower, the last name the prettier. It seemed strange to me, in reading a book on flowers written by an Englishman (I think it is "Ramblings of a Rural Botanist"), the author says he does not know why this flower is called Plymouth Mayflower. It needs one of the descendants of the Puritans to tell him. Annie T. Howells' suggestion, in a letter to the New York Tribune, that the Mayflower, or trailing arbutus, should be adopted as the floral emblem of the United States, is highly appropriate. The writer gracefully refers to the welcome

sight afforded the Pilgrims on their landing on an unknown coast by the presence of this familiar flower, as narrated by Whittier :

“ ‘God be praised,’ the Pilgrim said,
 Who saw the blossoms peer
 Above the brown leaves dry and dead,
 ‘Behold our *Mayflower* here.’ ”

Several circumstances occurred to diminish the number of excursionists ; two weddings, severe colds, trains not connecting, and one member said it was too cold ; but on the intimation that her want of endurance might result in the loss of her ticket of membership, she said she would attend the next meeting if it were anywhere except the polar regions. She was informed that the next meeting would be at the north pole. We sought arbutus, one of the loveliest little flowers that Spring places in old Winter’s lap ; looking shyly up from its hiding-places among the brown leaves, and sending its woody fragrance on the breeze. We had telegraphed to know if there were any snow, and if the Mayflowers were in bloom. The answers were satisfactory, and the little party started except two, who, arriving late, stood, baskets in hand, just in time to see the train enter the tunnel.

Baskets ! One of the members had a wood-basket so large we christened it Abou Ben Adhem, for it led all the rest. The next largest we called Great Expectations. Later in the day some of the others were christened. One lady’s, who said “she was perfectly satisfied now she had seen the arbutus actually grow-

ing," was named Satisfaction ; another's who had a superabundance of provision, the Good Samaritan ; and still another's, who grieved that she had so few flowers, the Disappointment. The day (that much-abused portion of the passing year), was fair, the sky cloudless, the air fresh and enlivening. We could find no fault with it. We felt like the shepherd of Salisbury Plain, perfectly satisfied with it. The baskets reminded me of those we used to carry berrying in childhood, capable of holding quarts, but on the return with a few blackberries, blueberries and thimbleberries in the bottom. My basket had been filled beforehand with the pink and white blossoms. I had made in imagination bouquets, tastefully arranged — one for a patient, sick friend who long, long months has been confined to her room, her only outward glimpse of Nature the hanging garden of elm leaves and the flitting, chirping tenants of their nests. The pleasure of the excursion was enhanced by the thought of the sweetness and beauty they would bring to her. Other of the bouquets were to be carried to aged friends whose feet no more had the activity to gather them. But alas ! it proved like the milkmaid in the fable. But I will not anticipate. On the road down, the fields looked brown, but the farmers were busy in the different places ploughing ; their straight furrows showed skill and industry. We had been advised to select on our arrival, as guide, one of the boys who gather arbutus to sell to passengers. We did so, rather mistrustfully it is true, for we knew from experience that not much dependence was to be

placed on the rising generation. He proceeded with us a few steps, then gave his place to another boy. We advanced a little farther on, when the two spied a fire in the grass between a house and fence and left us. We stopped to see the conflagration. One of our party flew into the house, brought out two pails of water, the boys buffeted the fire with their caps, and these united efforts extinguished it. When it was nearly out, the woman of the house made her appearance and coolly said she supposed her little boy must have set it. Judging from the license now given children, I rather think she was right. Once more we put ourselves en-route with our boy guide. He ran on at a double-quick step, and as the way lay between young trees and shrubbery, with a brook to be crossed, we found it difficult to follow. We found plenty of leaves and buds, but no flowers. We soon saw the aim of our guide, which was to gather what few flowers there were, to bunch up to sell, which he did afterwards. He was soon out of sight, and the party hunted arbutus for themselves. It was very backward ; we were informed later that one year it would be very plentiful, another scarce. This year was the poor season. Those who thought it was too cold to go on the expedition should have seen us at this time. A healthy glow overspread every face. We then determined that our baskets should be filled with something, and they were. It was then voted to return to the depot and lunch, which we did. Some of the party had ascertained that a temperance meeting was held at the small Advent church.

Going there they found quite a spirited meeting. At the collation which came after it they were invited to take mugs of hot coffee. Explaining that they came to gather arbutus, the good lady who presided said that was no matter, and insisted on their taking it. This good Samaritan act was appreciated. In the afternoon half of the party set out in another direction. We passed a noble grove of tall pines growing on a circular piece of ground as large as any church in extent. As we looked through its dim aisles, the trees standing about five or six feet apart, their tall columns seeming almost to reach the sky, from out their slender tops, swaying in the breeze, came the low rhythm of Nature's hymn which ceaseth not day nor night.

One of the party gave utterance to the thought of us all, "A temple not made with hands." Farther on we came upon the finest picture it has been our lot to see for many a day, one well worth the journey. A broad, spreading brook that in some places would be called a river, with its brown, changing hues and fitful shadows; over it a rustic bridge of planks; the borders lined with tall pines of the most vivid green; on one side of the brook, beneath the trees, cakes of ice covered with spotless snow, the white winter ermine contrasting with the foliage. A road cut through a high hill at the end of the bridge, stately pines on the summit, some bending with their roots half exposed overhead. It reminded me of the scenes in Switzerland. A little girl led the way—quite a contrast to our boy guide of the morning—who modestly said when rewarded for her

trouble, she didn't expect anything, which made it more of a pleasure to give. When assembled together before leaving, the party expressed the greatest satisfaction in the excursion, especially those who had never seen the Mayflower growing before.

We had a pleasant ride home, and reached Salem in good season. I think it was Sancho Panza who said, "Blessings light on him who first invented sleep." I think the members of the Thoreau Club, as they laid their heads on their pillows that night, could heartily say the same.

SHADOWS.

How beautiful are shadows ! In their likeness and more in their unlikeness to the realities, they suggest to the eye the difference there is between sculpture and painting. In their want of color, and calm, death-like beauty they lack the lights and shades of statuary ; but then again, they possess a life it is without, for they dance and play on old walls, fences, pavements, indeed everywhere, with the joyous, flickering motions of vitality. These unreal images are often more beautiful than the real ; the silhouette of yonder tall branch of spiræa, with its seed vessels, resembles more a handsome plant in full bloom. These shadows lack light and shade, but then there is a denser hue where masses of leaves hang one over the other ; they are indeed

sun paintings ; they must have first suggested pencil drawing. How beautiful is the broad, spreading shadow that a great tree casts on the rough ground ! A carpet of curves, scallops, undulations ; how perfect the pattern, how harmonious the effect ! Hogarth truly called the curved line *the line of beauty*. How we turn away from buildings framed by man, with their right angles, squares and straight lines, to rest the eye on the pleasing curves placed by Nature on almost everything around us ! When the architect of the future shall appear, curved lines and gently rounded walls will take the place of angularity and primness. Then our buildings will no longer stand in too striking contrast to Nature's beauty and unobtrusiveness. Then our buildings of the present style—a conglomeration of all known styles, staring at the passer-by with their motley colors and bizarre effects—will give place to an architecture that will harmonize with Nature in form and color. How pleasing is the shadow of a cloud, and what beautiful effects does it give the meadow, field and forest ! How lovely are water shadows, differing from those of the land as they depict color ! How refreshing and cool the brown shadows of the roadside stream ! The pebbles cast theirs in the bottom of it ; the grass fringing the sides holds its sun-heated fingers over the water, and its reflections stretch forth their tiny fingers as if to grasp them. The pond-lily, as its white cup with its golden oars floats on the surface, sends an inverted one down, as if to search for a lost Naiad beneath. Around the

edges of lakes and ponds, how attractive are the shadows! almost more vivid than the reality whether verdant in Summer's robe or rich in the crimson-and-gold binding with which Autumn enfolds her latest treasures. And the last, long shadows of declining day—how they stretch down the hills and over the greensward! hanging back like a weary child who knows that night and sleep have come for him, yet lingering where the warm sunshine has lain and the happy hours have past. It has been said that "the things unseen are the real" and so things intangible may be more real than those we touch. The eye is never weary of looking at shadows. We tire when gazing long at man's arrangement of bright flowers, especially unnatural ribbon beds and carpet patterns which show that the love of Nature has degenerated; but the calm, neutral-tinted shadow never wearies. I will only add a few thoughts more that have found expression in another form, hoping that those who have not found pleasure in these spirit-like followers of leaf, flower and tree may do so.

O beautiful unreal! the fern's clear shadow
 Sun-painted on the parlor wall,
 Each rocky nook, the stream and meadow,
 And wildwood flowers can here recall.

On the old fence oft-times the shadows dancing
 Of grape leaves, playthings of the wind,
 Phantoms upon rude canvas glancing,
 Bringing a spirit language to the mind.

Ship shadows on the silvery billows
 That freightless glide upon their way—
 A woman's shadow on the pillow
 The soldier kissed as sick he lay—

Smile, look, the shadows of man's spirit,
 Love casts in greeting on the face—
 Signs from the angels we inherit;
 'Mid earthly cares a heavenly grace.

Shadows of heaven, from good deeds falling,
 Heaven's sunlight paints on earth's dark walls,
 To the soul's eye the unseen real recalling,
 Though oft dull sense heeds not the voice that calls.

WEEDING.

What a prosaic thing is weeding ! So say many, and more think it, regarding it as a necessary evil, something that must be done ; a dull, dirty, disagreeable occupation ; something that belongs to Patrick or James, but beneath themselves. They do not enjoy kneeling close to Mother Earth and learning her secrets. "Speak to the Earth and she shall teach thee !" True now as of old. As we remove these spreading plants that are covering the walks, does it not seem like cruelty ? Nature has taught them, when their families become large, to go forth like the emigrant and become a squatter on any unfilled land. So these have entered the walks and have increased and multiplied. They resent my trowel and garden knife with all their strength. They

feel that they have a right there. Like the dwellers in Ireland, they do not believe in ejectments. So these little plants that have made themselves a home in my garden walks hold on with all their finger-like rootlets, and defy me ; the grass with its sword-like blades even cuts my fingers. Many are broken off and another year will come up bright as ever, perchance put forth their flowers to laugh in my face and mock my fruitless efforts. Did not the old plants say to them before they spread, "Children, we are crowded here ; go farther out and make yourselves a home. Drink in the dew and rain, bathe in the sunshine, cling close to the earth, anchor deep to resist the wind, and grow?" In the borders we do not interfere with the relationships of flowers. We are willing that genealogies should be carried out to the sixth generation. For do they not hide the weeds? So let them mat and form an arabesque pattern if they will. We will only stop them when they make warfare on their neighbors and seek to crowd them out of the borders. Once I could not bear to throw away a plant I had weeded from the walk ; now want of time necessitates it. With what a different spirit they seem to take my attacks ! What is this delicate perfume around me? It comes from the balm that lies bruised and broken, where I have thrown it. How it speaks of that spirit of forgiveness that makes man akin to the angels, and brings even now from the distant ages the voice saying, "Father, forgive them !" It is towards the close of day, and most of the insects have satisfied their hunger and gone to rest. But what is

this lying on the leaves? The remains of a beautiful butterfly. Why should such a short, happy life be made shorter by furnishing food to another creature, or be lost by accident? Beautiful, floating flower! there is one who mourns your untimely end. The wings are intact, so we carry it into the house. We do not take pleasure in seeing beautiful winged creatures used for ornament when a pin is cruelly stuck through them or poison dropped on them. Far be it from me to shorten the happy lives that seem to us too fleeting at the most; but they may embrace in their limited duration all the happiness they are capable of enjoying. We have collected a high heap of—shall we call them weeds?—around us. Who can define their intrinsic value? In them there may be a balm for every bodily pain that flesh is heir to. This circle of moneywort, according to our views of garden beauty, must be made even. Nature's ideas of beauty and ours conflict. It is her aim to make a spreading carpet, green and gold; she weaves day and night, with her noiseless, unseen fingers. We feel that she is right; still, we remove and even it. We say by way of apology, it is beautiful, but it must not take up all the space. Moneywort! we do not like the word or the thought of money applied to a flower or even to a weed. Flowers afford us something that money cannot buy; there never should have been a traffic in flowers. Why were they made?

“God might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.

In flowers we begin to appreciate the thought of God towards mankind. What wealth of design is displayed, what unrivalled richness of coloring, what lavish, prodigal growth ! and all for what ? That we might love the tenderness that gave them. That we might have faith in the One who made them. That they might bring to our life, otherwise hard and prosaic, the imaginative beauty, the delicate foreshadowing of a brighter and better existence. What would this earth be without the delicate fringe of blossoms that cluster round her bosom in spring, the gorgeous richness of flowers that fill her hands in summer, or the last rich, brilliant trophies that deck her russet gown in autumn ? Has she not taught even old Winter to mimic the trailing sprays of wild-wood blooms, and hung the trees with icy buds and flowers ? But our weeding is finished. We look around with satisfaction on our work. And if from these few words of ours we have given any one a new thought or woven a romance about a common thing we shall be more than satisfied.

THE GARDEN IN WINTER.

"Lov'st thou thy garden still, though drear December
 Hast cast a shade o'er all ?
 Canst thou the glory of its spring remember,
 Its summer joys recall ?
 Sweet solace of full many a moment weary,
 Beloved and cherished spot,
 As o'er thee summers steal and winters dreary,
 Say if I love thee not ?"

Yes, we love it for its bygone pleasures and its many pleasant memories. Did we say bygone? nay, they are ever present and still exist. We cannot forget each spring's resurrection, when, as Bishop Heber sings,

"Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;"

when the pale snowdrop looks up, the emblem of innocence, which it would seem old Winter and Spring fashioned together out of the last snows and the first warm breezes. It reminds us of one of the most beautiful designs we ever saw, one by a German, representing old Winter entering a peasant's cottage where are the father, mother and infant, and placing a snowdrop in the baby's cradle. It is a pity that our American artists cannot bring more poetry and imagination into their pictures and make them creations instead of reproductions. How the cheery crocus springs forth and laughs in spite of the biting wind; or the *Draba verna*, that little country cousin of theirs, sends on the telephone gale the news that she is in good health! We love the garden in winter, for we are ever looking forward to the reappearance of the old, favorite flowers; for the happy moments we have spent in listening to the songs of the birds, or in watching the gay flitting or busy labor of the insects; in gazing at the clouds marshalled for the gathering storm, or looking afar at gorgeous sunsets when the gates seemed wide open, leading to the Eternal City; and more for the memories of those whose feet have walked there with us and whose thoughts and words linger still around. What a fine view we have of the branching of the trees in the winter garden and

how beautiful their shadows on the snow ! Our old locust tree, a veteran of nearly two hundred years, with one side destitute of bark, still stands erect, and last summer hung out its scented white clusters as if to say, "I still live." Cremation is in vogue, and, old sentinel, when wholly dead, who knows but it may be thy fate ? But if so, methinks from the sweet-scented wood blazing in the open fireplace thy spirit will sing a soft dirge of the fresh green with which thou trimmed spring's robe, of the snowy blossoms hung out year by year, and of the robins who annually built in the shelter of thy boughs. In the winter garden the little pine trees we have planted remain bright in their greenness, like winter friends, and the box, meriting its name of constancy, peeps forth from every snowdrift. Why should not the garden in winter look beautiful ? If now we could have groups of large pines, and if we could at the beginning of the cold weather make statues of the snow, to be placed here and there, would it not be ? We have often talked of this, and the other day, when the snow was soft, we modelled a large dog on the place where our plants stand in summer. We persevered in the work (notwithstanding many knocks on the window with the startling intelligence that we would get our death), and waited for criticisms. The old gentleman who shovels came on it suddenly, started back, gazed at it long, and spoke thus : "I thought you had a statue put there and I thought it would get dirtied, Why it's a setter !" A window was thrown up in the next house with the exclamation from one, "How

beautiful!" The market boy said, after viewing it a second time, after his first admiration of it, "That model's cute." So of course we felt satisfied with the result of our labor. The next day it was of marble hardness and prevented the finishing touches. The day after, old Winter dropped a white fleece over it, which suggested that a group of sheep would look well under the pine trees. But when a violent storm of rain came, the setter was so reduced that he seemed a fit subject for the society with the long name. But the experiment showed that the garden might be beautified by statues, which a little care in renewing would keep in shape during the winter. Urns might also be made, and bouquets of grasses, berries and laurel or other evergreen kept in them. We have had the red alder berries keep bright all winter, and when they glistened through their icy casing they looked more beautiful. But the trees are not always bare, for does not old Winter cover them often with pure, white foliage and icy fruit that glisten in the sunshine? And does he not sing in every stirring gale to the imprisoned plants and embryo flowers the old song of, "Sleep, baby, sleep?" How, when he rattles at the doors and windows, he seems to say, "I know why you keep me out; it is kindness to me, I could not live in your hot houses," and methinks he adds in an undertone, as he turns away, "Would it not be better for you, if you took a run out in the cold oftener than you do, and kept your rooms at a lower temperature? and then you would not be afraid of me."

SALEM TURNPIKE.

"Though much has changed and much has vanished quite,
The old town pastures have not passed from sight;
Delectable Mountains of our childhood there
They stretch away into the summer air."

What a stupendous undertaking was the planning and executing of the Salem turnpike. It far exceeded in magnitude the cutting of the Suez Canal or the spanning of Brooklyn Bridge. For was it not before the application of steam or electricity to common needs? Opposers were not wanting, as in every great undertaking. Wiseacres prophesied its non-success, for it implied all that was mentioned in the old hymn,

"Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be ye low valleys exalted on high,"

and more—for there was a bottomless pond (which our English cousins would call, and truly, a lake), and this must be bridged over. In spite of all the difficulties, the road was undertaken, and soon the shanties of the workmen dotted the hills, while the inhabitants of the City of Peace, who looked upon it as a grand undertaking, walked up every eve after the labors of the day to gaze and admire.

The entrance to Salem turnpike was adorned by a row of buildings called negro huts. Before you came to these was a well-known baker's shop. How well we children remembered the gingerbread horses and "shays" and the Jim Crows baked in that plastic material! No sculptor rejoiced more in one of his success-

ful modellings than we in the contemplation of these. The bakers in those days were not wealthy or aristocratic enough to send out from one to a half-dozen carts, but humbly pushed their edibles around in hand-carts whose tops resembled the child's plaything called Noah's Ark.

This baker had a large custom, but the nearness of the colored folk brought them also ; and tradition has recorded that there was a wonderful flow of eloquence, gestures, a show of ivory teeth and rolling eyeballs when they could not have all they thought their money ought to bring.

The stories related of these folk filled quite a place in childhood's memory. On our May parties and berry excursions how stealthily we hurried past one old house where a murder was said to have been committed ! The small house at the end was inhabited by Black John, who distinguished himself by taking a white wife ; and as the law forbade such unions then, he went by night to the minister's, and his lady discreetly kept her veil down during the ceremony. Imagine the talk, and the consternation of the clergyman when the truth was known. One of these colored people who rejoiced in the nickname of Ginger Wellman made a very good livelihood by counterfeiting a runaway slave. She would knock at the back doors and commence, " dear, kind lady, please give a poor runaway slave something to eat and some clothes ; my old master beat me and I ran away ; look at the scars on my back !" And the scars were exhibited—but the origin of these scars was never

known. These families moved away or were taken away by death, until at last but one solitary family remained ; and the old lady sitting thinking, no doubt, of the good old festive times at 'lection, and of the stage-coaches that had ceased running, told someone who passed "that it seemed like Sabber day all the time."

Election day was celebrated (as I have heard), in this settlement with the greatest hilarity—with fiddling, dancing, games, fortune-telling, etc. Everything seemed so joyous and festive that one old lady said she remembered wishing she were a little negro girl to join them. The work progressed rapidly for those days.

Passing the negro huts and ascending a hill, we came to a cart track on the left where stood the powder house, regarded by childish eyes with wonder and affright. With what stealthy steps and bated breath the flower gatherers and berry pickers crept by as the whisper went round that the nails in their shoes might ignite a grain of scattered gunpowder and cause an explosion ! Would that the young folk of the present day had this wholesome dread of explosives !

The pastures in olden time were safe places for children to roam in. I remember an old lady's telling that when she was quite young she was sent miles up to gather the sundew and thought nothing of danger. But the so-called tramps (the fruits of lax parental discipline and the false sentiment which has so long curtailed the teacher's authority and usefulness, by calling the *punishment degrading* instead of the *crime*), have made all these beautiful but lonely places dangerous.

Three farms on the turnpike, near Salem, have been for many years the property of a father and three sons, well known and respected. Once the turnpike was celebrated for its pure air. But not far up a glue factory has been established, and in passing it the gales are not of Araby the blest. The old toll house has disappeared ; the last toll-keeper was a poet and celebrated the event in verse. The pump of clear, cold water still remains, and the old willow tree near by hangs out its tassels in the spring. A place above, where the water after rains flows over the stone wall into the road, has been named "The Bowl," by one of the old pedestrians, who still walks often over the old road.

Just above the second farm two roads branch off ; the one to the right towards Peabody, the one to the left towards Swampscott. This latter is sometimes called the Cook road, from a worthy but eccentric individual of that name who built a small house there, placing on the top the American flag. There he used to sit and muse and write poetry, until hoodlum boys (regarding whom Fontaine has expressed the truth, "*C'est un age sans pitié*") destroyed his little house by fire for their amusement.

Beyond these cross roads was formerly the Mineral Springs Hotel, a famous resort once to those who supposed themselves benefited by its waters. But methinks more life-giving power lay in the fresh air taken into the pedestrian's lungs in the exercise of walking over the hills and vales of the road, and to his organs

of sight in gazing at the wide panorama spread before him. Our part of the turnpike ends at Floating Bridge Pond, a beautiful sheet of water that seemed a marvel to childhood's eyes because it was said to be fathomless.

The bottomless pond was crossed by a floating bridge made of timber and fastened to posts at each end, and to this day no better has been found to supersede it. For many years this bridge would be submerged when very heavy teams went over it, and timid persons were afraid to cross it. But it became firmer as it acquired bulk, every additional mending placing new timbers on the old one, till, as a gentleman informed me recently, it now contains timber enough to reach to the second story of a common-sized house; the bottom of the pond seemingly as far off as ever. This floating bridge gives its name to the pond, which is a beautiful sheet of water. When "autumn woods have put their glory on" it presents a glowing picture, with the crimson, gold and green mirrored in its waters.

At the entrance of the turnpike was a high, rocky bluff called Norman's rocks. Here was the King's Arm-chair, so named, and the loyal youngsters would climb up and seat themselves in it with all the royalty of childhood. Not far from this were the sliding rocks, one steep as well as slippery. How we envied the daring of the boys who would rush up and slide down in quick succession. What an unfailing, never-ending delight were these slides, although to the detriment of

sole leather. A few years ago the sliding rocks and the King's Arm-chair were blown up to make room for modern improvements. For the old turnpike has been re-christened Highland avenue, and the Wenham water has found its way to the first farm.

The products of these pastures were varied and numerous. Here the houstonia spread its starry carpet over hill and dale. Here the columbine nodded its honey bells, the arethusa gave its delicate bloom to the swamp. Wild roses blushed and sweet briars scented by the wayside. The wild azalea with its snowy petals and singular fruit, so-called, the gorgeous red lily of summer, and the fall aster bloomed on. The woodwax gilded the hills and the whiteweed spread its countless blossoms.

Pictures of these old pastures linger still ; pine trees by old gray rocks ; little lakes, here and there in hollows ; broad brooks singing as they flow and gurgle on ; vistas opening through hills and stretching far away.

Memories of Salem turnpike linger yet ; memories of flowers and fruit, of pine trees and running water, of brown-eyed kine, of golden sunsets, of fleecy clouds, of rosy-cheeked companions, of long summer hours, of healthy pleasures—memories impressed on the mind at a time when they are fadeless.

Winter's snow may cover your hills, time's snow may whiten the locks of the quondam eager rambles, but the pictures and memories of youthful days are still of summer and of sunshine.

How familiar the new road became to the little feet

in search of flowers or berries, every child can testify. Who does not remember Columbine Hill, on the side of the valley through which we could see four of Peabody's spires? or the cranberry place, where of late years a signboard was put forbidding intruders? One of the delights of childhood was to stand at the great pasture gate when opened for the dismissal of the cows at night. How they marched out single file, red, white, black, fawn and mottled, casting glances at the little folk, with their kindly brown eyes, their bells chiming a pleasant music; while the monarch of the herd, sent to his nightly quarters, the town pound, protested against it with his deep bass voice.

But the greatest pleasure connected with the turnpike was to be allowed of a Wednesday or a Saturday afternoon to go to Ware's barn. We enjoyed the reality of the reverie of N. P. Willis's old man, for we hid in the fragrant hay and whooped the smothered call, and our feet slipped up on the seedy floor, and we cared not for the fall. The pitch of the barn was exceedingly high, and a strong swing dangled from the ridge pole. How breathlessly we watched the boys carry the swing up on a loft, and seating themselves, launch away until their feet reached the opposite wall and back and fro until the vibrations stopped. What a joy it was to feed the long row of cows standing in their stanchions and pat their heads! The large hay cart placed in the middle of the barn was a chariot in which we could safely ride. The old watch-dog joined us in our sports, and the afternoon passed all too quickly by,

when, laden with flowers or fruit, sunburnt and happy, we walked home with our mates, the long distance unthought of.

On opening the road a toll gate was established not far from the Salem entrance. The fine well of water near it has refreshed how many weary travellers ! To how many has the old seat in front given a rest ? Had a register been kept at the toll-house of its many visitors, how interesting it might be at this date. The hills round the Salem turnpike are noted for the extensive prospects which can be seen from them. It has been, and still remains, one of the favorite walks outside the city. One hill, from the fine view obtained from it, was called Lookout Hill. When the fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon took place in the harbor these hills were covered with spectators, spyglass in hand.

But when the iron bands of the railroad entered Salem, when the stage-coaches ceased running, and the toll-house was given up, making it a free road, then the old turnpike ceased to be an object of interest to travellers. But it still remains a monument of honest labor, built substantially and well, a contrast to the work of the unfaithful contractors of our day, who lay their plans more with regard to their own gains than to the health, safety and lives of those who pass over their bridges or inhabit their houses.

But, Old Turnpike, thou hast still a claim to be remembered. When Spring sits upon thy hills, offering her blue and gold to the lovers of Nature and the little

children who seek them ; or when summer winds blow back the locks of berry pickers ; or when autumn spans each hill with her rainbow of colored foliage, and her golden grain gilding the fields gives earnest promise that springtime and harvest shall not fail ; and also in the memories of those whose feet often wandered up the road in search of flowers, but whose steps have gone up higher.

AN ALLEGORY.

I saw an aged man mowing in a field. His strokes were quick and lusty, and he stopped not to wipe his brow or whet his scythe. And I said, "tell me, mower, are you never weary, and is your scythe never dull?" He looked at me, pausing not, for the lusty strokes went on, his eye was keen as the hawk's when it swoops down on its prey, and said, "my work is the work of ages but my scythe is never dull." On swept the glistening steel ; flowers, grass and wheat fell before it.

"Why," said I, "do you cut the flowers, grass and wheat at once? do you not harvest them at different times, and the flowers are so pretty, let them bloom on. He smiled a faint, cold smile, as the pale sun sometimes falls on a blighted oak, but answered not.

"Do you live alone, old man," I said, "all alone?" Then his smile grew brighter as he replied, "not alone,

four are with me by turns. (And now the old man grew garrulous). "One is a little maiden who trips along, oh ! like the wind. The birds follow her and she mocks their song. Her lap is always filled with flowers, and she brings them to me every day. Perhaps you think flowers are not becoming to an old man like me—but I love them, although I have to cut them down. But as I was saying, the little maiden is always busy. She unlocks the rills and they go dancing through the meadows. The little lambs all know her and come bleating after her. She makes friends with all the farmers ; sometimes they call her late as she goes from one to the other, but they're always glad to welcome her. The grass looks greener when she's round, I tell you. She's my pet, but ah ! she has to go away when the next girl comes. You know *her* don't you? When you've been resting in the fields after a long walk, did you never see her raising up the corn and wheat, sending the rain over the fields where the grain is drooping, or pausing to paint the poppies and the blue bells? She's strong and hardy (she isn't like my pet), her cheeks are like two ripe apples. My ! don't the mowers like to see her coming through the fields, with her pitcher of cider and brown bread and cheese? Well, she's with me awhile, and then her brother comes a stout, hearty fellow, brown as the nuts he rattles from the trees. He's a worker, I tell you ; no end to what that fellow does. Aint the farmers lively when he's round? I guess so. No end to the apple gathering, vegetable stowing, and hay stacking. He puts the

gold on the pumpkin, and the purple on the grape. Aye, and he's an artist too ! don't he paint the woods till they look like Joseph's coat ? don't he bind Nature's volume with blue and gold when the golden rod and aster fringe the brook ?

But the fourth child I have, he's white haired and old and crusty, and no mistake ; but I have to put up with it. He comes growling and whistling, and killing the flowers and breaking the trees. No wonder the little birds fly from him, they know him ! But then, he works hard. He has the contract for all the ice bridges, and when he don't make them strong enough, no end of complaints. But there, you can't satisfy everybody. And if he don't send snow enough to cover every one's plants and trees, then they find fault again. He's something of an artist, too ; when folks look out of their windows some cold morning and gaze at his pictures, don't they admire their beauty ? I guess so. He and I don't agree very well, but never mind, the little maiden comes after him. But now, stranger, I've two questions to ask you. The old man fixed his piercing eye on me and I knew there was no escape. "Say, stranger, where did you come from, and where are you going ?" "The first question," I replied, is easier to ask than to answer. I and all my race came from an unknown country. We have no recollection of it. We came to this land naked, helpless and poor. We were received by kind friends who awaited our coming and welcomed us. As to where I am going—some say to an Unknown Country ! but I

know not why they say so, when our elder brother has come from it and has told us of its glories ; sights, the eye has never seen here ; sounds the ear has never heard ; joys unspeakable ; and above all, many mansions where those who have passed before, await us." As I turned from the old mower, between the sharp swings of his scythe, I heard him murmur, "that land is not for me—for am I not of the earth, and is not that land Eternity?"

AUTUMN PICTURES.

NO. I.

First there came a faint flush here and there, a scarlet edge to a green tree, crimson vines here and there fringing the old gray walls, or climbing up and mingling with the still verdant foliage. The apples looked down with redder cheeks, like ruddy gypsy children who had known the caresses of summer winds and the sun's warm kisses.

Golden flashes also from hill to hill, as if each day's setting sunbeams had played at hide-and-seek and still wandered there. The grass of the meadows had its fingers tipped with yellow ; one would think playing with earth's golden sands had made them so. The wild grapes looked out from the vines with a plum-like bloom. Elderberries began to wear their royal purple. The fringes of the hazel nuts took on a russet hue.

But where was summer? We looked and saw only her retreating footsteps. But in the beauty around us we did not heed her flight. Pictures here and there recalled Millett, who painted the "Epics of the Poor" — figures of bending men and women gathering in the plenty God-sent.

Fragrant hay perfumed the air. The wind was playing on the telephone wires like an Æolian harp. What was the melody? It sounded like "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

NO. II.

I looked again. The fringed gentian was gazing up with its shy glances from its covert of meadow grass; and by the wall the closed gentian, like the blue eyes of little babes that never open in the light of this world,—closed gentian, that never uncloses except where the hands of science or curiosity tear it apart. And then, how its form, its color, its exactness, tell of all the beauty that the Father hides away for the eyes of his children to find.

Crimson hues grow deeper in the woods, signal fires on every hill. Nature is warning her dependents that King Winter is on his way to lay them low. God speaks to those who pass in every burning bush that lightens the solitude. We gaze into a wayside nook — a carpet of green grass, gold and brown ferns, crimson trees arching over them; a woodland pool with all the shades of gold, brown, crimson, reflected in its depths. It is good for us to be here. We have no

need for us to build a tabernacle. Here are many not made with hands, where the sun is the gilder, the rain and wind the polishers. Here are endless designs borrowed from no earthly artists, and the builder and maker is God.

NO. III.

We pass again. The trees are dropping their leaves, their branching stands out clearly defined against the blue sky. In the fields men are ploughing, preparing the ground for another spring they have faith to believe will come. The American holly holds out its bright berries by the wayside, as if it said, "See, here is something bright left you yet." The furze of the clematis turns out its little puffs of down almost ready to fly. The squirrel is picking up his nuts and man is gathering in the harvest.

What a mellowing effect autumn tints have on the landscape. There is nothing sharp or harsh, the roughest things are softened by their new coloring. The trees are fast losing their beautiful robes. But the earth is the gainer. What Brussels or tapestry ever showed such exquisite coloring, such wealth of design? Nature is gazing into the forest pools—her mirrors—to see her own loveliness. The day is cloudy, but with these bright tints above and beneath us we do not miss the sunshine. We look around us ; on the falling leaves, the last few flowers, the changing tints ; we do not read decay — but fruition. The earth has sent them forth, they have done their work and

now they drop into her bosom ; while she, preparing for her winter rest, for stillness and quiet beneath the winter snows, looks up in all her regal beauty and says, "It is not sad to pass away when we have performed our duty and have faith that we shall rise again in a new spring."

TRUE BEAUTY IMMORTAL.

AN ALLEGORY.

In an ancient forest an old woman bent over a little pool that slept in its cradle of moss at the foot of tall wind-twisted trees, like an infant in the arms of its grandame. Her bundle of fagots lay at her side,—sticks gathered by long labor for the fire of poverty and which must be dragged home wearily. If we had looked over her shoulder in that little moss-fringed pool, we should have seen an old face wrinkled with care and sorrow, and a skin brown as the autumn leaves around her. But she saw more than we could have beheld by the side of it ; a face rosy with the bloom of sixteen summers, a pearly skin and eyes as blue as the morning sky. So when she arose from gazing in the rustic mirror she sighed heavily at the thought of the lost loveliness that never would return. For she was one of those that knew no other beauty than that of the outward. But ere she could pick up her bundle of fagots and resume her weary march, the

Spirit of the wood stood beside her, towering majestic as the tall trees around her, and in a voice that sounded like the sweet cadence of the wind that wanders at will through the forest pines, he asked, "Why do you sigh for your lost beauty? Is the earth grieving because the lovely, little spring flowers, that gave a flush to the naked hills, and hung a fringe on her grassy robe, have vanished? Is she sighing because the gorgeous bloom of the summer and the golden grains of autumn have been and gone? Have all the beauty and bloom of the earth died away, never to return, because the forest is dressed in brown and the trees are bare? Look around you and learn a lesson! See the feathered seeds seemingly blown by chance on the breeze! Each one has its mission. Each one will stop at its appointed place and deposit what in a few months will deck again the spot with the beauty it has just lost. Watch that bird! He has taken a seed from some plant; Nature bids him drop it where it is needed. Examine the trees and bushes! Each one has folded up, at the ends of its branches, treasures, only waiting the next year.

"Do you not see that decay and death are but places where life reposes, even as a traveller rests on a stile to gather up his forces for the onward journey? Beauty, bloom and life are not lost but garnered up. The young face you saw in the pool beside the old one was but a type of the immortal youth awaiting you. Within the buds you see around you are leaves and blossoms closely folded up. These autumn

winds, the winter's cold breath, the driving storm, cannot force them out. They will come only when the spring's warmer airs lure them forth. So the soul with its beauties, all its capabilities (how great is the thought !) cannot be forced out by the limited forces by which it acts on this earth, but waits, with how many powers unfolded that may only be lured forth by the breath of heaven."

How much of this was understood by the poor fagot-gatherer we cannot say—but some fell on good ground. She first looked above at the majestic presence that towered away out of sight above the forest trees, then again into the little moss-rimmed pool, and there, beside the face old and wrinkled, printed over with the hieroglyphs of many cares, she saw the soul's face bright with the light of immortality.

TO-DAY.

AN ALLEGORY.

As I was walking along, a personage suddenly appeared beside me, whose countenance, seemingly unknown, was yet strangely familiar. His eyes shone with the light of the morning star, a rosy flush like that of dawn was on his face. His grey robe had a golden, zone-like belt, bright as the noon-day sun, and the lower edge of his garment was embroidered with stars.

"Do you know who I am?" he inquired, "I am called To-day—do you welcome me?"

"What do you bring me?" I replied—"we welcome those who bring us treasures. Can you bring back the to-day of my childhood when the hours were long — so long — and filled with pleasures? Can you make the sunshine as bright as it was then and the sky as blue? Can you make the flowers seem fadeless and all around look good and fair?"

Instead of answering my questions, he seemed to soliloquize thus—"I too have known a childhood, it was in Eden. I looked on flowers that knew no blight. Birds and beasts came around the happy pair that lived there, for there was no cruelty there. But all the past to-days have a different name now—they are yesterdays; they will never return.

"But you have not told me what you bring me," I said. He replied, I bear for you, as for all the human race, joy and sorrow. I am pleased when I spread joy around, for I see smiles happy faces and hear gay laughter. Yes, I enjoy that; but the sorrow I bring grieves me. I scatter it among countless myriads, but each one thinks his share the most, and the hardest to bear, and I am blamed. But the sick and the sorrowing, the dejected, the mourner, must remember, that to-day will soon be yesterday, and in looking back sorrows will soften, while the to-morrows of the future always have one star beaming from the dark cloud of uncertainty.

"Joy and sorrow!" I repeated, "ah, yes! we all

know how short the to-day is that is filled with joy — but the to-day of grief seems never ending. Do you not walk faster when you shed joy round man's path?"

"The same, the same," answered he sadly, shaking his head. "I would linger if I could, for the sunshine of life, smiles, laughter, joy, pleasure, make me happy too."

"Tell me," I said, "the history of a day."

Then, as if he were chanting some song of Time, sounding like birds' melody, musical bells, rustling leaves, flowing of brooks, rustling of winds, he began—

"Over the hill-tops the stars appeared. Rosy flushes shone in the east tinging the earth with crimson. Little children ran here and there, or were led by their mothers among the soft green grass, plucking gay flowers ; from all the cottages round came people going to their work, tilling the ground, sowing the seed, carting here and there. Hour followed hour and still found them busy, till the bright sun overhead caused a cessation of labor, and gathering around they sought the shade of the cottage and the frugal meal. As he said this the radiance in his eyes grew brighter, the rosy flush had faded from his face, the sun-like zone of his belt glistened with warmer radiance. "Then work again, steady, tireless ; for work is the condition of all life. Hour followed hour — still work. But at last the twilight settled down, the shadows grew longer, and Night following in the steps of Day called all to their needed rest."

"How many more voices bless the night more than the day." Here his voice seemed to grow distant and indistinct.

I looked — he was passing from me. I could only see the edge of his grey robe embroidered with stars. I said, "it is night," and repeated his last words, "How many more bless the night than the day." I bethought me of one question more, and called after his retreating form, which I still saw dimly where the stars that brodered his robe glittered in the mist.

"You have only shown me the outward picture of the day, happiness, calm, contented labor, quiet rest. Where are the pains, griefs, sorrows, trials, the shadows that belong to the picture?"

And a voice came back in the darkness, with a tinge of sadness in its tone. "There will be time enough for them to-morrow!"

And, musing, I said, "let us find and hold all the sunshine that is in to-day, whether it come in a flood of golden radiance that illumines all things, or only from the rifts in passing clouds, or in flecks of sunlight that fall on grass 'neath the forest leaves. To-morrow will be time enough to find life's shadows."

MY FRIENDS, THE CATS.

My earliest recollections of cats are of little yellow and white kittens with blue eyes (this is thought to be

the type of feline beauty), received into the family, one after another, when a vacancy occurred by natural death or accident. These were invariably called Buff, from their color. Afterwards, different names followed. One, a marbled gray, rejoiced in the name of Jean Valjean. His life was not as eventful, however, as that of Victor Hugo's hero. A fire occurring in our neighborhood, a barn being destroyed, a cat brought three of her kittens to a place of safety, and then, I think, perished herself, as she was never seen afterwards. The largest of these, a black and white one, led the other two, who were white with gray spots and gray tails, round to the doors for food; the two latter were timid little creatures, and it was affecting to see the solicitude of the larger one for them. They were christened Tag, Rag and Bobtail by a friend of mine. Some cruel boys killed the black one, and then I begged to be allowed to adopt the others. I called one Victor Hugo and the other Daisy. They were nearly all white, and when they lay together in the rocking chair, were quite a pretty sight. Cats' dispositions are as different as those of human beings. Daisy always domineered over her companion. She would often push him off the chair to sleep more comfortably herself, and would cuff his ears whenever she felt like it. Another puss, gray with a few white spots, was named after the great singer, Parepa Rosa — but we spelled it this way, Purrepa. A plate of waste victuals and a dish of water were always kept in the back

yard for stray cats. One old dilapidated tiger cat made daily visits to them ; we called him Lazarus, because he fed on the crumbs. Purrepa's greatest delight was to creep softly behind him when feeding, strike him, and sometimes drive him away and eat herself, although not hungry ; seemingly for the pleasure of keeping him from it. Looking out in the street one day, I saw some cruel boys kicking a yellow kitten. I rescued it, and bringing it into the house it put its little paws around my neck and licked my face, thus showing its gratitude. Cats are said to be less sagacious than dogs. I remember one we had when children, who would follow us out into the street, walk behind us to the house where we spent the evening, sit on the doorstep till we came out, and then follow us home. We have had several who could open different fastenings with ease. We had one who could fetch and carry, like a dog, run after a ball or green apple at any distance, bring it back in its mouth, and do this as often as required. It has been said that dogs have been taught to say several words. We have had cats who could say "No," "I won't" and "Now," as distinctly as persons. I have not the least doubt that almost any animal could be taught some words, if continually in the society of one person and petted. An invalid lady who lived not far from us had a canary, who was her companion in her sick chamber, who would say, "I'm so pretty." This bird died soon after its mistress. A gentleman in Salem had a tame

robin, who, constantly hearing the phrase, "It's time for William to wash," would say it after his wife. A stray cat, dropped by some unfeeling person, became the mother of four kittens, which she lodged in a neighbor's hen's nest ; these were drowned. The cat found food in our yard. The next brood of kittens were brought by her and put into a box under a porch. The box, lined with carpeting, was put there for any stray cat, and she found it. The four kittens were large and handsome, with their eyes open, and were christened Marble, Malta, Dante and Posy. Homes were found for the first two ; Dante died ; Posy and his mother, Dora Patterson, became sick with the mange. Of course, no one would take sick cats, and I must keep them. They were cured (and perhaps the remedy may not be known to all) by sulphur and lard mixed and rubbed in daily — no water being used and no combing. They recovered in a month, and are now handsome cats. They were at last received into the house with Buttercup, the family cat, who is white, with tortoiseshell spots on her back, forehead and tail. It was long, very long, before she could get reconciled to these intruders. Educating the three cats to live in harmony has been one of the fine arts, if I may so express it. Hissings and clawings, lying in ambush for each other ; Dora P. chasing Buttercup, who is smaller, to seek safety up a tree.

Education does wonders, and after long training the three cats understood their rights, although it has been Posy's practice to eat his own share, and then surrep-

titiously to snatch Buttercup's food, and with head and tail erect to run off into the pantry with the booty. But he is always caught by his mistress and restitution made, and now, "Ay ! ay !" uttered sharply, tells him something he understands. Buttercup is the most sagacious of the three. She will climb like a monkey up the window blinds to get into the chamber to take her siesta on the bed. Nine o'clock is her hour to be put to bed, that is, down cellar ; just before that hour, often she will hide away, sometimes in the next room, under sofa or table, or tin cover of the stove. Then you may call her with all the endearing names you may think of— she is deaf ! At other times she minds readily the different calls to come up from the garden, to come for her food, etc. When told to get up in your lap and kiss you, she does it. When told to sit up and beg, while you count twenty, she does it. When placed in a paper box with a string tied to it, and told to sit still while she is dragged from room to room, she does it. When told to sit still by my side, while I paint her portrait in two sittings of a half hour each, she does it. But when called to leave her hiding-place and go to bed, she is deaf ! Did you ever try to sketch a cat ? You find her perhaps at rest and finely posed. You take pencil and paper and draw a few curved lines, trying to catch the eyes, the most difficult part, when lo ! they are closing. Then you essay to take the paws—she rises up and stretches ; then the position of the head—she begins to wash her face, and you give up in despair.

I have a friend with whom I have some rivalry in trying to depict pussies, and she likes them when asleep, and then she is sure of them.

Cats are sometimes accused of being treacherous ; this appearance is wholly owing to timidity. Whatever faults they may have may be traced generally to the way they are treated. If a cat is kept hungry she will be a thief, and I do not blame her. If she is struck and kicked she will use her claws, and who can blame her. If she is left out in the cold shivering, she will visit and often take up her abode with another who is kind to her. It does not become man to accuse her of treachery, for man is the most treacherous of all animals. But whoever may neglect or ill-treat them, they have more friends than enemies.

They are the companions of the sick and lonely, the pets of childhood and age, and the faithful servants of man. I have a friend who, when her Sambo is asleep in her arm-chair, will take a less comfortable one for fear of disturbing him ; like the caliph who cut off the corner of his costly robe to rise without awakening his favorite pet. I have another friend who all winter puts her cat, James Garfield, to bed in his barrel with a hot soapstone. Some may laugh at this, but is not extreme kindness far better than extreme cruelty. An artist friend has a cat called Diogenes, who has far better lodgings than a tub. Another cat rejoices in the name of Polonius Balfour. The Egyptian name for the cat was Chaou, or according to some Egyptologists, Maou,

the latter name being imitative of the animal's cry. The familiar name "Puss," apparently, has also come to us from the Egyptians. The origin of the word "Tabby" is perhaps not generally known. It is a corruption of the Turkish utabi (old French tabis, Spanish tabi), a particular kind of waved silk, imported from Bagdad, and so named after the locality where it was made. The Egyptians not only took great care of their cats when alive, but honored them when dead, going into mourning and shaving their eyebrows. It may be set down as a safe rule, that any person who is unkind or cruel to a dumb animal is not to be trusted. And as one has truly remarked, "Cruelty to a dumb animal is the crime of a coward!"

MY FRIENDS, THE BIRDS.

"And I have friends and they are quaint,
Some are alive and some are dead;
And some are books and some are birds,
And some are breezes overhead."

My first recollections of birds are the doves. I remember a voice saying in my childish ears of a Sunday, "Look at the little Tom pigeons with their red morocco shoes on going to meeting." Strange how the mind treasures early sights and early sounds, until they are indelibly fixed in the memory!

Who does not love the dove, the emblem of the Holy

Spirit, with its pure white feathers or its gray plumage and green and gold neck? Yet there are people who do not love them and would like to kill them. A few years ago in England there arose a cry that the doves were getting too numerous and some wished a law made to effect their destruction. But it was found that years ago a benevolent individual had left a fund for them to be fed twice a day at Guildhall, and this prevented the law being made. A gentleman was walking with an artist friend when a dove wheeled over their heads and fell dead at their feet. The artist said, "I know who did that. One of my neighbors gives them poison enough to fly away and die somewhere else, because they soil his fences." The crow as well as the dove has had its enemies, hence the old distich:—

"Shoot a pigeon, kill a crow."

But the English now have a law to protect them, as it has been found they kill hard-shelled bugs and large insects that the smaller birds cannot.

The pretty robin red-breast, the friend of our childhood, has its enemies also. A farmer not far from West Peabody hired boys to kill them and endeavored to get a law passed making their destruction legal, because they took a few of his cherries and strawberries. One more merciful than he put a few artificial cats made of black broadcloth among his grapes and saved them. I am always willing that the birds should have their share of the fruit and the best at the top of the tree. But one year I thought I would try the same experi-

ment, and after making the artificial cat out of black broadcloth, with yellow eyes, and forelegs and a tail (hind ones being unnecessary as she would rest on the bough). To try its naturalness, I brought three cats one after the other to view it as it reposed on a chair. The first one looked at it some time, then ran away as fast as he could. The second one gazed at it, then hissed and growled at it and ran off. The third regarded it some time in silence, then cautiously crept towards it, and finding it did not move, finally struck at it with its paw, and as it did not answer the challenge she walked off. So I concluded it was natural and I think the robins thought so too, as they did not trouble the cherries, except the topmost ones far above it.

Every bird has its enemies among the human, I might say inhuman, race. There has been a hue and a cry against my little friends, the European sparrows. They are useful, industrious little creatures, at work not only summers but winters. Since their introduction into this country caterpillars have disappeared almost wholly. It has been said they do not eat caterpillars; they may not kill the full grown insect, but they eat the contents of their pupæ, thus doing their part to exterminate them.

Where the sparrows are numerous canker worms have disappeared; these form a large portion of the sparrow's food, and they feed their young with them. They also eat the lice round the young buds of the elm trees, maples, etc., and when some people see a

few buds falling as the sparrows seek their food, they say "look ! how they are destroying the buds." Such people had better take a microscope and look farther into the matter. The contents of the pupæ of the clothes moth is one of their favorite foods. Surely every good housekeeper should value them for that. That they drive away our native birds is wholly untrue. Stop the shooting by men and boys and the collection of birds' eggs by the latter, and put an end to the fashion of wearing birds on women's bonnets and give them time, you will see our native birds once more. Pigeons have nearly disappeared from our city streets, but the little sparrows have taken their places as scavengers, and filth and refuse are aerated by them daily. And above all they are winter friends and have given untold pleasures to young and old, and especially to invalids who enjoy watching and feeding them. An English lady told me that in England they are valued next to the robin red-breast, and the reason of their large grain crops was the numerous sparrows.

But I have other friends besides the free birds. I sometimes visit a shop where are two Australian Cockatoos and a Macaw ; the first about the size of a pigeon, pure white in plumage with the inside of the wings and crest feathers of a delicate yellow, and around the eye a blue gray circle. One is named Daisy, the other Dolly. Daisy says many things very distinctly, spells cat, stopping between each letter ; sometimes she varies it by saying C—A—cat ! she will kiss her mistress when told and sometimes stands on her head for the amuse-

ment of the company. She is very knowing. One day when screaming aloud, her mistress said "Daisy, stop that noise !" Daisy answered, "it's Walter" (the Macaw). Dolly can waltz. Only whistle some tune and she shakes her head and begins.

Walter, the Macaw, is of gorgeous colors, crimson with blue, yellow and green wings. He sits gravely on the top of his cage or walks round the floor. He pulls his mistress' gown, examines the folds on it, lifts each plait of the frill. When told to go to his cage he minds directly and mounts to the top of it. He can say a few words of Portuguese.

One of my friends has a cockatoo not much larger than a robin. He has the freedom of the room, walks round, mounts the chairs, climbs on his mistress' lap. When she snaps her fingers and tells him to imitate it, he does so. She takes him on her finger and closing her eyes says, "Bow down in prayer." The little thing bends his head over, shuts his eyes and remains so until she says, "Prayers over." As I saw it, Charles Sprague's poem came to me and I said,

"They have no need of prayer
They have no sins to be forgiven."

His mistress then placed him on his back on the table telling him to lie still ; then said clasp your hands ; he did so. Then taking a string of thread she told him to take hold while she swung him to and fro, which he did. He is a good talker. Having heard them speak often of a man in the next yard putting out the line for clothes, he one day surprised them by exclaim-

ing, "There's Jim putting out the clothes line." The name of this bird is John Franklin Hardy.

This little bird reminds me of one in Boston which used to walk across the clothes line to a neighbor's window and tap for something to eat, which she always gave him. Another, a parrot belonging to one of my friends, is called Josy. He says, "One, two, buckle my shoe—three, four, open the door. Give Josy some water;" whistles, calls the cat, kisses his mistress, cuddles under her chin and loves to be petted. Some are afraid to handle parrots and never touch them; and such birds grow shy and often cross. They need to be made much of, and handled and petted, and always return affection with love.

It is said the Audubon Society for the protection of birds does not protect the little sparrow. I wonder if God withholds his protection from any of his creatures! Jesus said, speaking of this same European sparrow, "your Heavenly Father careth for them." And that is more than the Audubon Society does. We are happy to say the Heavenly Father has put it into the hearts of many to care for them and appreciate their services, and that they have more friends than enemies.

How much pleasure we derive from inanimate objects—the first few blades of grass in spring, the last few fading flowers of Autumn, the graceful shadows of leaves on the wall, the sunlight falling through a rift in the clouds on a summer meadow, the white caps on the waves as they dance and sparkle in the light. But how much more from these winged creatures in their imita-

tions of the human race, in their likeness to the soul darting through the air with the swiftness of thought, as though they were denizens of a higher clime than we inhabit. We love them for their trust in man, and hard-hearted indeed must be the one who repays the trustfulness of the least of these little birds with treachery.

THE NEW YEAR'S GATE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Was it the dim figure of a man, or the gray outline of a shadowy form, leaning against the massive wall men call the centuries? Ah! a scythe lies on the snow-covered ground—there is no grass to mow now. An hour-glass stands by the wall—the sands have run out. This form must be Time; and it may be true, that once in a million years he rests. In the massive wall beside him is a large iron gate. To-day he is no longer Time the Mower, but Time the “Gate keeper.” How many countless millions has he seen pass through the New Year’s Gate and still remorseless and resistless as Fate he remains there, and will remain, until the last mortal shall pass on never to return! This side of it, where we stand, are gloomy clouds and deep shadows—yet here and there through rifts in the dark clouds the sun shines and reveals bright spots, through which Memory points and bids us not forget. Beyond the gates are lights and flowers and winning faces; and Hope, who took us by the hand so long ago, when we were young, stands there in the brightness and still

beckons us on. But hark ! to merry shouts and laughter and the rush of little feet. A band of rosy children are pleading with Time to let them pass through the New Year's Gate.

Little they heed the frost and rime, little they think of the path they have travelled. On, on they pass through the iron gate to the candy and cakes, books and toys that make a childhood's heaven. Now comes a clatter of steeds ; the cold air and exercise have warmed up the riders, bold youths with life all before them. "Open the gate, old Father Time," they cry, "and point us the roads that lead to wealth, learning and fame." And as Time points them out with a sigh (for he knows the disappointments and perils by the way and where they end !) they dash on filled with high hopes, brave resolves and dauntless spirits. How many will flag and falter by the way, how many crying "Excelsior," will reach the mountain tops to die !

And now come bands of men and women leading little children, and as they pass through they call on Time to tell how many New Year's he has seen them ; while as he pats them on the head, the golden locks become a shade browner, but so little the change the parents see it not ; for amid the little ones' prattle and the pleasant cheer, they live only in the present.

Once more open the gate, O Time, but slowly—for they cannot hasten ! Aged forms are coming up the road pausing and looking back. Way back beyond hills and valleys and tall trees lie the homes of their childhood, their abiding places on the earth ; they can

see the graves of their loved ones. The sun points with golden fingers to the grain fields where they bound life's sheaves, and Memory standing near them sings a pleasant song of early joys, happy loves, gratitude and thanksgiving, that have crowned their days. The brightness that shines through the New Year's Gate will not be long for them—but as they pass through, a halo shines on the silvered heads and transmutes them to gold.

Fasten not the Gate too tightly Father Time, for Memory will return through it, how often, stopping to rest on each pleasant spot where the flowers bloomed, the birds sang and human hearts rejoiced. And if Sorrow meets her by the way and tells of pain and "dreams that were not true," and hopes unfulfilled, Memory will lead her back and point through the New Year's Gate to the brightness beyond. So leave it ajar, Old Time, for Memory's sake.

FLOWER PICTURES BY THE WAYSIDE.

Flower pictures painted by the great artist on all the hills. Not hung in gilded saloons or viewed by gas-light, but beneath the blue dome of the sky 'mid the golden sunlight. No question of good or bad lights here, each one looks up to the face of day smiling and beautiful. It seems as if the Lord God were walking in his garden for here are his foot-prints, the flowers.

The *Genista tinctoria*, no, we prefer the common name woodwax or woadwaxen, borders one road with

its gold ; and farther on the sweet briers, four feet high covered, as Brainard sings, with

“The little four-leaved rose that I love best,”

perfumes the air. Another road is fringed with the Mayweed rivalling with its profusion of white flowers the exotic Marguerite which, however cared for and tended, is so chary of its bloom. Here the Mullen (called the velvet plant in England and cultivated in gardens) holds its candle stiffly by the way, with a few yellow flowers on the top like an expiring flame. The creamy Elder is fast losing its blossoms and the thick clusters of berries are putting on their rich wine color. Here and there in the fields are tall stalks of nodding meadow lily, we had almost said ready to ring a call to prayer. But what need of it have the innocent creatures around them. “What have they to seek from the fields of Heaven? they have no need of prayer, they have no sins to be forgiven.” And who would wish to shorten their short lives? Why, man of so-called science (often a name for cruelty !) why teach children to impale butterflies and bottle insects, when the souls of children and youth would grow wiser and better by studying their outward beauty and teachings? The Agrimony is here with its yellow stars forming its green burrs before the blossoms drop. The Indigo plant with its butterfly petals “on tip-toe for a flight” as Shelley says of the sweet pea. The early golden rod is waving its yellow plumes ; no wonder that the Indian called it Squaw weed in honor of his gayly-dressed partner.

"Coin of the highway see the golden rod ;
 The currency wherewith to buy a smile,
 Ore of the sunshine, minted by the sod,
 And heaped for Nature's traffic by the stile."

Over the rocks and brambles by the roadside, how gracefully the wild Morning Glory trails its delicate sprays covered with beautiful pink blossoms. And there the Wild Rose that seems to give a pink blush to the old stone wall. The true Milkweed with its beautiful pink flowers and the mock Milkweed with its ball of sweet-smelling blooms that attract the insects to a feast. On our way we have passed gardens containing ribbon beds of different patterns. We can only wonder at the taste that seeks to pervert Nature, for who can improve her work? We pass houses whence the Angel Death has led men forth, and vacant dwellings, out of which the inmates departed long ago.

So "man's busy generations pass !" but the flowers bloom on year after year. They look up and answer the question "If a man die shall he live again?" Bright and beautiful, in Spring they rise from their winter graves, and light, heat and moisture are ready for their nourishment. And who can doubt that He who careth for the flowers will also care for us?

COUNTRY ROADS.

Who that lives in cities, listening to the tramp of busy feet on the brick pavements, the rattling of

wheels, the rumble of carts and cars, the shrill screech of the steam whistle and all the other sounds that the ears must endure, who do not love a country road? For its stillness we love it ; a stillness broken only at intervals and pleasantly, by the song of a bird, the whirring of an insect, the rippling of a brook, or even by the cheery voice of the farmer at his plough. Who does not love the old stone walls? They run along by the side of us and give us a rough but hearty welcome. Nature does not look at them as intruders, for do they not belong to her? How she dresses them up from the first little spring flowers that ruffle their feet to the beautiful crimson and gold leaves that twine lovingly around them in Autumn. And when the flowers fade and the leaves are gone she does not leave them bare, but lays green rosettes of lichens and brown liverworts over them and bids old Winter even do his part in making them beautiful.

We love country roads for their curves and windings that bring us suddenly on graceful groups of trees, or rocky bluff or spreading meadow, or far-off hills bathed in the blue mist.

Each season brings new attractions for the country roads from the spring Maytime when,

"Scattered oft the earliest of the year
By unseen hands are showers of violets found,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground;"

when comes the resurrection of all the blossoms, to the time when ripeness and gorgeous coloring fill the fields and deck the woods.

We love country roads for the pictures of farm life and labor we always see ; the turning up of the sod, the sowing the seed, the gathering in of the harvest. What a beautiful sight is the wide meadow with its stacks of grain and hay golden beneath a blue summer sky ; and if perchance from a cloud-covered heaven the sun suddenly looks through a rift, what a transformation takes place in the darkened fields beneath ! We love the country road for its treasures that are free to all. The clematis (the traveller's joy, as the English call it), making the tops of the old stonewalls as fine as the lace on the neck of beauty, welcomes us in Spring, and later on its pretty furze waits for us to pluck it to hang round the pictures of those we love. What generous handfuls we take of anemones and violets. We become avaricious in proportion as nature is generous. How the earth's firmament is studded with the blue stars of the houstonia. How the sun gilds the gold of the buttercups. The elderberry holds out its cream-colored flowers to us in summer and its ruby-tinted fruit in Autumn. The hazel nuts ripen for us and the barberries nod. Here the Ruths of poverty can glean with no one to make them afraid.

We love the country roads because the residences of our friends are dotted here and there in the landscape ; pleasant places to exchange greetings and mark the improvements gladly shown and seen. These places do not seem as lonely in summer and as desolate and cold in winter as to us, for are they not their homes ?

It has been said the beauties of the country are lost

on the farmer. This is not altogether true. Nature draws near to him in everything she helps him to grow, and the thought and labor for comfort and wealth cannot always shut out the thought of the beautiful.

We love country roads for the sense of possession we seem to have in them. A friend who had ridden over one daily for years because it was away from the railroad told me she knew every stone in it. Those green pines standing sentinel of broad gray rocks by the wayside have met our eyes how many times — we expect them and it almost seems as if they expected us. We own them and shall as long as they stand there. The small group of trees in the midst of that swamp that change in the autumnal tints to a beautiful bouquet is ours also; for have we not met year after year? They have given us pleasure and we possess them if only in memory.

As we ride up these roads we do not ask where they lead; we know. Our friends, animate and inanimate, are there to meet us. Man's devastating hand has not been there to change beauty to deformity. Nature is allowed to deck her rocks, carpet her fields with blossoms, throw out the limbs of her trees in all directions to the sunshine and spread out all her treasures to eyes that can appreciate or hearts that can gather them in.

A WOOD PARTY.

How beautiful are these late October days, when the sky is of a cloudless blue, when "the wind breathes low,

and the withering leaf scarce whispers from the tree !” On such a morning a small party took the cars at the South Reading station, Salem, intending to be for one day, at least, “happy vagabonds.” Passing through Northfield and Carltonville, with their busy manufacturing establishments ; by Harmony Grove, that Sleepy Hollow where so many of our loved and respected have been laid away in their last slumber ; rushing by the pretty station at Peabody, with its fountain in front, on, on, till we leave dust and din, and rest our eyes on grassy meadows and changing foliage. After a twenty-minutes’ ride we arrive at the West Danvers Junction, telling the attentive conductor who assisted us to alight that he must be careful of the school teachers, that they had taken care of boys a great many years, and now the boys must take care of them ; to which he assented, adding something we did not hear, but which we supposed must be something witty, as he indulged in a laugh. We turned down the Boston & Maine Railroad track, fringed with the last autumn flowers, tall pines, clad in green livery, pointing skyward, while between every two or three, oak trees of a rich bronze mingled with yellow or a vivid crimson tipped with green made a charming contrast. Along the rude rail fences, alder bushes (the American holly), loaded with crimson berries stood, like valiant soldiers, ready to do battle with the frost. So on the party went, loaded with luncheon baskets, fern books, fern boxes, and all the et-ceteras needful ; when, lo ! a snake on the track, and the advance guard gave a shriek, but was immediately

silenced, from prudential motives, as the snake glided from where he was taking his sunbath into the bushes. Reaching the Newburyport turnpike, we walked a short distance, and crossing a field, soon came to the desired haven, and were soon on our knees collecting. But when were treasure hunters ever satisfied? We remember that sweet fields beyond contain better far, and we are soon in marching order. Arriving at the place, behold a cow, sentinel and guard of the wished-for treasures. One of the party volunteers, and uttering a succession of shouts that would have done credit to the Indians, the cow, having a knowledge of boy human nature, and thinking that the enemy had come, made off to tell a companion at a distance, and they both agreed to disappear. And now collecting began in earnest—Mitchella berries, the largest we ever saw, pyrola, wintergreen, bleached ferns, etc. Many and frequent the questions and exclamations—"What do you call this? what a beautiful specimen! look at this green moss! see these perfect fronds." When baskets and boxes were nearly full it was agreed to find a new way out, but at the end of it was a high rail fence. The most active of the party were soon over, but others reminded me of Mrs. Gilpin's ride to Edmonton. John Gilpin's celebrated ride we all remember, but I think few have heard of his wife's. A sketch of her, having on a large old-fashioned bonnet, and mounted on the top of a rail fence, with the subjoined poem, in the handwriting of Cowper was found among the papers of the late Mrs. Unwin :

'Then Mrs. Gilpin sweetly said
 Unto her children three,
 'I'll clamber o'er this stile so high,
 And you climb after me.'

But having climbed unto the top,
 She could no farther go,
 But sat to every passer by
 A spectacle and show.

Who said, 'Your spouse and you this day
 Both show your horsemanship,
 And if you stay till he comes back,
 Your horse will need no whip.' "

Our unfortunate ones were helped to dismount, and after a short walk we reached our inn, the station. Here we lunched. The obliging ticket master brought us clear, cold water from a well near by. If this were not the well that contained "the old oaken bucket," its water could not be surpassed by that. A nut-grove opposite induced the most restless spirits of the party to start again, jumping a ditch and crossing a bog to get to it. The sweet acorns were picked and appreciated, we remembering not to take too many on account of the squirrels, and recalling the meanness of the man down East who used to rob the poor things of their collections of walnuts and sell them, until found out by his neighbors. We had returned to the station with the exception of three laggards, when, behold ! one appears in haste and reports that a member of the party who has been 'miring everything is herself mired ! In jumping the ditch a tussock gave way, and in she went foot first, to the depth of two feet. The bog dirt that she

longed to carry home was not in the right place, and the human being does not thrive in it as well as the plant. The mingled advice of the party made the sufferer as comfortable as could be expected, and after a short rest we started once more, this time in pursuit of maidenhair. We found the place covered with briars and brambles, into which a few penetrated at the expense of their clothes, the appearance of which gave us the impression that this must be the field that the enemy had sowed with tares. Came back to our resting place once more ; an hour and a half to wait. We were told of a beautiful locality not far off (they never are) up the track, up a hill, across a broad field, through an orchard where some of our Eves nibbled the forbidden fruit. The place was even more beautiful than we had expected, a valley between two hills, carpeted with ferns, overshadowed by tall pines, a refreshing place for a warm summer's day. At the station once more, we returned a vote of thanks to the ticket master for his kindness during the day. The telegraph wire ticked on its busy talk far away, while we conversed and rested or walked out on the platform to gaze on the sunset, and there is no place where it can be seen to more advantage ; a broad expanse, a background of changing, many-colored trees, high hills at the side, stillness around, dark pines against the sunset sky, bringing out the rich colors of the dying day, and after this, slow "fades the glimmering landscape on the sight." The hour of departure arrived, the party em-

barked for home, agreeing that the day had been perfect, and that take it all in all they should not look upon its like again.

THE WINTER OF 1889.

"And winter slumbering in the open air
Wore on his smiling face a dream of spring."

This winter, above all others in our recollection, have the lines quoted above proved true. Old winter has, indeed, been slumbering, and spring has crept stealthily around and lured the sleeping blossoms to the light. Dandelions have bloomed, violets have peeped up with their blue eyes from their resting places, lilies have opened on the surface of the pond, cherry trees have pushed out their pure, white flowers. Old winter has indeed slept and forgotten to hang his icicles from the trees, or to spread his white sheets over the fields, or to prevent each quiet pool and lake from mirroring the blue heavens. He wears on his face a dream of spring, for the little arbutus is opening its starry pink flowers among the dry leaves, their wintry bed. We have no faith in the old axiom of the unhealthfulness of a mild winter. The death rate is increased more by people's carelessness than by the change in the seasons. Winter has its pleasures. We have not forgotten the exhilaration of coasting and skating; we could indulge in them now with the zest

of youth if all things were favorable. But, as we grow older, spring gives us the most pleasure. The heart looks forward (and especially the bereaved one) to its resurrection of green leaves, budding flowers and re-clothed earth. How like a miracle it comes. The brighter sunshine, the falling rain, the gentle winds, all silently, thoroughly, patiently (how patient nature seems!) do their work, "howe'er unjustly we complain." This winter has been kind to the poor, the poor in purse, I mean, for there are many kinds of poverty. The poor in purse are so mostly from improvidence in youth. The laying up for a rainy day, as the proverb has it, is not done now as of old. Look around the Market Place, the Depots, or Public Square of any large or small city, and the voice that asked of old "Why stand ye all the day idle?" might be raised now. How few remember the Spanish proverb, that it is better to leave money to your enemies than to live to beg of your friends. This winter has been favorable to the provident and improvident as well. There is a poverty of the intellect where the mind feeds on the sensational newspapers and novels of the day and riots on scandals and murders with their attendant horrors. A poverty of religious feeling when most of the Sunday audience (we cannot say worshippers) are amused by the discussion of a novel in the pulpits, pulpits dedicated to a holier use. There is a poverty of heart, when as an old miser once asked me "What use are the flowers? Cows won't eat them." But to return to poverty of the purse. The

age of usefulness and utilizing common things seems to be past. Children are brought up lazy, wasteful and wilful. No wonder they turn out spendthrifts, vagabonds or criminals. The strictness of the old Puritans was far preferable to the laxity of the present day. The mistaken philanthropy that gives its sympathy to the criminal instead of his victim, that does away with discipline in our public schools by undermining the teachers' authority, the foolishness of parents who class the malicious pranks of their children as smartness, all tend to make the events of the present day a nucleus of unknown but easily predicted storm of evil preparing for the future. We don't know but that old winter infected by this state of things has grown lazy too, and thinks he might as well rest instead of forming icicles, and covering earth's floor with snowy carpets. He is tired no doubt of marshalling the winds for a tempest or forming ice bridges here and there. So he takes a nap meanwhile and lets spring work a little while he sleeps. But sometimes he rises early, as he did a few days ago, and spreads such a beautiful picture before our eyes, that we relent towards him and say, he is not such a dreadful old fellow after all.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

It has been raining for a week, and now the sun is shining brightly from a glorious blue sky ; all the brighter

for its long absence. Some one says, "The sun has been on a vacation and has just returned." The green fields know it, for the grass is holding up its myriad fingers, the wild flowers are nodding on the roadside and man has resumed his labors. Harvest must be the pleasantest time to the farmer. When his eyes rest on the golden squashes, fields lined and crossed with shining onions, rosettes of purple or green cabbages and heaps of rosy apples, a feeling of content, if not of gratitude, must rise within. All summer we have seen, on our drives, a woman at work, planting, hoeing, weeding. And why not? Surely it is healthier work than dawdling, day after day, over a novel, or crocheting, dressed in fashionable attire, and too often complaining of the ills that flesh is heir to. We can hardly realize, as we ride along, that summer has departed, but the hues of ripening leaves say it is so. The poison ivy and the velvet barked sumach have not as rich colors as usual, owing no doubt to the abundant rains. Among the numerous variety of golden rod we notice this fall, one we do not remember; graceful, slender stems, with distinct flowers much larger than the others, of a peculiar light yellow hue. Apple gathering has commenced, and the cider mill (that bourne from which apples return in the shape of the old time beverage, sparkling and bright) is hard at work. Boys are rifling the nut trees, large bags are lying beneath them, their contents giving promise of a winter evening's enjoyment. It is time to be looking for our friends the blue gentians, or for them to look at us through their fringed lids; no

wonder they are scarce, for they come up root and all to the eager hand that gathers them. They are in bloom, for we have just received a bunch brought kindly by a young friend. What a boon it would be if one could have a dwelling place with such an extended view ever before us. Methinks the mind would expand and the heart leap up oftener than now; green fields stretching far away, wooded hills meeting the blue sky, a peaceful stream winding through green banks, a little brook by the wayside with its brown shadows and pure water, thrifty farms, large outbuildings, heaps of vegetables and fruit on earth's green table cloth, men engaged in labors so different from the hurry and drive of cities, sheep and cows quietly grazing, happy hens that know no city coop, and horses that feel the comfort of a country barn and a feed of fresh grass. No wonder that city toilers enjoy returning to a state of barbarism in forests and canyons and feel a reluctance to go back to brick walls and paved streets. How much more healthy and pleasant life in cities might be if we would only make it so. Fashion's dictates should be discarded and innocent amusements in the sunshine take the place of heated stifling halls and theatres. Perhaps some might not see the advantage of changing, but we would say, in conclusion, happy are they whose love of nature stays with them to the end, for it will always be a joy.

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